

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

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Usually baked in such an establishment.
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Woburn, May 6, 1854.

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Oct 18 11

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Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARD WARE
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—DEALER IN—
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
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—DEALER IN—
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Nos. 5 & 6 WADSWORTH BUILDING.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

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KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

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WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
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Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glazes, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 11.

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Jan 31

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All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.
Oct 18

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BELL HANGER,
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All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to.
Apr 30

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PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can obtain them of the Subscriber at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE
Winchester, April 8, 1854—11

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Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

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Winchester, April 1, 1854.

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Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

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(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
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O. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN.
JUN 21

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STATIONERS,
AND
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
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Oct 18

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and dealers in
Vermont Hoarding States,
From their Quarries, at Fairbairn, Vermont.
No. 109 FRIED ST., BOSTON.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. May 6 11

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
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(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church).
F. P. Libby, J. S. B. Libby

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Manufacturers of
COAL VARNISH,
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Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention. 1857-1854-11

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Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for it at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payment.
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Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly. Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.

Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854—3m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
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Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
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No. 120 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASHING POWDER, manufacturers and dealers in choicest Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9 11

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
Herman Hunting, Proprietor.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. 11

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

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(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
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BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, and made to order at short notice. Also Repair all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine.
Oct 18 11

POETRY.

The following appears in a Philadelphia paper under the head of "Grand Scheme for Emigration." It is a curious performance throughout, and the concluding lines have a very characteristic drolery:

The Brewers should to Malt-a-go,
The Loggerheads to Sicily;
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Puritans all to Chili.

The little bawling, squalling babes,
That break our nighty rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land or to Brest.

From Spithead, cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the misers wait
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spentidits are in the Straights.

Spinners should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isl
Wags at the Bay of Fun-dy.

Musicians hasten to the Sound,
The spruced priests to Rome (room)
While still the race of hypocrites
At Cant-on are at home.

Lovers should hasten to find Hope,
To some Cape Horn is plain;
Lectors should go to Ohio,
And sailors to the Maine.

He bachelors to the United States,
Malis to the Isle of Man,
Let Gardeners all to Botany go,
And shoe-blacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate, and misplaced men,
Will then no longer vex us,
And all that aint provided for,
Had better go to Texas.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

I have a detail of very homely grievances to present, but such as they are, many a heart will feel them to be heavy—the trials of a housekeeper.

"Poh!" says one of the lords of creation, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and twirling it between his two first fingers, "what a fuss these women do make about this simple matter of managing a family! I can't see, for my life, as there is anything so extraordinary to be done in this matter of housekeeping: only three meals a day to be got and cleared off, and it really seems to take up the whole of their minds from morning till night. I could keep house without so much of a flurry, I know."

Now prithee, good brother, listen to my story, and see how much you know about it. I came to this enlightened West about a year since, and was duly established in a comfortable country residence within a mile and a half of the city, and there commenced the enjoyment of domestic felicity. I had been married about three months, and had been previously in love in the most approved romantic way, with all the properties of moonlight walks, serenades, sentimental billet-doux, and everlasting attachment.

After having been allowed, as I said, about three months to get over this sort of thing, and to prepare for realities, I was located for life, as it were. My family consisted of myself and husband, a female friend as a visitor, and two brothers of my good man, who were engaged with him in business.

I pass over the two or three first days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping. As usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down, and taken up to be sewed over; things were reformed, transformed, and conformed, till at last a settled order began to appear. But now came up the great point of all. During our confusion, we had cooked and eaten our meals in a very miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fireboard laid on two chairs, and drinking, some from tea-cups, and some from saucers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be drowned in, and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on straggling beds and mattresses, thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end; the house was in order; the dishes put up in their places; three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly and civilized form; beds were to be made, rooms swept and dusted, dishes washed, knives scoured, and all the et ceteras to be attended to. Now for getting "help," as Mrs. Trollope says; and where and how were we to get it? We knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter? At length the "house of employment" was mentioned, and my husband was despatched thither regularly every day for a week, while I, in the meantime, was very nearly despatched by the abundance of work at home. At length, one evening, as I was sitting completely exhausted, thinking of resorting to the last feminine expedient for supporting life, viz., a good fit of crying, my husband made his appearance, with a most triumphant air, at the door: "There, Margaret, I have got a couple at last—cook and chambermaid!" So saying, he flourished open the door, and gave to my view the picture of a little, dry, snuffy-looking old woman, and a great staring Dutch girl in a green bonnet with red ribbons—mouth wide open, and hands and feet that would have made a Greek sculptor open his mouth too. I addressed forthwith a few words of encouragement to each of this cultivated-looking couple, and proceeded to ask their names, and forthwith the old woman began to snuffle and to wipe her face with what was left of an old

silk pocket handkerchief preparatory to speaking, while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looked around with a frightened air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries, however, I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe's name was Katterin; also, that she knew much more Dutch than English, and not any too much of either. The old lady was the cook. I ventured a few inquiries: "Had she ever cooked?"

"Yes ma'am, sartin; she had lived at two three places in the city."

"I suspect, my dear," said my husband, confidently, "that she is an experienced cook, and so your troubles are over," and he went to reading his newspaper. I said no more, but determined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure, did not do much honor to the talents of my official; but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give direction for dinner: it was merely a plain joint of meat, I said, to be roasted in the tin oven. The experienced cook looked at me with a stare of entire vacuity: "the tin oven," I repeated, "stands there," pointing to it.

She walked up to it, and touched it with such an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electrical battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance, that my soul was moved: "I never saw one of them things before," said she.

"Never saw a tin oven!" I exclaimed. "I thought you said you had cooked in two or three families."

"They does not have such things as them, though," rejoined my old lady. Nothing was to be done, of course, but to instruct her into the philosophy of the case; and, having spitted the joint, and given numberless directions, I walked off to my room to superintend the operations of Katterin, to whom I had committed the making of my bed and the sweeping of my room, it never having come into my head that there could be a wrong way of making a bed, and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a nondescript appearance as mine now presented. One glance showed me that Katterin was "just caught," and that I had as much to do in her department as in that of my old lady.

Just then the door-bell rang: "Oh, there is the door-bell!" I exclaimed; "run Katterin, and show them into the parlor."

Katterin started to run, as directed, and then stopped, and looking round on all the doors, and on me with a wistfully puzzled air: "The street-door," said I, pointing towards the entry. Katterin blundered into the entry and stood gazing with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without hands, while I went to the door and let in the company before she could be fairly made to understand the connection between the ringing and the phenomenon of admission.

As dinner time approached, I sent word into my kitchen to have it set on; but recollecting the state of the heads of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook seated a la Tur in front of it, contemplating the roast meat with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it off, and assisted her to get it on to the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long out for inspection. I was standing with the spit in my hands, when Katterin who had heard the door bell ring, and was determined this time to be seen, ran into the hall, and soot returning, opened the kitchen door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable looking ladies, exclaiming, "Here she is."

As these were strangers from the city, who had come to make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an eligible one—the look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffling and staring of poor Mrs. Tibbins, who again had had recourse to her old pocket handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident that they were on the point of a broad laugh; so, recovering my self-possession, I apologized and led the way to the parlor.

Let these few incidents be a specimen of the four mortal weeks that I spent with these "helps," during which time I did almost as much work, with twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody there; and yet everything went wrong besides. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grained to their collars, and the streaks of black coal ironed into their dickies, while every pocket handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried an earthen plate in your pocket; the tumblers looked muddy, the plates were never washed clean or wiped dry unless I attended to each one, and as to eating and drinking, we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length the old woman vanished from the stage, and was succeeded by a knowing, active, capable damsel, with a temper like a steel-trap, who remained with me just one week, and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy, good natured, merry lass, who broke the crockery, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down everything that stood in her way about the house, without at all discomposing herself about the matter.

One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses, and came singing off up stairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar-bottom all night, till by morning it was in a state of universal emancipation. Having done this, and also despatched an entire set of tea-things by letting the waiter fall, she one day made her disappearance.

Then, for my wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy, efficient-trained English girl; pretty, and genteel, and neat, and knowing how to do everything, and with the sweetest temper in the world. "Now," said I to myself, "I shall rest from my labors." Everything about the house began to go right, and looked as clean and genteel as Mary's own pretty self. But, alas! this period of repose was interrupted by the vision of a clever, trim-looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his boots at the kitchen door every Sunday night; and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing, gave me to understand that she must leave in a few weeks.

"Why, Mary," said I, feeling a little mischievous, "don't you like the place?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Then why do you look for another?"

"What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?"

"No, ma'am."

"I expect to keep house myself, ma'am," said she, laughing and blushing.

"Oh ho!" said I, "that is it;" and so, in two weeks, I lost the best little girl in the world; peace to her memory.

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in Chronicles that I used to read with great delight when a child, where Basha, and Elah, and Tibni, and Zimri, and Omri, after the other came on to the throne of Israel, all in the compass of half a dozen verses. We had one old woman who stayed a week, and went away with the misery in her tooth; one young woman who ran away and got married, one cook who came at night and went off before light in the morning; one very clever girl, who stayed a month, and then went away because her mother was sick; another, who stayed six weeks, and was taken with the fever herself; and during all this time, who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic paraphernalia by passing through these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we go for slavery, or shall we give up houses, have no furniture to take care of, keep merely a bag of meal, a porridge-pot, and a pudding-stick, and sit in our tent door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

PATENT LEATHER BOOTS.—While standing in the office of one of our first class hotels the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came in with his baggage, enter his name on the book, and secure a room. As soon as he had written his name, the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all the other clerks to look, and then he called one of the proprietors, who, on seeing it, appeared amazed.

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name, that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert, or some of England's noblemen, but as his features were truly American, we concluded it must be some great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country. While thus contemplating the man and his position, the clerk leaned forward, and called—Mr. Johnson, one moment if you please!

The gentleman stepped up to the desk.

"Will you," continued the clerk, "please explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher, but cannot make it out."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, with a quiet smile playing on his face.

"Why sir, at the end of your name, on the book, you have placed three letters, P. L. B., and we are anxious to know the meaning of them, having never before met with them in that position."

"P. L. B.," said the gentleman, "simply means, Patent Leather Boots. The last time I was here, I wore none but those; but I was charged in my bill at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots, and as I had no time to dispute at leaving, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no blacking."

Dr. Mason, of New York, passing up Broadway, stopped to read a theatrical placard, which attracted his attention. Couper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him—

"Good morning, sir,—do ministers of the Gospel read such things?" "Why not, sir," said the Doctor,—"Ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the Devil is about as well as o'er folks."

"Be you you ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad company without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away the taint of it."

A lawyer not over young and handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said: "Miss, upon my word you are very pretty!"

The young lady promptly replied: "I would return the compliment, if I were not under oath."

CHILDISH SINCERITY.—A lady who was quite in the habit of dropping in at her neighbors about meal-time, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was recently completely nonplussed by the unhesitating frankness of a child.

Knowing that a neighbor's supper-hour was five, she called in about four, and settled herself down for a long call.

"It takes two to make a bargain," and the lady honored with the call had no idea of giving an invitation, if it was in her power to escape it.

Accordingly the hour of five brought no indications of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same.

A little girl, the daughter of the lady in question, began to grow quite uneasy. At length, her mother having gone out for a moment, the visitor said—

"You must come over and see me, Mary, some time."

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?"

"Because I'm hungry, and want some supper."

"But," said the visitor, amazed, "I don't prevent you having your supper, do I?"

"Yes, you do," said little Mary. "Mother said she shouldn't have supper till you were gone, if you staid till midnight."

In less than five minutes the visitor was marching out of the front door with a very red face. She hasn't called to see Mary's mother since.

Little Mary, in her childish frankness, has not yet learned the important lesson which after years will not fail to teach her, viz.: that "the truth, however excellent or desirable in itself, is not to be spoken at all times." [True Flag.]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD. A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"But what makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied; "but I do; it is my think."

"Your think!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words. [Reaper.]

"Creditors never annoy a man as long as he is getting up in the world. A man of wealth only pays his butcher once a year. Let him back overtake him, and his meat bill will come in every morning, as regular as breakfast and hungry children. Again we say, never plead guilty of poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you had better admit that you are a scoundrel."

"Mrs. Partington is anxious to know who is the Nebraska Bill that the papers are quarreling about, and how it happens if Senator Douglas is his real father that he isn't called Bill Douglas instead of Nebraska Bill. The old lady thinks that perhaps Nebraska is a nickname, as old Nick seems to have had something to do with the bantling's getting up."

"Grandfather," said a saucy little boy the other day, "how old are you?" The old gentleman, who had been a soldier, and was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees, and said: "My dear boy, I am ninety-five years old, but why do you ask?" The little fellow, with the importance of a Napoleon, replied, "Well, it appears to me you are remarkably small of your age."

"They have a 'dre'ful' mean man in Iowa. He gave the measles to a neighbor the other day, and has been crying ever since—not because he parted with the measles, but because he had to give them away. Could he have sold them, 'he would have died happy.' He is a brother to the old gent who resides in Troy, and who never has green peas for dinner without remembering the poor—he sends the pods to the Orphan Asylum."

A critic, malignant enough to tell the truth, says that the most awkward thing in or out of all creation, is a woman trying to run. They can't do it. They are not a running institution—except with their tongues. If there are two arrangements in the world that were never made for fleetness on the pedal, they are women and ducks.

"We have been hunting all day for two lines, and have just made out to find them."

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1854.

AGENTS.

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Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNG.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading—Mr. THOS. RICHMOND.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. WILSON.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

Through the public spirit of some of our patriotic citizens, arrangements have been made for a fitting and pleasant celebration of the anniversary of our National Independence in Woburn. For a particular exposition of the services and order of arrangements, our readers are referred to another column. The occasion will doubtless be one of deep and pleasant interest to all, especially to our little people, for whom it is especially designed, and who are to act so conspicuous a part in the exercises of the day.

To the gentlemen and ladies who have interested themselves in this matter, the warmest acknowledgments are due. We suggest whether a representation of the man who "don't believe we ought to have a celebration in Woburn," would not be an object of interest in the procession. We sincerely hope that the anticipations of all concerned will be fully realized. For ourselves, we are, of course, absolutely running over with patriotism, but want of space forbids its expression.

THE 4TH OF JULY.

The birth day of the nation is at hand. How shall it be celebrated, and what are the motives which should influence us as citizens and lovers of civil and religious liberty, to a due observance of its appropriate festivities? The people of New England have very recently experienced a revulsion of feeling, such as never before has occurred in their history, and from the effects of which, they have not yet fully recovered. Beyond a doubt, the 2d of June 1854, with its momentous issues, will hereafter occupy a prominent place among the epochs of our nation's history.

And what—it may be wise to inquire—is the lesson taught, and what the duty enjoined, by the recent terrible infliction which we so much deplore? Manifestly, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," most unequivocally, that we must "be watchful to strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die." The lesson taught, then, and the duty indicated, may be appropriately considered in connection with the celebration of the coming anniversary of our nation's independence.

In alluding to this subject, it will be assumed that the most comprehensive and imposing mode of celebrating this day is especially demanded at the present time, in view of recent events. In illustrating this position, a few suggestions will be offered.

We need such a celebration, as a means for relieving our burdened hearts, of a portion of that oppressive load of grief, despondency, and indignation, with which we have been exercised during the month passed. A celebration of the glorious 4th, truly American in its character, one that shall arouse within us a lively sense of the great value of our birth-right as freemen; which shall, by the imposing effect of an outward demonstration, attest the gratitude and joy of a whole people, and illustrate their hope and confidence in the perpetuity of free government; such a celebration at this particular time, and with God's blessing upon it, will do more to confirm us in the faith of our fathers, than any other means that can be employed.

We need such a celebration for the benefits it will confer upon that portion of our population who have but recently come among us, emigrants from other lands. Born and brought up under governments less free, and accustomed to be ruled without knowing why, they need to be instructed in respect to the privileges and benefits of citizenship in this highly favored land. These, to be appreciated need to be understood, which result can be effected in part, at least, by exhibiting the spirit of the thing itself.

The celebration of the fourth of July, therefore, must be the great teacher of the adopted citizens of our land. On that occasion the gratitude and joy of the nation burst forth, and becomes the most impressive, and at the same time the most instructive lesson that can be given them. Besides, those to whom reference is made, have been familiar, in their own native land, with the most gorgeous displays and pageants, regal, ecclesiastical and military, the significant idea of which in all cases has been, *subjection and not freedom*. Accustomed therefore to the class of teachers whose appeals are made to the external senses, they are all the more impressive on that account.

Do we wish then to diffuse among the masses of adopted citizens, and the fast multiplying thousands who are being borne to our shore, just notions of our people, institutions and laws, let us not suffer the celebration of the great natal day of freedom, to fall into neglect and disuse. On it, as much as any other thing, under God, depends the success of the great experiment now making in this land, of uniting under one, and that a free government, the people of every nation, kindred and tongue under the whole heaven. It is a great experiment, and God grant it may not be made at the expense of the world's freedom.

Without venturing upon the question of how the day should be observed among ourselves, a word or two may be added in relation to the celebration of the day generally. One idea would be that every community whether larger or smaller, should have a celebration by itself, separate and distinct from all others. And that pains should be taken so to arrange matters, as that adopted citizens in our several communities with their fami-

lies should enter into the festivities with interest and spirit. Public speaking also would seem desirable on all these occasions, and the opportunity afforded to all, once at least in the year, of being instructed in the origin, history, and present prospects of civil and religious liberty in this land. The last suggestion would be, that we, who live in the neighborhood of a great city, should resist every temptation to leave home on this, the Sabbath day of the nation. Let us resolve to spend the sacred hours of that day in the midst of our families, and friends, and neighbors, promoting the great end of civil and religious liberty, where we can do it the most effectually, by mutual friendly greetings, and felicitations, and the expression of cherished hopes of a bright future of freedom, to our children's children. Let us seize on the auspicious season to impart to those more immediately within our influence, the knowledge we ourselves possess, on the great subject of human freedom; especially let us on that day "teach these things to our children, talking of them when we sit in the house and when we walk in the way."

CAUTION TO THE BOYS.—Next Tuesday is the Fourth of July, and as this anniversary comes but once a year, there is danger lest the patriotism of some of our little urchins should boil over. The usual practice of making night hideous with all manner of unearthly noises is a mistake and offence. Some of our venerable citizens need their rest on the night previous to the show, as on other nights. Our young patriots will therefore please remember that the Fourth of July does not commence till sunrise, and all disturbance of the peace previous to that hour will be dealt according to the law in such case made and provided.

WE are informed that the number of depositors in the Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank have already reached to one hundred and eighty-five; and the amount deposited to \$2,622 00.

The interest felt in this valuable institution increases daily, the design of which is so very commendable. Every one that wishes can store up something "against a rainy day," in this novel treasury, where the same watchful care is given to the five cents saved from the candy shop, as to the thousand dollars of the more fortunate of our citizens.

The bank is open every Saturday, from two to six o'clock P. M., at Wyman's store, under the Woburn Bank.

STATE RIGHTS.—The Connecticut Legislature has passed a bill providing that no jail, court house, or any other public building of the State shall be used for the custody of a fugitive slave. A bill is also under discussion which subjects any individual who shall claim a fugitive and not make his claim good, to a fine of \$5,000. We opine that a few instances of legislation like this properly sustained, would tend to prevent the recurrence of scenes like those which have recently been witnessed in some of the Free States. These States have rights, and their laws should be a protection to their own citizens. Perhaps we shall find out some time what State rights are.

ORDER OF THE CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION, JULY 4TH, 1854.

At half past eight o'clock, A. M., a Procession will be formed at the Common, which will proceed through the streets designated below, to the First Congregational Church, where the Juvenile Cantata of the Graces, or Coronation of the Queen, will be performed.

The Procession will move in the following order:—

FIREMAN'S ESCORT.

Consisting of the Rough & Ready Company.

First Division.

Aid. Chief Marshal. Aid.

FLORAL PROCESSION.

Comprising Mr. E. C. C. Juvenile Singing School.

Fairy Guard. BLUE BELLS. Fairy Guard.

QUEEN OF THE GRACES.

and Attendants.

GRACES—FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

Flower Girls. MILY. Flower Girls.

Second Division.

SABBATH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Of the different Societies and grades.

Third Division.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY, and ATTENDANTS.

Seasons.

Milliners and Dress Makers. Sewing Machines, in operation.

Mrs. Partington and Ike.

Fourth Division.

Students of Oxford.

Shoe Makers. Carriers. Blacksmiths.

Sailors in a Boat.

Expressmen. Butchers. Farmers, and other Trades.

Fifth Division.

ANTIQUÉ AND HORRIBLES.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

JOE SASS AND SUIT.

Used Up Man. Maine Liquor Law. Nebraska Bill.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

The Procession will move from the Common up Main street, through Johnson, Franklin, Park, Main and Warren streets, down Pleasant to Bedford street; then countermarching, to the First Congregationalist Church.

After the performance in the church, the procession will re-form on foot, proceed up Main street to Wyman's Grove, and partake of a Collation.

At the conclusion of the repast the children will unite in singing. Then the Declaration of Independence will be read from the original copy transmitted by Congress to the Clerk of the Town of Woburn, in 1776; after which the assemblage will be addressed by the resident clergy and others.

Citizens wishing to contribute for the tables are requested to send their articles to the Committee at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 8; also, on Tuesday morning, from 7 o'clock to 8.

Any individuals who may feel disposed to send flowers to aid in decorating the procession are respectfully invited to give notice early to Mr. E. C. Cutter.

Also, any parties, who have not been invited, desirous of uniting in the procession, as trades or otherwise, should report immediately to the Chairman of the Committee, in order that arrangements may be effected for their accommodation.

WM. T. GRAMMER, Chairman.
JOSHUA E. LITTLEFIELD, JOHN FLANDERS,
JOSIAH LINSQUIT, CHARLES FLAGG,
EZEKIAH CUTLER, NATHAN WYMAN.

Programme of Fire Works.

The display of Fire Works will be located as they were last year on the Common, facing the West. Signal rockets will be fired at intervals from 8 o'clock till 9, when the exhibition will commence with

1. Grand illumination of Bengala Lights. Rockets with gold rain.
2. Star of America. Rockets with silver stars.
3. Mexican Jet. Rockets with saucisson.
4. Polka Battery. Rockets with gold rain.
5. Chaplet of Flowers. Rockets with crimson stars.
6. Floral Shell. Rockets with serpents.
7. Greek Pyramid. Rockets with gold rain.
8. Courantines or Flying Pigeons. Rockets with green stars.
9. Chinese Palm Tree. Rockets with saucisson.
10. Turkish Battery. Rockets with crimson stars.
11. Koh-i-noor, or Indian Diamond. Rockets with gold rain.
12. Morning Glory. Rockets with gold rain.
13. Peruvian Piece. Rockets with crimson stars.
14. Constellation. Rockets with gold rain.
15. Light of Liberty.
16. FINALE. This piece consists of two columns of July sun porting a patriotic motto, over which will be seen the American Eagle guarding the Star of Independence; the whole will be flanked with batteries and mines of serpents and candles, concluding with a grand discharge of rockets in honor of the day.

SUMMER RESORTS.—The time is nigh at hand when weary and dusty civilians make their annual grand rush for some place of fashionable resort. This summer exodus has come to be a perfect mania. The disease is contagious, and to exile ourselves from home during the months of July and August is a mark of quality. We grant that as "civilization" extends itself beyond the city proper, dwellers in suburban towns cannot well restrain a sigh for the green fields and the woods; but this is quite another thing from being jammed into some pent up corner of a "watering place," in the vain hope of finding a spot to breathe and rest.

The experience of those who have tried this experiment is enough to discourage the most determined. In ninety nine cases out of a hundred the comforts of home are given up for the discomforts of a crowd; and after a wearisome and expensive jaunt, the disappointed seeker of rest returns home to recruit and to regret his folly. To be sure, we can find no fault with one who is able to seek relaxation from toil, for going forth into the fields and seeking repose and strength from Nature. But, by all means avoid the beaten track of fashion. Seek some quiet spot amid the hills. Many a farm house will give you comforts which the fashionable Hotel knows not of. Better than all, to the feverish, dusty dweller in the city our advice would be, make you a home in some rural spot (and you need not go far from Woburn to find such a spot), and the necessity for a toilsome summer flight is at an end.

Such a retreat from the stifling heat of the city is within the reach of all. The pecuniary advantages of a suburban residence are sufficient to commend it to all. Though no vacation comes to the weary toiler in the workshop or counting room, yet the change of scene, the morning and evening ride, the sight of green fields, and a pillow fanned by the "country" air, is worth all that is gained by a hurried journey to, and a six weeks' tribulation at, any fashionable "watering place" in the land.

THE City Council of New Bedford have passed an ordinance for suppressing "loafing at the street corners." A fine not exceeding \$20 is imposed for a violation of it.

When that's a settler. Gentlemen of elegant leisure will now be compelled to adopt some other mode of killing time than that of obstructing the sidewalk, looking the ladies out of countenance, and making the air redolent with the perfume of their peculiarly vicious "long nices." Of all the kinds of loafing, which in any form constitutes an offence against society, street loafing is the most unjustifiable and offensive. A loafer in the shop is a drone in the hive, and deserves to be kicked out, a loafer in the sitting-room or parlor, and of such we are sorry to say there are far too many, and these not always of the masculine gender—is proverbially a hindrance and a retailer of slander. A loafer in a store is a pest to storekeepers, and a scarecrow to good custom. But a loafer in the street is a public nuisance. We suggest that the city council of Woburn imitate the example of the New Bedfordites, and pass an ordinance suppressing "loafing at the street corners," especially on Sundays. "A hint is as good," &c.

A GROWING COUNTRY.—The assertion has often been made that this is a great and growing country, but we are now proving it. Already has New England enterprise studied the Pacific coast with cities and towns from Oregon to southern California. Lands west of the Mississippi are fast being subdued by the axe and hammer of civilization; Mexico and Cuba on the South and the Canadas on the North are objects of ambitious desire, and the determination seems to be that, *volens volens*, they shall some day form part of this growing Republic. The South American States have a natural affinity to our soil, and after them the islands of the Pacific. Whether we

shall next annex China and Japan, or England and Europe, remains to be seen. We are a growing people, and Kossuth has said it is our mission to give freedom and republicanism to the oppressed and down-trodden of earth. Perhaps so.

A tremendous explosion of squibs, crackers, torpedoes, and other like ear-assailing, horse-frightening, peace-defying inventions may be expected on Tuesday. We insist upon it, if these things must be used, that some restraint be placed upon them. The public streets are not the places to explode these things. Human life should not be trifled with. The accidents that have so frequently occurred should admonish us. Least of all allowable is the too common practice of exploding these missiles near horses and under the feet of those who may be passing the streets. Offenders in these respect may look for—something they will not call fun.

The address of the Whig State Central Committee has been issued. It deals pretty largely in generalities, but on the subject of the slavery question, foreshadows some decided action, not only to "restate" that which has been torn down, but merely "the recovery of the ground lost for a time to freedom, but the erection of impenetrable barriers against the extension of slavery and the increasing assaults of the slave power." Better late than never. We shall see. The convention is to be held in August.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

A VISION.

Not long ago, as I was musing on the various scenes of life, I fell asleep, when the following vision passed before me:—

I was passing over a bridge, which leads to the metropolis, on which I stopped for a moment to observe the stream that was running swiftly onward to the ocean. I was delighted with the prospect before me, but as I turned to go, my attention was arrested by a cry of distress which seemed to proceed from some person under the bridge. I looked anxiously around, and saw a small skiff that had been upset, and was moving rapidly down the current. A man was climbing to the side of the boat, who was calling loudly for assistance!

A crowd soon gathered around, attracted by the cries of the stranger, who was evidently in most imminent danger. The spectators of the scene expressed the deepest sympathy for the sufferer, but no one made the least exertion to save him!

"It's a hard case," said one, "that the man should be lost."

"'Tis so indeed," said another, "but what can we do?"

"Do you think he will fetch up at the next bridge?" asked a third.

"Somebody ought to save him," said a cautious old gentleman. "But we must not do anything rashly and bring ruin upon ourselves."

"I wonder if the fellow has a wife and children! It will be a great loss to them if he drowns!" said a miserly looking man. "He may be saved though, yet."

"I think he will land somewhere," said a looker on, whom I recognized as a candidate for public office. "I wonder which way the wind blows?"

"It will depend somewhat on the tide," said a young man, who was looking at a gold watch he was held in his hand. "I fear however, that the tide is against him, poor fellow!"

"We must be careful," said a person with a green bag under his arm. "In endeavoring to save him not to hasten his destruction. We should be cautious to keep on the safe side of the law. The man should be rescued, but it is best to use legal means."

"I was just going to observe," exclaimed a young man in black, with the air of a Levite about him, "that nothing is gained by going too fast. People are too apt to rush headlong into difficulty, without some one to lead them."

Some contended that even if the man were brought to land, he had been so long in the water, it was doubtful if he could be restored, and one old-fashioned looking fellow insisted strongly that "his time had come—that it was an ordination of Providence" that he should be drowned, and that all efforts to save him must be useless. Many other remarks were made which I do not now remember.

Presently a rough looking fellow, with a weather beaten, yet benevolent countenance, rushed quickly by, and sprang on board a vessel that was lying near, and began to lower the boat from her stern. "Lend a hand here," said he, "take hold, you lazy lubbers, and get this boat into the water."

Several persons, apparently ashamed of their negligence, immediately sprang aboard and assisted him in lowering the boat. As soon as the boat touched the water he leaped in and setting the oars he rowed with all his might towards the sufferer, who had floated a considerable distance down the stream. At length after great exertion, he succeeded in reaching the man, who half dead with fear and exhaustion, was taken into the boat. The rower then pulled for the nearest landing place, which he soon reached in safety. By kind care the unfortunate man was restored, and filled with gratitude he blessed the generous man, who was more ready to perform a generous deed than to find excuses for not doing it, and to his timely exertions he owed his life.

I often remember this circumstance in my daily intercourse with the world. I frequently hear a great deal of sympathy expressed for the suffering and the miserable, but when sympathy and pity do not excite to action I conclude they are not very deeply felt. It

costs no sacrifice to talk pity, and to express, by words, strong sympathy for a suffering neighbor. The Priest and the Levite were *professedly* religious, sympathizing men; but they could not soil their sacred robes in assisting the wounded stranger. Those benevolent principles which lead men to act for the good of their fellow creatures are genuine and those only! A single good deed is of more value than oceans of tears and all the lamentations of the universe. A person may make loud professions of love to his fellow beings, but if he is not ready to "man the boat" and pull to the rescue, he may as well shut his mouth, and dry his tears, and no longer trifle with humanity by making pretensions to philanthropy and aid pity.

P. H. S.
Greenwood, South Reading June, 26 1854.

Catholicism.

Probably at no period of our history has the "No Popery" feeling been so rampant as now. Alarmists, men who never suffer any unusual occurrence to pass without working themselves, and endeavoring to work others up to the highest possible state of trepidation, assure us that the civil and religious liberties which, bought with so much blood and treasure, have been bequeathed to us by Protestant ancestors, are in the greatest danger from the inroads of the "Scatlet Woman;" their nights are disturbed by dreams of the re-enactment of the scenes of St. Bartholemew's day, and their days are devoted to active co-operation with any and every movement which shall check or thwart the designs of "Anti-Christ." They read with looks of terror, the weekly reports of the number of emigrants landed on the wharves of our different ports, and mourn within themselves at this increase in the ranks of his dark majesty's army in this country. Their feelings of humanity are considerably checked, when, having read the account of a shipwreck where all the passengers were lost, they reflect that nearly all were Irish Catholics.

Now, we have no love for popery; we think that, perhaps, Catholicism is nearly as degrading in its tendencies as any religion can well be; we are no apologists for the tricks, deceptions, and almost infinite wickedness, which have marked some of the Catholic priesthood, not only in the ages long past, but in times nearer our own. Yet we must be pardoned for saying that we do not feel afraid of any extensive loss of civil or religious liberties, on the part of Americans, from the overshadowing power of Popery.

We believe that where the press is so thoroughly free that the danger is of licentiousness rather than the contrary; when it is so inexpensive, that that cause must be impoverished which cannot pay for its support; when the means of education are so widely diffused that every man, woman and child must learn to read; when the freedom of speech is so fully guaranteed to the subject, that no cause is so sacred, no party so pure, no character so unblemished, that ribald street preachers may not with impunity, vilify and slander; when every man takes his daily, or certainly his weekly newspaper, there is little cause to fear that any blind worship of priests or popes will acquire any preponderant influence. The native force and energy of the American people and character, their indomitable inclination to rule, their inflexible determination to think for themselves, will prevent any foreign influence, whether political or religious, from gaining much ground here, which it can hold. In large cities, there will, undoubtedly, be considerable Catholic influence; because there are congregated considerable numbers of foreign-born Catholics. But even then, though the numerical force of such should preponderate, the actual power will rarely settle in their hands, from the fact that they are, in general, ignorant and degraded when compared with the native population. Again, it is as absurd to suppose that Roman Catholicism can remain, in substance, in action, the same in this country that it is in Italy, in Austria, and in Ireland, as to suppose that the winter's ice can withstand the rage of the summer's sun. Its forms may be the same; its liturgies and its creed may remain the same, to the letter; its priests may teach the same dogmas, and give the same interpretations of them; but there is an outside power in the habit of free speech, of free thought and free action, around the Catholics, which no creeds, no priests, can melt or destroy, and which will tell upon them, however thoroughly they may be watched. It is no more to be resisted, than is the influence of the atmosphere men breathe.

G.

Our citizens will observe that a warrant has been issued for a Town meeting to be held next Monday afternoon. Among the articles is one "to see if the town will instruct their Board of Health to provide a suitable place for a hospital, for the temporary accommodation of such persons as may hereafter be infected with dangerous sickness," &c.

SOUTH READING ORNAMENTAL TREE SOCIETY.—Notice is hereby given that there ought to be a meeting of the members of this Society to consider the propriety of enlarging their operations in the commendable work of furnishing ornamental trees for our sidewalks, streets, &c. Our Common has been well studied with them, and their green foliage now presents to the eye a beautiful appearance. This is true of the living; a few have withered and died. The places of these should be supplied by others fresh from the forest. There has not been a meeting of this association for two years or more. The treasury is not exhausted, having on hand about \$20, to which additions can easily be made if required for suitable appropriations. Come, gentlemen, young and old, let us see to this matter, and plant for posterity; and when

the Common is well supplied with healthy and thriving trees, then we may think of surrounding it with a modest iron fence. M.

Mr. EORON.—Did it ever occur to any of the writers of the various articles which have appeared in your Journal respecting the official course of Judge Loring in the extradition case, that it was barely possible that a man, whose life has been one of hitherto untarnished integrity and uprightness, might have an idea that he was doing his duty in keeping his oath instead of violating it? And that possibly he might have fancied he could form a tolerably accurate estimate of the evidence in the case, even though the law would award him the magnificent sum of ten dollars for his services in the case the slave was delivered to his master. Perhaps this large sum might have blinded the ladies of Woburn, and prevented their judging correctly under like circumstances. L.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

[For the Journal.]

SUBURBAN FREAKS.

It is peculiarly noticeable, the great number of professional men, who plant themselves in the towns and villages around and near the city, like the multitude about the Pool of Bethesda, and probably with the same end in view. Ministers, lawyers, and doctors, are so numerous, as in some instances to constitute quite a proportion of the population, and teachers too, if they cannot get into the city, get as near to it as possible.

As to the clergy, they are sensitive to what we say of them, and it is needful to speak with tenderness, for they seem to identify their persons, and families, and interests, with their office. Now we have not, and we claim the right, whenever we crack a joke over the neck of a minister, not to be regarded as meaning, any disrespect to the sacred office of the priesthood. They have like passions with ourselves, and when they were set apart to the ministry passions and freaks were not annointed to. If it is so.

There is a call from every direction for ministers. Vacancies are represented as more numerous than ever before, and yet it would seem from the multitude gathered around the city, that any reasonable demand could be supplied. Besides those settled over the local congregations, there are numerous others, who have taken agencies and secretariats, or have secularized themselves to some business avocation in the city, and have removed to the country to make living cheaper. There is a whole colony of such at Auburn Dale. They probably think that the region round about Boston, means "all the world," and that "beginning at Jerusalem," means beginning at Boston. Some too, hang about, out of all employ, who are looking for good settlements. They come here to market, as people go to sell and buy at Cambridge and Brighton. Query—might it not be well to add a new yard at those place? Or to establish a Clerical Intelligence Office, to inform of vacancies in distant places, where business men have gone, but which are still unknown to our clergy? In worldly matters men are quick to find out places of promise, and they go for the purpose of gain, to the ends of the world, compassing sea and land. Why is it not so with ministers in sacred things; are they less shrewd; or energetic; or interested, in their calling; in doing work for Heaven, than are the men of the world? May wisdom be given them.

Our suburban parishes have much of the spirit and hauteur of the city, and in looking for pastors they demand talented and popular men, such as will exchange with clergymen of the city, and such as will help give character to the place, and make the society good. And they usually obtain them; for they like, if they cannot begin in Jerusalem, to get near to it. But, then they are not usually very permanent in their situations. If they prove on trial to be growing men, they are called up higher. Some larger congregation makes a louder and larger call. If, on the other hand, the men do not answer the expectations, they are in due time exchanged for another of more promise. So that but very few gray-headed preachers can be found settled over the churches around the city. The fault, as you will see, is on both sides—in the people, for looking more on popularity than at spiritual edification, and in the clergy, for an unallowable ambition and worldliness. The latter frequently learn a lesson and get new views of the command to "go into all the world."

The position assumed by our congregations is a very close imitation of the city, and those who remove to the country to diminish expenses, will in parish affairs find themselves disappointed. The cost of the churches, and the amount of salary paid the ministers when arranged on the amount of taxable property, will, in all probability, make the expense of the society proportionally larger.

Yours truly,

RUSKIN.

Stoneham Department.

Edited by REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB, and J. C. CROOKER, Esq.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

LAW SHOULD BE SUSTAINED.

We have noticed for some months past quite a disposition to discuss the "Nebraska outrage," and of late quite a species of denunciations of "kidnapping," "men stealing," &c., relative to the arrest of the fugitive slave Burns, in the various departments of the Journal; and nothing in favor of enforcing the compromises of the Constitution as declared by the legislative branch of our government in the process, commonly called the fugitive slave law of 1850. We desire to pre-empt a discussion in the matter, but to speak a few reasons on that side of the much ag-

tated question. We are led to this by reading some of the various appeals so set forth in the almost numberless organs of the day; but more particularly in an article in the Morning Star under the signature of "G. H. B.," viz: "Fight the slave law. There is more reason for it than the rebellion of '76. The slave power is as a tiger at our throat. It rules with a rod of iron. If armed resistance was ever justifiable, this is a case in point. It is cruel to enforce it. It is heroic to resist it, &c. &c. If indignation becomes so strong, why fight, and we shall honor the heroes of '84 even more than the heroes of '76."

To us appeals to the passions like these appear to be zeal without reason; it could not possibly do even a bad cause any good, and a good cause it would ruin. Society is in no measure benefited but on the contrary absolutely injured. To the author we say, if our country or its laws do not suit him, he has the largest liberty to seek him a home in another. As has been said of another, to him we say a man may possibly deceive himself with a sense of zeal for philanthropy, which is often after all but an acrimonious spirit of party, or a malignant spirit of opinion, often more bigoted than party feeling, and more intolerant than any fanaticism that ever mistakenly assumed the name of a message from heaven.

All should know that if there is one truth taught by history, it is that law is indispensable to liberty. Whenever the passions of the hour are allowed to supersede the law, the decline of freedom has begun. Such was the case with the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. It was so with the Italian republics of the middle ages; it was so with the South American republics and Mexico, even of our own times. France has never been able to achieve a permanent republic, nor indeed she never will so long as there is among the people such an absence of all reverence for law, they cannot practically understand that it is sometimes necessary in political affairs to submit to a lesser evil in order to secure a greater. Hence, following passion, they first rush into anarchy, from the evils of which they are glad to take shelter under a despotism. We say, let us hold fast here—obedience to the law, as the very anchor of our liberties; for obedience to law is the key-stone of our republican government, holding all the varied parts of our confederation together, surmounting and cementing the whole.

If the laws of our land are offensive, let us change them, legitimately, as we can, for here all have an equal voice in making them. Even the Constitution may be changed if the majority desire it. It is, therefore, in a government like ours, that no one but an intolerant minority partisan, or a fanatic that will counsel open resistance to laws, and stigmatize the proper officers for enforcing them as "robbers, kidnappers and pirates," &c. We say, obey the laws, even if we deem them oppressive; better suffer evil than commit a great and irreparable wrong.

Abby Kelly Foster, and Stephen S. Foster her husband, "held forth" in the Town Hall of this village last Sabbath evening. Although they advance extreme views on various subjects, views which comparatively few can endorse, yet much of truth is communicated by them in their public addresses. During the day they spoke on the Common at South Reading, having been shut out of a Town Hall there which has formally been opened on the Sabbath to Roman Catholics, whose system of religion, or irreligion, strikes at the very foundation of Protestantism and Republicanism.

In consequence of finding the door of the Hall closed against them, these "come-outers" held their meeting in the open air, and probably had three times as large an audience, and three times as much of sympathy, as if the use of said building had been granted them. Very sorry are we to perceive any thing which can be construed into a persecution of any class of persons; and exceedingly mortified should we have been had the selectmen of this place, or any of the authorities of the town, denied the use of our Hall to these lecturers. Give them a "fair chance" to "say their say," and let those who prefer not to hear remain at home, or spend their time elsewhere. We regard Foster, Pillsbury & Co., as ultra radicals but their influence in the community is not so injurious as that of those ultra conservatives who would return fugitives into bondage, violating sacred compacts, permit the further extension of slavery, and maintain that all human laws, whether "right or wrong," must be unconditionally and universally obeyed.

We have more than once, within a few months, been a little too late to take the cars here they started from the station of the Maine R. R. in Boston, but on account of their slow movements, resulting from being drawn now-a-days quite a distance, according to the requirement of the city authorities, by horse-power, instead of steam-power we have been enabled to overtake them, and secure a ride home. Hence there are advantages as well as disadvantages growing out of a recent and much regretted change, reminding one of the old saying, that "There's no great loss without some small gain."

THE GRAND JURY.—We learn that the grand jury found no indictments against any person charged with being connected with the attempt to rescue Burns. The Couriers, one of the editors of which paper was upon this jury, says:—
"The grand jury of the United States after a session of twenty-three days, came into court yesterday, and were excused from further service at present. They have forwarded statement to the President of the United States, complaining of irregularities in the manner of disposing of persons found on board captured slavers on the coast of Africa."

LIST of letters remaining in the Woburn Post office June 30th, 1854.
Artz John
Artz John W 2
Ansey G 2
Ames Jonathan
Adams Wellington
Burnham Richard
Bailey Catharine Mrs
Blanchard Mr
Brooks George W Mr
Converse Wm
Clusky Bernard
Coburn Charles
Cunnihan Bernard
Cocklin Edward
Curtin Michel
Cordwell Charles H
Carson Robert
Cobb Margaret E Mrs
Coyle Ma Cy
Donnelly Maryann
Durant George Mr
Erans Edw
Ellenwood, Wm
Field A H
Fultz John C
Field Warren R
Farrell Andrew
Francis John
Fealy Peter
Fernald Lucinda Miss
Foley Hanora A Miss
Freeman Mrs
George Amos P
Garlin Pat
Gustin John F Miss
Goldsmith Elizabeth
Holland Patrick
Holland Moses
Hall Parthenia Mrs
Harris Eliza Miss
Ingalls Oscar E
Joyce Henry F
Knapp Wm H
Persons calling for letters on this list will please say they are advertised.
A. E. THOMPSON, P. M.

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GENTLEMEN!
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Cloths and Ready-Made Clothing, which he sells for 6 per cent. above the cost of the goods. He is
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J. J. LADD, Principal.
B. CUTLER, Sec. B. C. Trust.

Oak Hall, Boston.—Mr. Simmons still continues to give the greatest satisfaction to those who purchase at Oak Hall and his immense stock of clothing affords the means of selecting to suit the most fastidious taste. Buy there when you are in Boston, and you will get good bargains.

J. Russell Spalding's Rosemary and Castor Oil is now universally approved of as an efficient, speedy and safe remedy for removing dandruff and improving the hair.

Tea! Tea! Coffee! Coffee! We wish to inform our readers that 5 lbs. of good Ningyong or Sonchee Tea, can be bought for \$1.50, and a superior article 2 lbs. for \$1.25 at the Warehouse of Redding & Co., 140 South Street, (corner of Union Street) and 108 Washington Street, Boston. Coffees of every description selling low.

Holloway's Pills.—Extraordinary cure of palpitation of the heart.—Professor Holloway, of 28, Abchurch Lane, London, has the pleasure of receiving from Mr. John H. B. a letter dated March 12th, 1854, which is subjoined verbatim:—"Dear Doctor: Your pills are entirely good, a few years ago I was under the treatment of Dr. of this city. I suffered with palpitation of the heart to such an extent, that I was frequently obliged to abstain from any kind of exercise, mental or bodily, for weeks together. A short time since, I was seized with violent sickness and spitting of blood; I, of course, went to my old friend, but finding him I went into the store of Redding & Co., of this City, for a Newspaper, and accidentally saw several boxes of your Pills there. I purchased one, took a few doses and the result was very favorable; by persevering with them, I am entirely cured and have to thank you for now enjoying good health."

1776.
JUST rec'd for the 4th of July, an assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Misses Boots and Shoes, at the Shoe Store of Woburn, July 1st, 1854.
A. ROUNDY.

GRASS AT AUCTION.
ABOUT two acres of English Grass and Oats on Park street near the old Burying Ground, and the old Canal Landing, at 6 o'clock, P. M. Monday next, July 3d, 1853.
H. JOHNSON, Auct.
Woburn, June 29th, 1854.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Latham & Kimball, and at present this day dissolved. All persons having demands against said firm are requested to present the same for payment, and all persons indebted to said firm for Job-Printing are requested to make immediate payment to Mr. B. B. Kimball at this office.
WM. LATHAM,
B. B. KIMBALL.
Woburn, June 5, 1854.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY!
TWO COAT AND PANTS MAKERS, wanted immediately by H. BOLT, Lyceum Building Winchester.
June 29th

Clocks ! Clocks !! Clocks !!!
JUST received a lot of Brass Clocks, which will
sold low and warranted. Prices from \$1 to \$10.
WM. WESTON

and ankle ties; also a great variety of Childrens' low priced and fancy shoes cheap for cash at A. WOOD JR, Wade's Building. apr22

Woburn September 17, 1863.

Steam Power and Room to Let.
I NQUIRE of S. S. Richardson, 87 Kilby street, Boston
 or to **Horace Collamore,**
 Woburn, March 30, 1854.

Single fare, 8 cents. Four Checks 25 cts. Ticket
from North Woburn to Boston, 30 cts.
CHARLES TAY, Agent
North Woburn, April 20th, 1854.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

\$1.50 Per Annum in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

WOBURN, MASS., JULY 15, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 40.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

Published by the Proprietor, every Saturday morning, at his Office, Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS.
\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " 6 months, \$6.00
Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.

Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 50c. each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is a well equipped with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker.
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. There may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store.
EDWARD MANSFIELD.

Also, in another building a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Mansfield & Co.
South Reading, April 29th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad st. 21 door from Main st.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of
Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Usual quality, and at low prices.
Selling, Currant and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Building,
WOBURN.
Oct 18 54

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
EDDY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDTY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines, Perfumery,
Chemicals, &c.
No. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Building,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at the day and night
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY Goods ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Brown Bonnets; Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and 4-side Marie Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and P. used, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
M. TEARE.
Oct 18 54

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
Office, 10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.
April 21

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING AND GLAZING.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Gilding and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OILS and GLASS, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 54

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to.
Oct 18 54

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
and dealer in
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to.
April 30.

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of superior instruments can
obtain them of the Subscribers at very low rates,
with the privilege of making their selections from the
ware-rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854.—1f

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, repaired.
Orders taken fully and punctually attended to.
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
UNDERPINNING.
Fence Posts, Curb stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked, tender on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries;
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT).
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.
O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE.
Battans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow
Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
NO. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world
will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN,
G. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN,
Jan 21 54

RAYN & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
AND
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18 54

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchange—Houses Let.
Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854.—1f

D. TILLSON & SON,
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. may 6 54

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
BOSTON.
F. F. Libby, J. B. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Importers and dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS and DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPIAL VARNISH.
NO. 14 NASSAU STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will
receive prompt attention. Jan 27 54—1f

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are au-
thorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions
for us at the same rates as required at this Office. Their
receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston.
132 Nassau Street, New York.
Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper,
Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials,
at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return
express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us
when in either city. They will always meet a cordial
welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of
the office. We shall always be ready to further their
interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854.—5m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings,
FLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARPETS TRIMMINGS).
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston.
Feb 21

Isaac Babbit's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASH-
ING POWDER, manure and Dealers in choicest
Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9 54

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. 21

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For
Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 4 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and
Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, of
made to order at short notice. Also, Repair
all kinds of the above ware.
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to
call and examine.
Oct 18 54

POETRY.

FOR WHAT TO LIVE.

If you should live, my darling child,
What would you choose to be?
I asked a little boy: He smiled,
And very proud looked he.

I mean, he said, when I am big,
To be rich, if I can,
And have a dashing horse and gig,
And be a gentleman.

And you, my lad, with look in hand?
A scholar, sir, am I;
All science I would understand,
And know the stars in sky.

I will a merchant be, one cried;
We—farmers, sir, said some;
While others, could not quite decide
Just what they would become.

Some girls I ask'd: one, child not tell!
Another, did not care;
A third, desired to be a belle,
Admired for beauty rare.

Some, had a literary turn;
Some, fancied dress and show.
Some, music loved; some wished to learn
Whatever they could know.

Dear pupils, should I ask you too,
How would you answer? Say,
What fine things have you planned, to do
Upon life's future day?

While choosing each, some favorite end,
Some bright path to be trod;
Ask, how to live that you may spend
Eternity with God.

Not pleasure, fame nor leaps of gold,
One precious soul can save—
Earth's freshest joys too soon grow old,
And perish in the grave.

Away with these! For Jesus live!
"I'll shall your life be blest,
His grace, your sins can all forgive,
And grant you heavenly rest.

S. S. Teacher's Gift.

LAW VS. RIGHT.

A writer in the Journal uses the follow-
ing language—"Obedience to law is the key
stone of our republican government;" again,
no one but a fanatic, etc., would oppose law,
and stigmatize the proper officers, for enforcing
them, as robbers, etc.

With your leave, Mr. Editor, I propose to
examine the above proposition. There is
but one idea contained here, that is absolute
obedience to law. This calling of
names has but little force in argument—the
words fanatic and ultraist, are easily learned,
and are too often resorted to by those, who
have a zeal for something, not according to
knowledge. Why obedience to the laws should
be peculiarly the keystone of our liberties,
does not seem very clear—that we have ob-
tained those liberties as rebels we cannot for-
get—that the very men who signed the decla-
ration of our independence did so in direct
violation of the law—they, the fathers, them-
selves declare. There are many men, how-
ever, who respect law—who will not obey the
laws—and in examining this subject, it seems
to us that we should keep clear in our minds
this distinction;—men do not rebel against
law but against edicts, that have all the forms
of law, but are not law. Thus Mr. Sumner
says in speaking of the fugitive slave enact-
ment, "law I will not call, for it is not law."
It might be well for us to enquire what this
means, or what then is law? "The law,"
says Plutarch, "is the queen of the gods and
men." "Laws," says Montesquieu, "are the
necessary relations resulting from the nature
of things." "Law in general is human reason;
the political and civil laws of each nation
ought to be only the particular cases in
which this human reason is applied." Says
Cousin, "justice constituted is the state. The
only legal right is that of being respected in
the peaceful exercise of liberty; the only duty,
or at least the first of all, is to respect the li-
berty of others. Justice is nothing more than
this; justice is the maintenance of reciprocal
liberty."

In support of the idea of our duty to oppose
bad laws, I will take the liberty to quote the
opinions of men who have had some note in
the world.

Says John Calvin, "in the obedience which
we have shown to be due to the authority of
Governors, it is always necessary to make one
exception, that it do not seduce us from our
obedience to God. If they command anything
against Him, it ought not to have the least
attention"—Cal. Inst. Vol. II, Page 602.

Says Neander, "The essence of christianity
struggles against the demand of a blind sub-
mission to human authority." Jeremy Taylor
declares, "we must obey all human laws ap-
pointed and constituted by lawful authority,
—all laws I mean which are not against the
law of God." In a sermon before the king
and parliament he says, "but what if our
prince or our prelates command things against
the law of God? What then? Why nothing
then but that we must obey God and not
man, there is no dispute of that."—Works,
Vol. 2, Page 45. There does not seem to have
been any Judge Curtis to recommend indict-
ing the brave preacher. Says Chillingworth,
"though seditious men pretend conscience
for a cloak of their rebellion, yet this I hope
hinders not but that an honest man ought to
obey his rightly informed conscience rather
than the unjust commands of his tyrannous
superiors. We ought to obey God rather
than man." Says Judge Ware (one of the
United States judges) in his charge to the
jury, "do you ask me what is to be done when

the dictates of your conscience oppose obedi-
ence to human law? I say clearly you are
bound to obey your conscience, and to abide
by the consequences." Says Rev. Professor
Hodge of Princeton, N. J., "there are cases
in which disobedience is a duty; no command
to do anything morally wrong can be binding."

Says Dr. Dwight, "subjects are bound to
obey magistrates when acting agreeably to the
laws, in all cases not contrary to the will of
God as unfolded in the Scriptures." Pres.
Wayland declares, "we have no right to obey
an unrighteous law, since we must obey God
at all hazards. The magistrate may not only
do wrong himself, but he may command me
to do wrong. How shall I regard this com-
mand? I will regard it as I do any other
command to do wrong—I will not obey it.
The magistracy may punish me, I cannot help
that." Prof. Stuart once said, "implicit
subjection to the magistrate in cases of a moral
nature where he enjoins what God has
plainly forbidden, would be a gross violation
of the true principles of christianity." Prof.
Park maintains the same idea. Says Doctor
Channing in reference to slavery, "we have no
higher law than the convictions of our duty."
Blackstone says, "if any human law should
allow or enjoin us to commit an act forbidden
by God's law, we are bound to transgress
that human law." Vattel says, "even the
solemn sanctions of a treaty are void, if opposed
to natural justice." Noyes says, "man's
laws must give place to God's laws." Judge
McLean declares, "statutes against funda-
mental morality are void."

It does not seem necessary to quote further
upon this point; the only question that re-
mains is, who shall decide these questions of
conscience? As we have no Pope to decide
for us, and as we believe that if the devil gets
the politician or the individual, he will get
the man, it becomes each to decide for him-
self. I will, however, quote two authorities
upon this point from among the thousands
which present themselves. As these are both
American authorities, their opinions may serve
for an answer to the honorable Senator who
asked the author the question.

Pres. Wayland says we have no liberty
in the matter;—"we are obliged to inquire and
to determine concerning every act of govern-
ment, whether it be right or wrong," and not
only to inquire and determine but to act in
accordance with the dictates of our own con-
science, all things else to the contrary not-
withstanding.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop in a speech in Con-
gress said, "I recognize indeed a power above
all human law makers, and a code above all
earthly constitutions, and whenever I perceive
a clear conflict of jurisdiction and authority
between the constitution of my country and
the law of my God, my course is clear."

Thus admitting that the Constitution even
may be wrong and most clearly claiming the
right, may the duty of private decision and
action.

It will be seen from the foregoing that all
this talk about "higher law" is based upon a
misunderstanding of the very idea of law.
There is no such thing as "higher law." All
law must be founded upon God's law, or it
has no claim to the name of law. There is a
"law there," said the Rev. Dr. Edwards,
"not a mere human enactment which may or
may not be law." I have said above "why
obedience to the laws or law should be pecu-
liarly necessary to us does not seem very
clear." "No nation or society," says Mon-
tesquieu, "can exist without law. No liberty
can exist without just laws." We seem
with other nations to be subject to the same
inevitable rules. Will your correspondent
claim that the laws which establish and regu-
late slavery are, just laws—and in accordance
with the divine law, or that in order to per-
petuate our liberties we must obey unjust
laws. The cry of the poor and the oppressed
will enter the ear of the Most High, and nei-
ther nations or individuals can escape the
penalty. Will he resort to the foolish, saying
that the laws here are made by the majority,
—and that Vox Populi, Vox Dei. He knows
that no combination of individuals, however
numerous, can make wrong right, or escape
the inexorable Nemesis.

The Rev. Dr. Nelson in his "cause and cure
of infidelity," speaks of the "practical infidi-
lity of the present age," as but the outward
sign of the inward life. Never has the enemy
of all good devised a more cunning method
of destroying all conscientious action than this.
We declare a certain act to be sin; the majori-
ty pass laws sanctioning such acts, and it be-
comes a religious duty to obey them. The
expression, "our country—however bound-
ed," says Whipple, "was counsel from the
Devil's own prayer book."

"Obey the laws right or wrong!" does not
seem to come from a much purer source. We
cannot well help thinking here of the story
of the Duke and the Peasant. As the story
goes, a Duke who was also an arch Bishop—
was once reproved by a peasant for gross pro-
fanity. "How can a Bishop swear so?" said
the simple rustic. "Oh," replied the Bishop,
"I only swear as Duke, and not as Bishop."
When the devil gets the duke, and the poor
man, "what will become of the bishop?"

I need scarcely say to you or your readers,
Mr. Editor, that it is not opposition to bad
laws that destroys a people, but acquiescence
in them. Had your correspondent but read
history with a little attention, he would have
long ago discovered, that French infidelity,
for law, as well as French infidelity, has all of

it grown out of the subservience to authority.
The "river of hell" which roared through
the streets of Paris in the time of the "great
revolution," whose waters were human blood,
had its springs in the old past. The Bourbons
and the Medici planted the trees whose fruit
became gore and ashes. "Saturh hath de-
voured his children," said Vergniaud. And
thus must "it ever be;—nations and individ-
als if they sow the wind must reap the whirl-
wind."
R. U. P.

THE PASSIONATE FATHER.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit than he who
ruleth a city."

"Come here, sir," said a strong, athletic
man, as he seized a delicate looking lad by
the shoulder. "You've been in this water
again! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No 'but.' Haven't I forbidden it, boy?"

"Yes sir, I was—"

"No reply sir!" and the blows fell like a
hail storm around the child's head and shoul-
ders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his
face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly com-
pressed, as he rose and looked at his father
with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room and stay till you are sent
for. I'll master that spirit of yours before
you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened,
and his mother glided gently in. She was a
fragile, delicate woman, with mournful blue
eyes, and temples startlingly transparent.—
Laying her hand softly upon Harry's head,
she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters
gushed forth. "Dear mother!" said the
weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you
plunged into the water to save the life of your
playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry,
springing to his feet, with a flashing eye.
"Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I
tried to explain? Mother he's a tyrant to
you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband, and your father."

"Yes, and I am sorry for it. What have I
ever had but blows and harsh words! Look
at your pale cheek and sunken eye, mother!
It's too bad! He's a tyrant, mother!" said
the weeping boy, with a clenched fist and set
teeth, "and if it were not for you, I would
have been leagues off, long ago. And there's
Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will
all her medicine do? She trembles like a leaf
when she hears his foot-steps. I say 'tis
brutal, mother!"

"Harry," and a soft hand was laid on the
impetuous boy's lips, "for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—your's and
poor Nellie's—or I would be on the sea some-
where—anywhere but here."

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's
bedside, before retiring to rest.—"God be
thanked, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she
shaded his face from the lamp. Then kneel-
ing at his bedside, she prayed for patience and
wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy
cross under which her steps were faltering,
and then she prayed for her husband.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry springing
from his pillow, and throwing his arms about
her neck; "I can forgive him for what he
has done to me, but I never will forgive him
for what he has made you suffer. Don't pray
for him—at least, don't let me hear it."

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She
knew her boy was spirit sore under the sense
of recent impulses, so she lay down beside
him, and resting her tearful cheek against
his, repeated in a low clear voice, the story
of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do," fell upon
his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy
spell.

"I will," he sobbed. "Mother, you are an
angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be
your hand that led me there."

There was a hurrying to and fro in Robert
Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand
that dealt those angry blows on that young
head. The passionate father's repentance
came too late—came with the word that his
boy must die.

"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head
rested on his mother's shoulders.

It was a dearly bought lesson. Beside that
lifeless corpse, Robert Lee renewed his mar-
riage vow; and now, when the hot blood of
anger rose to his temples, and the hasty word
sprang to his lips, the pale face of the dead
rises up between him and the offender, and an
angel whispers, "Peace, be still!"

Look before you kick.—A minister in
one of our orthodox churches, while on his
way to preach a funeral sermon in the country,
called to see one of his members, an old
widow lady, who lived near the road he was
travelling. The old lady had just been mak-
ing sausages, and she felt proud of them,
they were so plump, round and sweet. Of
course she insisted on her minister taking
some of the links home to his family. He
objected, on account of not having his port-
manteau along. This objection was soon
overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping
them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in
either pocket of the preacher's capacious
coat. Thus equipped, he started for the fu-
neral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies

of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the
sausages, and were not long in tracking them
to the pockets of the good man's overcoat.
Of course this was a great annoyance, and he
was several times under the necessity of kick-
ing these whelps away. The obsequies at the
grave completed, the minister and congrega-
tion repaired to the church, where the funeral
discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished, the minister
halted to make some remarks to his congre-
gation, when a brother, who wished to have
an appointment given out, ascended the steps
of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a
high kick, getting his attention. The divine, think-
ing it a dog having a design upon his pocket,
raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent
the good brother sprawling down the steps!

"You will excuse me brethren and sisters,"
said the minister, confusedly, and without
looking at the work he had just done, "for I
could not avoid it, I have sausages in my pocket,
and that dog has been trying to grab them
ever since I came upon the premises."

Your readers may judge of the effect such
an announcement would have at a funeral.
Tears of sorrow were suddenly exchanged for
smiles of merriment.—Germanoten Emporium

"LIVING UPON OTHERS." Job Greenfield
was one of those who make it a point to live
upon others to the extent of their ingenuity,
and that in Job's case was not by any means
inconsiderable.

He was quite in the habit of dropping into
a neighbor's about dinner or tea time; as a
matter of course he would be invited to sit
down with the family, on which he would
exclaim:—

"Well, really neighbor, I hadn't the least
idea of finding you at dinner. I don't know
what my wife will think. I told her I would
not be gone more than ten minutes; however,
as you have been so kind as to invite me, I
don't know but I'll stay."

Job was in the habit of borrowing many
small articles, such as a pound of butter, or a
"little" molasses, all of which he took par-
ticular care never to recollect to return.

Among Job's tastes he had a great liking for
cigars. But he never bought any. Not he!
Nobody knew better that they were an expen-
sive luxury, and the thought of how much
they cost would have destroyed any gratifica-
tion which they might afford him. When,
however, he could sponge one out of some
one else, no one smoked with a greater zest.

Just opposite Job, on the other side of the
way, lived Lawyer Pettibone. The squire
liked cigars as well as Job, and always kept
them on hand. One morning when he chanced
to call into the office he offered him one.

This was enough for Job. Henceforth he
made it a practice to call on Squire Pettibone
once a day just after dinner, when the lawyer
usually smoked, and thus secure an invitation
to join him.

Lawyers are proverbially sharp, and it was
not long before Squire Pettibone saw Job's
drift. Resolved to foil him, he procured a
fire-cracker, and making a slit in a cigar neat-
ly inserted it, and closed the aperture.

The next time Job presented himself, the
cigar was tendered him. The squire had fin-
ished his.

"These are mighty nice cigars of yours,"
said Job, for the fortieth time, having fairly
commenced proceedings.

"Fuz—fuz—whizz—bang!" went the
cracker battering the cigar to pieces, and lit

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. G. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & Co.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNG.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. WHITFIELD.
Reading—Mr. THOS. RICHARDSON.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. WELLES.

HAVE WE A KNOW NOTHING AMONG US?

Since the astounding question touching the Bourbon was started, no matter has excited so great curiosity as that embraced in the question at the head of this article. The astonishing results developed by recent elections in different parts of the country, have alarmed some of the party leaders, and we see them stand shaking in their shoes, and wondering what will be next. To them the voice of the people is as the voice of doom, and they stand terrified by a power which baffles all their intrigues, and bids fair to destroy all their influence.

To us the recent developments of a true American feeling, the waking up of our people from the slumber of years, is but the natural result of obvious causes. It may be perhaps, but natural for those who have been mixed up in the ebals and intrigues of the various political parties to conclude that others act like themselves, and look upon the ballot box only as the stepping stone to personal aggrandizement and power. But where is the American heart which has not felt that republican liberty—more valuable than party success—was in danger of loss through these political manoeuvres? Who has not looked with suspicion, not upon whole nations of a foreign faith waded to our shores, but upon thin clannish spirit, thin want of sympathy with our institutions, especially upon the efforts made to place in their hands the vote of freemen, and then to buy that vote by a bid of concession to their religious prejudices?

Witness the recent agitation of the questions of the Bible in our schools, the division of the school fund, the tone of some of our presses in their cringing servility to Catholic influence, and say if there be cause of wonder that the sons of revolutionary sires should feel jealous of foreign influence. We believe it is time for our people to feel, to think and to act as American citizens and lovers of American liberty. It is time for the American press to speak, and for one we believe it is time to expose and oppose that sectarian influence, in whatever form it may develop itself, which is fast undermining the very foundations of our liberty.

The Bible may be said to be the corner-stone upon which our republican institutions rest. The war which has been commenced against the Bible is full of dark and threatening meaning. The sons of the Pilgrims cannot be passive spectators of the struggles. When these matters are alluded to, the cry is raised of religious persecution. The cry is false. Our constitution guarantees to every one the right of private judgment, and to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. But it is because this principle is assailed we take up our pen; it is because a single sect would have its sectarian schools, every American should unite in opposition. The question is this, shall the hitherto successful principles of our own government be maintained by us, or the Jesuitical principles which have destroyed the catholic countries of Europe. Let Americans answer.

SATURDAY EVENING. If there is any season of the week that is fraught with pleasant associations, and which comes to the weary toiler in life's great workshop with a cheerful aspect, it is this evening of the week. The busy days have passed one after another, with the ceaseless round of duty and now the business of the week is over. The last blow has been struck, the last thread has been drawn. The mechanic from the dusty workshop, the merchant from his ledger, the lawyer from his briefs, the student from his books, each turns to some genial spot which he calls home! Who does not say, as he greets the familiar objects, and sinks into the wonted chair—"Thank God for rest!"

Saturday evening! Sweet and hallowed are its memories! How grateful were its shades to us in the well remembered days of youth, after the weary school tasks of the week, and the still more weary sports of Saturday afternoon! In the busy strife of life, this hour has lost none of its freshness and repose. In its stillness there is a voice which whispers of the day of rest which to-morrow's sun shall welcome. A balmy breath as from heaven's shore seems wafted over the fevered brow of earth. As in the hour of death, music sometimes comes to soothe and strengthen the wearied and departing spirit; so in this quiet hour there comes a soothing, helping, influence, as it to bring the soul away from earthly toils, and fit it for heavenly communion.

We are aware that to some we may seem to speak the language of mere sentiment; that to some, Saturday evening may be business time of all the week. We regret it. Whether from early associations, from habit, or some other cause, to us Saturday evening is the most delightful period of the week. It was a pleasant device of our fathers that Sunday should commence at sunset on Saturday evening. The body wearied with its toil, finds preparatory rest; the roving thoughts like returning fugitives, come home; the mind regains something of quiet, and the soul is better prepared for elevated communications for this preparatory rest. Who is not glad that the week is but seven days long, and one of these is a day of rest? And who would truly enjoy this day, in fitting services that benefit the soul, does not say, bless God for Saturday night?

[For the Journal.]

It has been frequently said to me that in my lecture on Oberlin, I asked too much of clergymen in expecting them to do a tithe of what he did, especially in regard to the public schools. That he was a man of genius which few possess, and that we are unjust to require such things of ordinary men. My answer—whether just or not others must judge—has invariably been in the words of the authors of Self Formation, that work so much praised by the Cambridge editor—"By calling our nature bad names, we think to escape the responsibility of the ten talents. Let all that is possible be done, and not the most far sighted philosopher among us will be able to decry the limits of our attainment—the horizon of our light and darkness." Do you say "heal thyself," I reply my fault can not excuse the fault of another, nor will I plead any excuse to palliate my own sins. That something can be done, however, without a prestige of that anomalous quality called genius, is shown in the following extract from the Rev. Mr. Burton, the dissemination of which through your paper is the principal object of this communication. He says, speaking of the intellectual and moral character of a particular town, in which "the schools are in an unusual state of forwardness." "The most distinguished means of improvement are the efforts and personal character of one of the present clergymen. He has been settled somewhat over twenty years. Very early in his ministry he commenced a juvenile library which has steadily increased and is now the largest collection of the sort that I have ever seen."

Through this a universal taste for reading has been generated in the young mind. All under the age of thirty, down to childhood cannot but have received improvement from this and manifest it in their conversation and daily walk. Libraries of a higher character have also been established under the direction of the same individual. One of these is worthy of particular mention, as it is uncommon, viz: a scientific library, including all the volumes of one of the great encyclopedias. The farmer at his fireside, perusing such works, is surely in a fair way to get the better of that all-prevailing mammoth service of which so much complaint is made. Again my clerical friend is a devotee to the natural sciences, and example and precept has disseminated some taste among his people. With botany, and particularly y Entomology he is minutely familiar. When his parishioners come to his study to exchange books—he being general librarian—they occasionally linger over the cabinet of insects, shelves of minerals, and collection of plants and flowers, thereby themselves catching a taste for the charming studies of nature. It is particularly interesting to observe the children hang with wondering delight over the glories of the floral kingdom and the insect tribes, before they trip away with their exchange from the book-shelf. The little folks are thus led not only to observe the flowers more critically, and to chase the "blossom of the air," as Bryant calls the butterfly, but to look sharply after the comparatively despised bugs of the sod, and worms of the dust, finding the Divine skill, beauty and perfection where most never think to stoop for them. Now and then the little philosopher imagines he has found a specimen which his minister does not know of, and away he runs to surprise the good man with his discovery.

See what good may be accomplished, what measures of enjoyment be possessed by a clergyman, though in the utmost seclusion from both the fashionable and literary world as it is called. Here, seventy miles from a city, is a living lesson which should not be lost upon other clergymen. Like the moonlight and the dews, what changes does he accomplish without making any noise, or starting the world to stop and gaze as he operates. Is it not glorious so to teach and exemplify that out of nearly infant mouths, not only evangelically but scientifically and philosophically the praise of God is perfected? Let those who say yes, go and do likewise, and great shall be their reward." Mr. Burton goes on to relate that this was the town in which one end of his trunk became disengaged from the axle of his carriage, and that a little boy followed him half a mile, upon the run, to warn him of the danger of losing it. Upon offering the little fellow quite a reward, he drew back and in almost an offended tone exclaimed—"Do you think I would take pay for that?" "Ay, thought I, this boy is an honor to the common school, and to his pastor."

A distinguished clergyman and literary gentleman, formerly of this place, used to say, that most men's brains lay in their pockets, hence monied aristocracy which signified those who had the most of this kind of brains placed at this low elevation, while those who had money and were ready to part with it for useful purposes had claims to class with the genius homo whose brains were in their heads. It is pretty evident to which class the parents of the little fellow of our story belonged, and in which he would be likely to rank when he should arrive at man's estate, whatever might be the condition of his pocket.

R. U. P.

[For the Journal.]

STERRINSVILLE, July 12, 1854.

To the Editor of the Middlesex Journal: DEAR SIR:—It is with feelings of most exquisite pleasure, I take my pen, to express, through the columns of your most excellent paper, my gratitude to the Ladies, Gentlemen and Women folks of Woburn, for the kind and polite attention extended to myself and my illustrious colleague Mr. Sass, on the occasion of the late celebration of the 78th anniversary of our independence. The Honorable Committee through whom I was invited to attend and participate in the festivities of the occasion will receive my heartfelt thanks. Immediately on receiving their kind invita-

tion stating the wishes of the public in regard to my presence on that day, I put on my uniform which I had worn in all the pride and panoply of glorious war, on the never-to-be-forgotten fields of Aroostook, with my trusty sword and Mr. Sass by my side, I started for the scene of action amid the banging of guns, snapping of crackers and head searching strains of martial music issuing from hundreds of tin horns, tin kettles, &c. Among the first to welcome me on my arrival, was my old friend and brother officer, the Captain of the "Invincibles." Many thanks to him for his kind invitation to appear in his gallant corps, which, owing to my previous engagement, I was not able to comply with. I suppose it was expected that I should make a speech but owing to the fatiguing duties of the morning, and the extreme heat, I felt it a duty I owed to myself and my country to forbear from further exertion.

With these assurances of my regard,
I remain your humble servant,
ENSIGN STEBBINS.

[For the Journal.]

SASSFIELD, July 12, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir, I take this opportunity to express through the columns of your valuable Journal, my heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Woburn for their kind invitation to participate with them in celebrating the anniversary of our glorious Independence. Also to the Ladies and Gentlemen, Committee of Arrangements, Chief Marshals, Turkeytown Invincibles, M. Julien's Band and Mrs. Partridge, good old soul, for their polite, kind, considerate, generous, courteous, pleasant and respectful deportment which was manifested towards me on that eventful occasion. My heart overflows with gratitude, and no words in the English language are significant enough to express my deep sense of obligation towards you. As I gazed upon the noble features of my old friends the Turkeytown Invincibles, and grasped the friendly hand, my heart was too full for utterance. We tried in vain to speak and at last gave vent to our feelings by a flood of tears. Scenes of bygone days passed rapidly through our minds, and all was sunshine again. To M. Julien's band who so generously presented me with a share of their cordial, called "Lemonade," and discoursed music, which drew forth many a shout, and many a burst of laughter out, the young folks cheered them one by one, the old ones fatted on the fun. I return my most cordial thanks. Gentlemen, your kindness can never be forgotten, your names shall be written in the annals of history, (history of the Sass Family) and handed down to posterity. Never was it my lot to inspect such a battalion of intelligence, happy, bright and beautiful females, who shot forth such showers of smiles as completely fascinated me.

I felt as bachelors only can,
And wished myself a married man,
While gazing on some smiling lass,
Oh, how I wished her Mrs. Sass.

My friend, the Ensign, took particular delight in surveying the "fair sex." Ensign Stebbins is an old favorite among the ladies. Time will not allow me to write more at present, though I could fill volumes without exhausting my stock of events which occurred on that delightful occasion. Again returning my sincere thanks to my numerous friends for their many acts of kindness, I remain yours till life becomes extinct.

JOHN SASS.

EAST WOBURN. We are gratified to be able to state that this pleasant part of our town is rapidly increasing in all the elements which go to make up a healthy and permanent prosperity. Ever since the experiment of the mulberry tree and silk growing, which gave to this section the name of the "silk farm," and which so signally failed, we have observed its struggles and its growth with interest. With an industrious and thriving population, its tanneries and shoe manufactories, some of the most beautiful building sites in the country, and the advantage of a station on the Lowell railroad, East Woburn is yet bound to be a populous and thriving village, if it does ere long acquire strength enough to set up for itself.

Situated about equal distance between Stoneham and the centre of Woburn, its people have been compelled to travel some distance to church. During the last year however, by the consent of the district, a neat and commodious room has been finished in the basement of the schoolhouse, in which a sabbath school is taught every Sunday, and religious services are held every Sunday evening, by clergymen of the different societies in Woburn and some of the surrounding towns, each officiating by turns. The Schools are also in an encouraging condition; but of these and other interests in this location we shall speak hereafter. Success to East Woburn.

We understand that a movement is being made to secure for the citizens of East Woburn greater railroad accommodation. A petition signed by most of the citizens of East Woburn and Stoneham has been presented to the R. R. Company, asking, first, for a larger and more convenient passenger station; second, for a suitable and ample freight accommodations; third, for an early and late train for passengers; and fourth, for the stopping of all passenger trains, going up and down, which stop at any other stations between Boston and Lowell. This petition has the following substantial facts to back it up, showing the relative amount of business between the East Woburn station and that at the watering Place for the last six months:

Sing tickets sold at E. Woburn, 1347, Watering Pl., 509	
Package " " " " " " " "	362, " " "
Season ticket passengers " " " "	21, " " "

We hope that the Company will be mindful of their own interests, and the interests of this thriving section of the town, and grant with all possible despatch the prayer of the said petition.

WARREN ACADEMY.—The exercises of the examination of this institution, preparatory to the summer vacation, took place on Tuesday. The school is in a very flourishing condition, having numbered the past term about fifty-six scholars, under the instruction of Mr. J. J. Ladd, as principal, and an able corps of assistants. A commendable degree of proficiency in some of the branches was manifested on the part of the pupils. We were especially pleased with some of the exercises in English Grammar and French Declamation, by several lads and misses, among which were a French Dialogue and a Latin Declamation, and the reading of two original compositions closed the exercises. A large number of our citizens and friends of our school were present on the occasion. The vacation continues six weeks.

The semi-annual examinations of our schools are close at hand. An official notice of the periods at which they severally occur will be found in another column. We pen this brief notice merely to call the attention of parents and citizens to the fact, and to urge the attendance of as many as possible at these examinations. A treble advantage is to be gained; first, that the teachers will be encouraged; second, that the children will be gratified and interested; and third, that parents themselves may know what reason they have to be proud of the Schools of Woburn.

We would call the attention of our readers to the article on our outside, headed "Law vs. Right." The article is valuable for the research it displays, and for the historical facts it presents. We are willing to give the "facts" on both sides of the question, and we doubt the present article will be read with interest by all classes of readers.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, JULY 15,

CATHOLICISM.

MR. EDITOR.—Before resuming the subject of these communications, permit me to call your attention to an error of the types in the last week's Journal, by which I was made to speak of the "burden of thought, &c." where I intended to say "freedom of thought, &c." The fault lay probably in my somewhat careless chirography. I will endeavor to improve in that respect in future.

It has been intimated that all kinds of persecution, legal, political, or social, are impolitic and unjust. Not only the substance but the appearance of such a spirit should be sedulously avoided.

I propose in this letter to suggest some of the influence which may be brought to bear upon Catholics, without injury to their feelings, prejudices, or rights as citizens.

First, the influence of our public schools should be exerted in all its force and energy, not only on them but on the whole people; and this influence has not begun to be what it may and ought to be made. While the subject, in many parts of the country, has been much agitated and much talked of, yet even there, when most has been done, the capacities of the system remain, in a great degree, undeveloped; and the influence which it may exert is not conceived by most, perhaps not fully realized by any.

While in some of our large cities and towns, a tolerably good education may be obtained in the public schools, perhaps in a comparative small number, a really excellent education, yet, in fact of the whole number of pupils in all our public schools, even in New England, a small proportion do obtain even a tolerably good education. They learn to read and write, to be sure; if reading be called the power to call the words correctly on a printed page, and writing, the faculty of signing one's name and keeping one's accounts. But that the majority of the pupils who enter our schools, obtain that amount of mental culture which is desirable that an American citizen should possess to understand fully, or even tolerably, the privileges or the duties of that citizenship, I am not disposed yet to admit. Great strides toward this have undoubtedly been made; we have the greatest cause of thankfulness and encouragement in the past, but no excuse for relaxing our efforts to effect a further and continual advance. The best talent of the people should be secured to teach the people's children. The public schools should not only be so good as not to suffer, in comparison with private schools, but so good as to stand out pre-eminently and unquestionably above them. In all those things which it is determined to be necessary to teach citizens at the public charge, the instruction should be of the best order. No second rate labour should be tolerated in a work of this importance. The course of study should be such as not only to fit the pupil for the probable duties of his ordinary business relations, but to make him a reasoning, reflecting, intellectual man. The aim should be not merely to give some little positive knowledge of the rudiments of the studies he pursues, but to give a habit of thought and a discipline of mind, which will enable him to understand and appreciate his position when he goes out into the world, and to help carry forward his race and his country, instead of becoming a drone and a clog in the way of better men. Above all, it should never be forgotten, that next to the family circle, the school room is the best place to inculcate a love of obedience to law, and a regard for rightful authority, that the first duty of a citizen, of a free government, is to obey existing laws; and his second, to endeavor, by all honorable means, to reform bad ones, if such exist.

Schools conducted in this manner will draw to themselves nearly the whole juvenile population, of whatever parentage or sect. Parents will soon see that a neglect of such privileges brings disadvantages without number, and throws their children backward in the race for wealth, honor and distinction. But one thing more is, however, of the utmost consequence to the success of this system. There is no fear that a people educated in such schools as those of New England and the North, generally, are destined to be, will place a blind reliance in the judgment, or follow, with implicit confidence, the dictation of any set of priests who have not right on their side, who are not, in short, competent and proper leaders. Nor is it probable that a people so educated, will be blind to the folly of a union of the temporal and spiritual authority in one and the same class of men. But I repeat, one thing must be sedulously guarded against, and that is, the inroads of Sectarianism; not only must our schools not be made places for the inculcation of particular creeds—thank heaven there is yet no fear of that—but they must not be places where, by common consent of Protestant sects, who from the majority, Catholicism or Catholics may be reviled or discussed. The teacher of a public school has no more right to abuse the Catholic church and its dogmas, or its disciples, than he has to abuse the Unitarian or Baptist. He has nothing whatever to do with subjects of that nature. He is not called upon to express his opinion thereupon; nor has he, in his relations as a public teacher, any right to express it. As a citizen, in the relations of a citizen, as a Protestant, in the relations of a Protestant, he has full liberty to inculcate any theories or tenets he sees fit to hold, provided he violates not thereby the duties of a citizen. But the moment he enters his school room and assumes his public duties, that moment such rights cease. We fear this truth has not been always acted upon. Our school books abound in writings, anti-catholic in their intention and tendency; and it is to be found that teachers quite too often allow their Protestant zeal to carry them beyond the line of their duty on this point. The love of order, justice, truth, charity, and all the virtues which go to make up the good citizen, can be inculcated much better by an exemplification of these virtues, in the daily conduct of the school, than by doctrinal homilies or tirades against any system of religious belief, even if it be of the most degrading kind.

While our schools are conducted on this broad and comprehensive place, we can hope to keep the children of all sects, not excepting Catholics, in them; and they must exert an influence of the right kind, and an influence which can be exerted by no other class of agencies in an equal degree. This school system is the sheet anchor of our hopes, so far as the inculcation of sound morals and proper views of the duties and privileges of American citizenship goes.

South Reading, July 11, 1854.

Confession of a Reformed Inebriate.

An effusion of the past.

I was a drunkard once. The chariot wheel of time, in its incessant roll, has made but few diurnal revolutions, since I, although in God's own image made, And taught towards Heaven's topmost heights to aspire, And hold communion with the King of kings, Since I, prostrate, low sunk in dissipation's slough, Was sinking to a depth still lower, all ready to receive me.

Where am I now? Methinks I stand on solid ground, Erect, once more a man. The gloomy clouds, That late of dusk'd my vision, and darkened all my prospect, Have disappeared, and all is light before me. I find would take from memory's hand, The glass of retrospection, and, like the ship-wrecked mariner, Who, just escaped the stormy whirlpool of the sea, And clung to the steep precipitous, And gain'd once more a place of safety, Look back and down among the breakers, Which have with fury wild and roar tumultuous, Engulf'd in ocean's deep his much loved shipmates, Laments the sadness of their fate, Shudders at the perils of his own escape, And lifts to Heaven the voice of grateful prayer; So I, just saved I trust, by help divine, From wreck of body and of soul, And from the jaws of him, the insatiable Spirit Monster, snatch'd in time, Would pass in sad review my melancholy story, That others may be warn'd by my misdeeds, My miseries and my sorrows, to shun the path, That downward, deathward leads; Or if, already in the crooked path, To learn by my reform, there's hope for them.

Upon my youthful days, the sun of fortune smil'd, Friends near and dear, their kind assistance willing gave, And when at manhood's age arrived, Released from guardians a parental care, I walk'd about upon life's busy stage, My youth was good, my calling lucrative, And all my prospect bright and cheering. A sweet, New England village was my choice, Wherein to work at my profession; Here did I locate—it was a pleasant spot, For nature had done much to make it so; On either side, from north to south, a range Of gentle hills extended, and between, A level dale of richest soil, well interspersed With plain and mead, with forest and with fruit; At either end of this fair dale, romantic lakes, Their crystal waters softly roll'd. Here in this beautiful retreat, A pretty maiden liv'd and bloom'd; I saw and lov'd, I lov'd and won this rustic flower; And for a while we both were happy; By industry and temperance, our rooms were fill'd With plenty and with cheerfulness; Young olive plants sprang up around us, Friends and fortune smil'd.

It was an eventful hour, when I quaff'd, And learn'd to love the sparkling cup; At first I seldom drank, and when I did, Resolv'd I'd drink no more; Again I drank, again resolv'd, And resolv'd, then drank again. So charmed was I, so wholly overcome Of the old serpent's song, That how oft I came, Refuse, I could not, the poisoned draught. My looks were altered, rum-marked and scatt'd I was. To this my friends revealed the dreadful truth, And told the story of my fall. And now the voice of warning came— And first from those my old and social friends; They bid me as a man, a brother, In view of smiling unprotected innocence, And more than all in the name Of a God and trusting wife, To quit at once the drunkard's Maelstrom, Before it was too late—and kindly did they reach The helping hand—

Then came the pastor's kind entreaty, As, with pious care, he sought to win and save His wandering sheep. But I was deaf alike to all—

I heard indeed, and thanked and promised, But to perform, I had no power. Not even the fond affection of a confiding wife, As, uncomplaining, she hung upon my arm, And shed the silent tear could break the spell That bound me. Oh! that wife affectionate! I wonder how now I could slough such love And grief mislead. For oft times I returned at night, From soaked and muddy, and to the bosom Of my family stagger'd, a stupid fool— With early look, and voice, and manner, 'Twas then my tender wife, still amiable and faithful, Met me with smiling looks, with words Of consolation, and acts of charity and love. Although I now remember, that I then discern'd, Beneath the heaving bosom and the throbbing heart, An under current of distress, flowing unward, Unseen, except that now and then, It would overflow the silent tear. But oh, thank Heaven, this angel lives; O'er all this sea of trouble and distress Her sacred love she guided, and the storm Raised by the great temptation, which had overthrown Her husband; she, mindful above of her dear freight, Buoy'd up above the storm by heavenly aid, and by the fond hope,

As since I've learned, of brighter days ahead, Toiled undismayed among the breakers. Oh, may she live, and yet be happy. And may I live, it make amends for all my errors. Those brighter days of which she dream'd I trust have come, and still are coming. The mighty grace of Temperance grace that from the South.

Has Northward swept and still is sweeping This fair land, has cleared my vision, And o'd my eyes to my situation, And by its renovating power has broke the spell Which bound me to the spirit monster. I live and breathe again. The means of temporal support. That had of late seem'd fast receding, Are now returning to my grasp. Old friends whom I had felt ashamed to see, I now can meet with pleasure. But oh, at home, within the sacred circle Of my wife and children, how great the change! Where once domestic peace and guilt conspired To make a stranger and an alien of husband and of father. I now can sit without constraint and happy. And may the pledge that I have signed, "No more to taste the fatal cup," Be sacred kept, inviolate. 'Till death shall dash the golden bowl, And break the pitcher at the fountain. South Reading.

Written for the Journal. MR. EDITOR:—Although we had no formal celebration of the "Glorious Fourth," in our village, this year, there was yet no lack of patriotic feeling manifested on the part of our town authorities or of our citizens generally. We heard reports of the explosion of vast quantities of powder, and the town bell rang forth a merry peal, morning noon and evening, in honor of the day. A few of our desponding brethren told their patriotic feeling from the cupola of one of the churches in the morning, and added not a little to the interest of the occasion by giving a keener zest to the notes of gladness which usher'd in the hallowed morn. The following lines are supposed to contain some obscure allusion to the affair.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds," So says the poet, and the world abounds In illustrations of the well known truth. We hear it in the buoyant notes of youth, The bary voice of virgins, and the groans Of croakers with their sighs and moans. The shrillest tones of childhood tell the joys Of fun and games, in a crowd of boys. The calmer tones of our mature years, Speak of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, That mingle in this earthly scene of strife, And make that serious thing we call our life. If then the sounds which issue from the throat, The tone and texture of the soul denote, If the great harmonies of nature reach From heaven's solid to the faintest speck, If every sound, discordant and harmonious, Finds in some heart its true response somehow, What soulless depths of business must be theirs, Who sacrifice freedom's hallowed morning airs With the death knell of all that's fresh and true Not in their country, but their spirits blue, We'll not complain; their glum frontier glee, But to their souls discordant gives the key. X.

OBITUARY AND GENEALOGICAL.—Died, in South Reading, July 6, 1854, of Paralysis Mrs. Hannah Sweetser, aged 74½ years.

Mrs. Sweetser was the widow of Col. Enoch Sweetser, who died in South Reading in 1837; she was the daughter of Lilley Pund Sarah (Emerson) Eaton, and the grand daughter of Noah and Phoebe (Lilley) Eaton; her grandmother Eaton was a native of Woburn; she was also the grand daughter of Deacon Brown Emerson of this town, and a lineal descendant of Rev. John Fiske, first minister of Wenhams and Chelmsford, and of Rev. Peter and Edward Buckley, early ministers of Concord. She was a worthy descendant of the pilgrims, a woman of great intelligence and virtue, beloved and respected by all her friends and acquaintance. Let us not forget our sainted mothers, for their memory is blessed. South Reading. Y.

FIRE.—ALMOST.—On the fourth of July, about noon, the Congregational Meeting-house in this place narrowly escaped a severe scorching. Some boys had collected in the belfry and were amusing themselves with throwing lighted fire crackers upon the roof. The shingles caught fire, and the flames began to spread rapidly, and the difficulty was to obtain access to it, as the fire was some thirty or forty feet from the belfry. But it was soon extinguished through the intrepid courage of a little boy, who taking some buckets of water that were procured, rushed out upon the ridge, and poured the contents upon the flames. The name of the boy is George Stoddard, aged about 12 years; who deserves long to be remembered for his noble conduct. Had not the blaze received an immediate check, probably the entire building must have been consumed, and perhaps also the Parsonage House, Town House, and other buildings.

LOCKUP.—The Selectmen of our town have just caused to be built, in a part of the Town House, a Lockup, for the use of—whom? We shall see. Such a place is sometimes very convenient, but may it long be without an inmate.

Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, JULY 15.

PUBLIC ECONOMY. The First Congregational Society in Reading have for some time past felt deeply the need of more extensive accommodations in two particulars: first, more ample and convenient horse sheds, and, second, a suitable and pleasant lecture room. Having either the fear of a parish debt before their eyes, or the caustic strictures of our "sub-urban" correspondent "Rusticus," the Committee have decided in the true spirit of economy to combine the two, by erecting a suitable building, the basement of which shall be devoted to horses, and the upper part to contain the lecture-room. The project is worthy the imitation of all parishes who wish to make the most of their space and money.

PUBLIC HALL. We understand that a want which has been long felt in Reading is soon to be met by the erection of a large and substantial Hall, to be used for lectures, concerts and other public purposes. The Hall is to be 52 feet square. The public spirit which has led to this consummation is worthy of all commendation, and we doubt not that the projectors will not only secure the warm approval of all their fellow citizens, but will find the said Hall to be a profitable investment.

PUBLIC GROUNDS. The tract of land which is set apart for the public use, seems to answer the design to the very letter. It is common ground to all intents and purpose. Not a post, or apology even for a fence, obstructs the free passage of whatever beast, vehicle, or human may choose to tread its consecrated soil. We respectfully suggest that a neat, substantial fence would be a great improvement here, and that a few trees would add essentially to the beauty of the grounds. Who will go for reclaiming the common from the highway, and aid in enclosing it by a fence? Speak at once, gentlemen.

READING DEPARTMENT. We are requested to state that hereafter this department will be under the management of an association of gentlemen, the former editors assuming the responsibility only of such articles as shall bear their signatures. We make this explanation to obviate any misunderstanding which may exist with regard to this matter. We are anxious to keep our friends advised of all matters of general or local interest in this goodly town, and to this end shall be happy to receive any tersely written articles on such matters, which may be deposited in the editorial box, and which will be duly forwarded. There are many matters which may rightly claim attention, and to which we shall gladly give a portion of our columns. It is our wish to render the Journal useful to the citizens of the towns to whose use we devote a portion of our space. We trust that many will respond to this call and aid in carrying out our design. The former editors retire with our best wishes. We trust that we shall be permitted to hear from them often. W. Ed.

Stoneham Department.

Edited by REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB, and J. C. CROOKER, Esq.

SATURDAY, JULY 15.

The "Border City" of our State.

It has been well said by a modern writer, when speaking of railroad facilities, that "it makes little matter now where a man lives: he is close by everywhere." After a few hours ride we recently found ourselves in what may be called the "Border City" of the Commonwealth, viz: the new city of Fall River. It may be called "young" because of its being less than two months old. A charter was granted to it during the last session of our Legislature; and the city Government was inaugurated on the 15th of last May, a "know-nothing" mayor having been elected by a large majority.

The present population of the city amounts to 12,700, valuation of property \$7,977,990. There are some costly mansions and superb residences in Fall River. We spent several days with a friend whose house and garden is estimated as worth about \$20,000.

Among the factories we visited, those which interested us most were for the manufacture of Linen and of Nails. The American Linen Company have just commenced here the first enterprise of the kind in the country. To meet their immediate wants they've already been obliged to import from Europe several hundred tons of Flax fibre. It is the design of this company to manufacture all kinds of Linen fabrics, and notwithstanding the great amount of Flax being raised in the West, especially in Ohio, they'll annually consume a greater quantity than is now sent to market in all the United States.

The buildings of this company, chiefly of stone, are on an extensive scale, the main one being 300 feet long, 63 wide, and 4 stories high. Bleaching and finishing house, 176 ft. long, 75 wide, of 3 stories. Store house and office building, 150 ft. long, 48 wide, 3 stories high. Number of spindles 10,500. Number of hired men 190, women 160, and are long about 600 hands are to be employed. The works are driven by a splendid double engine, (and we were told how many thousand dollars it cost, but will not here repeat it lest we be accused of exaggeration,) of 300 horse power, and a single engine of 30 horse power. Capital stock invested by this corporation \$500,000. But we were more particularly interested and struck with wonder, when noticing the processes of making nails. The Fall River Iron Company is one of the most extensive in the land. Length of Rolling Mill, 412 ft., breadth 100 ft. Length of Nail Mill 226 ft., breadth 44 ft. In connection with this remarkable

establishment there's a large Foundry, and 27 furnaces. The whole works are driven by 1 water wheel and 5 steam engines of about 100 horse power each. Here are consumed yearly 13,782 tons of coal, and 10,744 tons of iron. While here are produced 111,000 cases of nails, and 3,300 tons of hoop and bar iron and Castings.

Most of the machinery in Fall River is propelled by water power, an unfailing stream, though not in sight, passing from factory to factory, for a long distance through the city. Yet steam is being brought into use more and more every year. Had we time and space we should be glad to describe the Print Works, Woolen Mills, Cotton Mills, Thread Mills, Carpet Manufacturers, Twine Manufacturers, Machine Shops, Stove Foundry, Ship Building, Flour Mills, &c.

Suffice it to say that in Fall River, as near as we can ascertain, there are 123,684 spindles, and 2,870 looms. Maies employed, 2,368; females, 1,288. Bales of cotton annually consumed, 11,288; lbs of wool, 125,000. Of cassimere 100,000 yards are produced per year; of oil carpets, 82,500; of thread, 90,000 lbs, and 1,950,000 spools. Also 21,000,000 yds of cloth are yearly manufactured, and 33,500,000 of prints. Meal, 120,000 bushels, flour 750,000 bbls, and \$200,000 worth of machinery. The shipping here owned amounts to 10,868 tons. Number of vessels belonging to the port of Fall River, 53, including 7 st. boats, 1 ship, 3 barques, 3 brigs, 18 schooners, and 21 sloops.

Providence permitting, we will next week describe, briefly, an interesting meeting of the "General Association of Mass," recently held in this youthful and enterprising city, an attendance at which led us to the knowledge of the foregoing facts.

SCHOOLS OF STONEHAM.—There are now in different parts of the town five school houses, besides one contracted to be finished by the 1st of July, inst. In the same building with the town hall, is the high school room, making in all eleven schools. Three primary, three grammar, three primary and grammar schools combined, and the high school. The town has appropriated for schools the present year, \$2,500. Three years ago, \$1,700 was expended in building school houses; these are located in different parts of the town so that all can be accommodated by the central high school. The old system of districts having been abolished and a more vigorous one of town supervision established; committees having full power to make all arrangements for schools, hiring and dismissing teachers, introducing books, government, &c. The efficiency of this is seen and felt by a general improvement in attendance of scholars, energy in all departments, and uniformity in text books. Yet this system is not without its faults;—for instance, committees are often chosen totally regardless of the responsibilities of the office or its importance to the members of the schools, provided that some petty scheme of selfishness is only attained. Again men are selected for the position, who called upon to pass an examination in only the elements now taught in our schools, would put Lindley Murray to the blush, and Arithmetic would become an uncertain science, and then these men are called upon to examine and certify that such and such applicants are fully competent to teach in our public schools. Notwithstanding objections, we believe the law is a great improvement upon the old one of districts. Happily for Stoneham, few have been the cases of incompetency of committee men, and where petty selfishness and bigotry has governed official action of that board. And we add for humanity's sake, we hope the instances will be fewer still. X.

We have with regret of late, noticed quite a propensity, on the part of some of our fun-loving population, to make a noise and disturbance in our usually quiet streets, at such late hours, that all good, and law abiding citizens retire to bed and desire rest.

We learn of some lawless act being perpetrated, evidently done to make sport among both communities. Such acts meet our entire condemnation, and we plainly say to the perpetrators, that your conduct is low and rowdy; and is condemned by every lover of good order. If in the exhilaration of youth and good health, recreation or sport is desired, there are ten thousand ways to obtain them, without disturbing others, and making the silent watches of the night hideous by unearthly sounds.

We are willing to relax our notions of order and concede one or two nights in a year to noise and revelry. We expect it on the eve of our great national holiday, but we do protest against making nearly every night in seven hideous by boisterous mirth and contemptible buffoonery. We think the fathers of our town and our police force should take measures to suppress it. Good Order.

THE SABBATHS OF '54.—The year 1854 may be called, par excellence, a sabbatical year; for if we examine carefully our Almanacs, we shall find the following striking facts, viz: that the year begins and ends on the sabbath; that there are five of the months which contain five sabbaths each, and that there are to be fifty-three sabbaths during the year.

TO THE BEACH.—Yes, to the Beach, and into the salt water, let our friends in this neighbourhood occasionally go, the present warm season of the year. 'Tis healthful and happy (if we may be allowed to use that word) so to do. Cohasset Beach is a good one to visit; Chelsea better, and Nahant best. At least that is our opinion after going to the three. We recently went to Chelsea and Nahant the same day, that we might more easily compare the two places, and our decided preference is now for the latter. The lovers of the beautiful and the picturesque, the romantic and the sublime, can there feast the eye and the heart, while the privileges for bathing are excellent, and the luxury and beneficence thereof are—go and see.

BATH RYOT.—A street preacher named Brown, lectured here on Wednesday and Thursday nights against popery. Thursday evening the crowd was large, and a disturbance ensued. A mob of men and boys proceeded to the "Old South Church," used by the Catholics as a place of worship, broke open the doors, rang the bell, displayed the American ensign from the belfry, and afterwards set the church on fire, which was burned to the ground. No further destruction of property took place, but a mob of nearly 100 paraded the streets, yelling and hooting until nearly morning. No persons were arrested.

The Bath Mirror of Saturday, says the mob had become exasperated because some persons in a carriage attempted to pass through their midst.—Bath, July 7.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

Proposals will be received until July 23d, by the Subscribers, for the construction of a Reservoir to be located on Chestnut Street, South Reading.

Specifications of the same, may be seen at the office of Lillie Eaton, Esq., Main Street.

R. F. TWEED, GEO. O. CARPENTER, } Committee.

South Reading, June 27th, 1854. I. S. & W.

Warren Academy.

The Fall term of this Institution will commence Wednesday, August 23d, and continue fourteen weeks, under the direction of John J. Ladd, Principal, assisted by a full board of instruction. The department of vocal music will be provided with a learned instructor.

J. J. LADD, Principal.

R. CUTLER, Sec. Bd. Treas.

These Five Pound Bibles of Tea that Redding & Co are selling for \$1.75 are the greatest bargains we have met with for a long time. Surely no one can be excused for having poor Tea in the house, when such offers are made at 140 Hanover street, (cor. Union st.) and 198 Washington street, Boston.

Holloway's Pills, a most effectual Remedy for Bilious Complaints and Indigestion.—A Captain in the mercantile service, who traded many years between the Bahamas and Florida, suffered for a considerable time from severe bilious attacks and indigestion, depression of spirits, bordering on melancholy, a sinking at the pit of the stomach, also an unnatural craving after substantial food; he paid an immense sum of money for medical advice without obtaining any benefit; however extraordinary it may appear, he was cured in less than six weeks, by taking Holloway's Pills, and for the last two years he has not felt the least symptom of bile indigestion, or disordered liver.

Geo. W. Simmons, Oak Hall, Boston, has the latest fashions for Boys' Clothing. Ladies who take their little boys to Boston, must let them see some of those pretty little Frocks. They are much worn by children.

High School Examination.—The examination of the High School will take place at the Grammar School House in District No. 1, on Tuesday, July 25th, commencing at 9 A. M., and half past 1, P. M. The gentlemen generally are respectfully invited to attend.

In behalf of the Committee,

L. L. WHITNEY, Sec.

Grammar School Examination.—The examination of the Grammar School in District No. 4, will take place on Wednesday, July 19th, at half past 1 o'clock, P. M. In District No. 2, (North Woburn,) Thursday, July 20th, at half past 1 o'clock, P. M. In District No. 1, on Friday, July 21st, at 8 A. M., and half past 1, P. M. The citizens generally are respectfully invited to attend.

Per order of the Committee,

L. L. WHITNEY, Sec.

MARRIED.

In South Reading, July 3, by Rev. D. V. Phillips, M. Thomas J. York, to Miss Eliza E. Kimball, both of Melrose.

DIED.

In this town, July 12th, Mr. Hiram Flagg, aged 38 years.

In South Reading, July 6th, widow Lemuel Sweetser, aged 74 years and 9 mos.

In South Reading, July 9, suddenly of heart complaint, Mr. Michael Burdett, aged 70 years.

Cottage for Sale.

A Cottage House for sale, convenient, on Salem street, in good repair, cheap, valuable, valuable fruit, &c., enquire of BENJAMIN PARKER, Woburn, July 15, 1854. 40 5w

House to Let. A House to let on Church street, containing 8 rooms, enquire of JOSEPH KELLEY, 40 1/2

GOOD assortment of Ladies' Gaiter Boots, from 75c to \$2 a pair, Misses' and Children's Gaiter Boots, and all kinds of shoes, also a great variety of Children's new and fancy shoes cheap for cash at A. WOOD'S, 11 Wadsworth Building. 40 2w

CASES of fine French calf boots just received at 40 2w

ALL Wool, Thibets, Indianas, Alpaca, Mohair, De Bages, all Wool De Laines, &c., for sale at A. WOOD'S, 11 Wadsworth Bldg.

LARGE assortment of Wallen Varns, for sale at 40 10

Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!!! JUST received a lot of Brass Clocks, which will be sold at a sacrifice. Prices from \$1 to \$10. WM. WESTON, 40 1w

Hair Bye Applied Satisfactorily, OR NO CHARGE. The best dye in the market for sale by the subscriber, and applied on his premises, to ladies and gentlemen, so as to give perfect satisfaction, or no charge will be made.—at the Corn and Perfumery Store of A. S. JORDAN, 191 Washington st., six doors North of Broad street. aug 20—1f

To Tanners and Curriers. JUST received, three cases of prime tannin Boots, made of selected Shaved Leather, by J. Fletcher, at Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDEY. 40 1w

CARPETINGS. WOOL, Cotton and Wool, Carpets, Hemp, and Palm Oil Carpets, in new styles and great variety, for sale at WM. WOODBERRY'S, 40 1w

For Sale or to Let, THREE valuable Cornettes, Also, Violins, Guitars and Flutes. 40 1w

FINE half Congress Shoes, Enamelled Congress Shoes, just received by A. ROUNDEY. 40 2w

SEED.—Barley, Bedford Oats and Buckwheat, at 15c per bushel, and A. E. THOMPSON'S, 40 1w

FOR SALE in WOBURN CENTRE. A Cottage house, in good repair, containing six to seven rooms, arranged for two tenants, with about one quarter acre of land well stocked with fruit trees and vines, all in a bearing condition. Said house is pleasantly situated within one third of a mile of the depot, churches, schools, &c. Terms easy. Apply to TRACY C. NICHOLS, 40 1w

J. W. HAMMOND

DEALER IN

Men and Boys

Ready-Made Clothing

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

Has on hand a good assortment of Sacks, Sack-Frocks, Coat and Dress Coats for the spring trade, manufactured in such a manner as to well recommend themselves. Those who are in pursuit of really a nice article cannot do better than to examine these. Also, Satin and Silk VESTS, of the first quality, together with a good variety of VESTS, made from low price goods, viz:—Satin, Silk, Vesting, Valencia, &c., which are marked at a low price. Plain and Fancy Cassimere, Doeskin and Cloth PANTS, made in the latest style by faithful workmen. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Twelve to fifteen different qualities of SHIRTS, together with a good assortment of Bosoms, Collars, Neck-Ties, Neckers,chiefs, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspender, Hosiery, &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT of Boys' Clothing, just received, which will be sold at the lowest rates, for cash, by

J. W. HAMMOND, 40 1w

Woburn Machine Sewing

Factory.

The subscriber, having taken the building, corner of Oakley Street and Main Street, is prepared to do all kinds of Machine Sewing, on cloth or leather to all who may favor him with their patronage. He would say that his work is done on the most durable and best material, and he cannot be surpassed for neatness or strength by any sewing machine in use. Woburn, March 13, 1854. M. A. LLEN.

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,

SURGEON DENTIST.

CONTINUES in the practice of his profession, performing all operations in Dentistry in the best possible manner. Either on chloroform will be given with ease and success, to those who wish it, for the extraction of teeth. Office in Boston, 94 Tremont street, nearly opposite Tremont House. He may be consulted at his house in Woburn, any evening. Woburn, A. 1, 1854. 2m

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber would inform his customers that he has just received a large lot of Spring and Summer goods of every variety of style, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:—

Grouped Broadcloth Frocks Coats, 10-13, 13-16, 16-18, 18-20, 20-22, 22-24, 24-26, 26-28, 28-30, 30-32, 32-34, 34-36, 36-38, 38-40, 40-42, 42-44, 44-46, 46-48, 48-50, 50-52, 52-54, 54-56, 56-58, 58-60, 60-62, 62-64, 64-66, 66-68, 68-70, 70-72, 72-74, 74-76, 76-78, 78-80, 80-82, 82-84, 84-86, 86-88, 88-90, 90-92, 92-94, 94-96, 96-98, 98-100, 100-102, 102-104, 104-106, 106-108, 108-110, 110-112, 112-114, 114-116, 116-118, 118-120, 120-122, 122-124, 124-126, 126-128, 128-130, 130-132, 132-134, 134-136, 136-138, 138-140, 140-142, 142-144, 144-146, 146-148, 148-150, 150-152, 152-154, 154-156, 156-158, 158-160, 160-162, 162-164, 164-166, 166-168, 168-170, 170-172, 172-174, 174-176, 176-178, 178-180, 180-182, 182-184, 184-186, 186-188, 188-190, 190-192, 192-194, 194-196, 196-198, 198-200, 200-202, 202-204, 204-206, 206-208, 208-210, 210-212, 212-214, 214-216, 216-218, 218-220, 220-222, 222-224, 224-226, 226-228, 228-230, 230-232, 232-234, 234-236, 236-238, 238-240, 240-242, 242-244, 244-246, 246-248, 248-250, 250-252, 252-254, 254-256, 256-258, 258-260, 260-262, 262-264, 264-266, 266-268, 268-270, 270-272, 272-274, 274-276, 276-278, 278-280, 280-282, 282-284, 284-286, 286-288, 288-290, 290-292, 292-294, 294-296, 296-298, 298-300, 300-302, 302-304, 304-306, 306-308, 308-310, 310-312, 312-314, 314-316, 316-318, 318-320, 320-322, 322-324, 324-326, 326-328, 328-330, 330-332, 332-334, 334-336, 336-338, 338-340, 340-342, 342-344, 344-346, 346-348, 348-350, 350-352, 352-354, 354-356, 356-358, 358-360, 360-362, 362-364, 364-366, 366-368, 368-370, 370-372, 372-374, 374-376, 376-378, 378-380, 380-382, 382-384, 384-386, 386-388, 388-390, 390-392, 392-394, 394-396, 396-398, 398-400, 400-402, 402-404, 404-406, 406-408, 408-410, 410-412, 412-414, 414-416, 416-418, 418-420, 420-422, 422-424, 424-426, 426-428, 428-430, 430-432, 432-434, 434-436, 436-438, 438-440, 440-442, 442-444, 444-446, 446-448, 448-450, 450-452, 452-454, 454-456, 456-458, 458-460, 460-462, 462-464, 464-466, 466-468, 468-470, 470-472, 472-474, 474-476, 476-478, 478-480, 480-482, 482-484, 484-486, 486-488, 488-490, 490-492, 492-494, 494-496, 496-498, 498-500, 500-502, 502-504, 504-506, 506-508, 508-510, 510-512, 512-514, 514-516, 516-518, 518-520, 520-522, 522-524, 524-526, 526-528, 528-530, 530-532, 532-534, 534-536, 536-538, 538-540, 540-542, 542-544, 544-546, 546-548, 548-550, 550-552, 552-554, 554-556, 556-558, 558-560, 560-562, 562-564, 564-566, 566-568, 568-570, 570-572, 572-574, 574-576, 576-578, 578-580, 580-582, 582-584, 584-586, 586-588, 588-590, 590-592, 592-594, 594-596, 596-598, 598-600, 600-602, 602-604, 604-606, 606-608, 608-610, 610-612, 612-614, 614-616, 616-618, 618-620, 620-622, 622-624, 624-626, 626-628, 628-630, 630-632, 632-634, 634-636, 636-638, 638-640, 640-642, 642-644, 644-646, 646-648, 648-650, 650-652, 652-654, 654-656, 656-658, 658-660, 660-662, 662-664, 664-666, 666-668, 668-670, 670-672, 672-674, 674-676, 676-678, 678-680, 680-682, 682-684, 684-686, 686-688, 688-690, 690-692, 692-694, 694-696, 696-698, 698-700, 700-702, 702-704, 704-706, 706-708, 708-710, 710-712, 712-714, 714-716, 716-718, 718-720, 720-722, 722-724, 724-726, 726-728, 728-730, 730-732, 732-734, 734-736, 736-738, 738-740, 740-742, 742-744, 744-746, 746-748, 748-750, 750-752, 752-754, 754-756, 756-758, 758-760, 760-762, 762-764, 764-766, 766-768, 768-770, 770-772, 772-774, 774-776, 776-778, 778-780, 780-782, 782-784, 784-786, 786-788, 788-790, 790-792, 792-794, 794-796, 796-798, 798-800, 800-802, 802-804, 804-806, 806-808, 808-810, 810-812, 812-814, 814-816, 816-818, 818-820, 820-822, 822-824, 824-826, 826-828, 828-830, 830-832, 832-834, 834-836, 836-838, 838-840, 840-842, 842-844, 844-846, 846-848, 848-850, 850-852, 852-854, 854-856, 856-858, 858-860, 860-862, 862-864, 864-866, 866-868, 868-870, 870-872, 872-874, 874-876, 876-878, 878-880, 880-882, 882-884, 884-886, 886-888, 888-890, 890-892, 892-894, 894-896, 896-898, 898-900, 900-902, 902-904, 904-906, 906-908, 908-910, 910-912, 912-914, 914-916, 916-918, 918-920, 920-922, 922-924, 924-926, 926-928, 928-930, 930-932, 932-934, 934-936, 936-938, 938-940, 940-942, 942-944, 944-946, 946-948, 948-950, 950-952, 952-954, 954-956, 956-958, 958-960, 960-962, 962-964, 964-966, 966-968, 968-970, 970-972, 972-974, 974-976, 976-978, 978-980, 980-982, 982-984, 984-986, 986-988, 988-990, 990-992, 992-994, 994-996, 996-998, 998-1000, 1000-1002, 1002-1004, 1004-1006, 1006-1008, 1008-1010, 1010-1012, 1012-1014, 1014-1016, 10

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

\$1.50 Per Annum, in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

WOBURN, MASS., JULY 22, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 41.

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\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " " 6 months, " 6.00
Business Cards, 1 year, " 5.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.
Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 50c. each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store.
EDWARD MANSFIELD.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Mansfield & Co.
South Woburn, April 29th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad St., 2d door from Main St.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of

Soft Bread, Crackers & Cake.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Cakes and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 WARD'S BUILDING,
WOBURN.

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Perfumery,
Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth Building,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Drawn Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
oct 18

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
Office: 10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.
april 21

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING and GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the best manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot
feb 14

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.
oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
2nd DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to.
april 21

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can obtain them of the Subscriber at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the ware rooms of some of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING

B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for
UNDERPINNING.
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT)
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.
O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE.
Rattans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
J. LAPPEN, J. S. BRIDGMAN,
oct 21

LYONS & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchment, &c.
oct 18

C. BURHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses, Lots, Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854.

D. TILSON & SON,
SLATERS
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to.
may 6

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
BOSTON.
J. S. R. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Importers and Dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS and DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPAL VARNISH,
No. 41 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention.
jan 21

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.
Their office is at
10 State Street, Boston.
122 Nassau Street, New York.
Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the convenience of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854.

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, & PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
(FOR CARBIDE TRIMMING)
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston
feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS and CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASHING POWDER, Perfumery and Dealers in choice Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes.
July 9

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.
HERMAN HUNTING,
MARCUS EATON,
Hot meals at all hours of the day.

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLACK TIN AND BRITANNIA
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, of made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above ware.
D. E. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine.
oct 18

POETRY.

THE BIBLE.

Roman! spare that book!
Keep off thy bloody hand!
There's danger in the lock,
And life in thy demand.
Touch not that sacred page,
There's hatred in thine eye!
Ah, Roman! cease thy rage,
I'll keep this book, or die!

That good old book I love!
It bids my sorrows cease;
It leads to joys above,
And gives the mourner peace.
It is the orphan's stay,
And heals the widow's heart;
Take life or friends away,
With this I'll never part.

Behold these tender youths,
Whom Jesus died to save!
I'll teach them here his truth,
Or fill a martyr's grave!
The crimes are never forgot;
The deeds of thee and thine;
Go, Roman! touch it not,
That holy book is mine!

Ah, Roman, spare that book;
Our fathers long ago
Thy slavish creed forsook,
Thy precious truths to know.
These children now are free
From error's galling chain;
Go, Roman! let it be,
That book shall here remain.

Give up that book to thee,
And rob my soul of God!
To papists thou'lt the knee,
And kiss the tyrant's rod?
Never! while I have breath
To raise my feeble hand;
I'll tread the freeman's path
In this my native land.

GETTING ALONG.

"How are they getting along?" is a question often asked and answered to need any explanation. Everybody is desirous of knowing how every other body is getting along, and this same solicitude is the cause of much anxiety in the world. The question, if answered favorably, is made the basis of much speculation upon the particular how that makes people successful; and if unsuccessful, the how that keeps them from getting along. Thus the balance of interest is preserved, and the life of the Everybody's-Business-But-Your-Own Society sustained.

Getting along with many is difficult; like Jordan, it is a hard road to travel; while to others a flowery path seems; whose shrubbery is like the trees in the fabled underground garden of Aladdin, full of jewel-fruit that it were fortune to pluck. The former is your wagon, with one wheel in a slough, painfully and slowly moving, if it move at all; the latter your chariot and four, dashing along over the smooth and hard country road.

And it is astonishing the consideration the world gives this matter of getting along. Hats are touched to the man who gets along. Virtues crowd thick upon him and bedeck him like orders, seen through the eyes of mammon worshippers. The report goes home to his associates in his old village of how well he is getting along, and his name is enrolled upon the town books with pride that he is a native, and children and school-boys are named for him. When he goes home after he has got along, parties are made for him, men and women are assiduous to please him, smiles greet him wherever he goes, enough cannot be said about him, and the circumstances of pedigree is a forgotten thing. Getting along is the virtue of the possessors—may be the only one—yet really how little this should be the criterion for judging of a man. That a man gets along, is no positive sign that he is good.

There are virtuous men, of many graces of character and mind, that do not get along. Many, by their ability, write their names among the stars. What of this, if they cannot get along below?—which means with the world more than virtue or talents; and though a man reach heaven's gates by his excellence, and is poor, he doesn't get along at all.

But how much that merely seems there is in this matter of getting along! We should not be too hasty in our congratulations to parties who get along, else it might appear like the most unkind satire. Men may ostensibly own whole streets of houses and yet die bankrupt, and their estates be able to pay but twenty-five cents on a dollar. This sort of retrogression, or going ahead backward—the opposite of what had been thought. A printer wears his types out in the attempt to get along, and when he takes all the money he can scrape together and runs his credit to its farthest limit in procuring a new dress for his paper, he is congratulated upon the evidences of his getting along so well. This is a barbed dart to him, and the back that could bear poverty breaks beneath the supposition of riches. People live in high houses and eat the choicest delicacies the market affords, and dress in fine linen and furs—yet a red flag may end it, after all, and the butcher be unpaid.

We have, too, examples pointed out to us of eminent instances where men have got along—of men who walked to Boston with bundles on their backs and got along so well as to endow colleges. We respect such so far as they are worthy of respect—not because they have got along and endowed colleges, but for the means by which they have done it—for the industry, and prudence, and perseverance, and justice that have characterized them. Those men who have got along on a tide that required no struggle deserve no credit. He that struggles and sinks, is more to be respected. The man who has got along at the expense of others, or by extortion, or by usury, or by oppression in any shape, though he were canonized as a saint by endowed churches or colleges, is but worthless metal, to be nailed to the counter at last, when the pure gold in manhood that he has sweated for his gain, is coined into heaven's true currency.

Men in getting along should be willing that others should get along, too—should not be envious and rancorous, but extend a helping hand to a brother or sister striving for the same end—should not strive to make himself taller by getting on another's shoulders, but put his feet on the common level and thank God if he be, or grow like Saul, a head and shoulders above his brethren.

We hope everybody will get along, and think they will, but that there may be a right estimate made of what constitutes getting along is to be desired. There was once a man who got along, as the Bible tells us, who would fain have had one who hadn't got along bring him a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, in a certain dry time, but it was denied him. He was on the wrong side of the gulf.

WINE DRINKING.—We fear it must be admitted to be a fact, serious and ominous as it is, that the principal obstacle in the way of the universal triumph of the Temperance enterprise, lies in the usages of the leading classes of society. It cannot be denied that our public men, our professionists and our merchants do yet, to a very considerable extent, continue to use wine, not to mention other alcoholic beverages, and to offer it in hospitality to friends and acquaintances.

That this custom exerts a vast influence of some sort over the community at large, admits of no question whatever. And that this influence is in behalf of Temperance, none will venture to affirm. Nor can it be denied, that this influence does absolutely make for Intemperance. A practice countenanced and encouraged by persons, who, through their education, position, or wealth, must wield great power over the opinions and feelings of the community, cannot be entirely rooted out of the portion of society not embraced within such class. The masses actually do, and they ever will justify their own drinking by reference to the kindred habits of those to whom they look for so many other of their opinions and practices.

Nor do we suppose anybody will, in these days, undertake to establish a distinction between drinking wine, or drinking brandy or gin. Both will intoxicate, and both actually do make inebriates. You cannot banish rum from the earth while retaining wine. And by justifying the use of wine, even the temperate use, you surrender the foundation-principle of the modern Temperance movement—which is the total expulsion from use of a substance, whereby the world has been long and widely and mortally diseased.

This disease, moreover, is a very mysterious and inexplicable one. Neither they who look on, nor even those affected by it, can explain the why or the how. Only uniform experience proves this to be the fact, that wherever intoxicating drinks are used at all, there intemperance does and will exist, to a greater or less extent, let what will be said and done; that the brightest and best of our race will contribute a full quota, to say the least, to the ranks of the victims; and finally, that by banishing such beverages from use, the malade must needs disappear from earth.

On these inextinguishable facts the present Temperance movement is built, and, as most are aware, it has already wrought seeming miracles. To forward an enterprise so humane, the poor, the hard-worked, the sparsely fed, have freely renounced the draught, which, as cannot be denied, does possess the power to furnish a temporary alleviation of the wearing, disheartening hardships of their lot.

Is it, then, a severe requisition to call on those to whom Providence has vouchsafed a larger measure and far greater variety of its temporal gifts, to relinquish the single luxury of wine? Grant that it does "make glad the heart of man." But you have a thousand other resources, which the poor man lacks, for gladdening the heart. Why be so immeasurably less self-denying, less philanthropic, and less generous than he? It were surely but a sorry result of your superior advantages, educational and other, that you should not only leave the burden of action in this great reform on the shoulders of your less favored brothers, but should, moreover, absolutely stand in their way, and impede their motions!

All this, too, in such case, is done for the sake of a single sensual luxury. This is fact; plain, simple fact, and no sophistry can cover it up or stave it aside.

Must it, and shall it be so always?

credit. He that struggles and sinks, is more to be respected. The man who has got along at the expense of others, or by extortion, or by usury, or by oppression in any shape, though he were canonized as a saint by endowed churches or colleges, is but worthless metal, to be nailed to the counter at last, when the pure gold in manhood that he has sweated for his gain, is coined into heaven's true currency.

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WINE DRINKING.—We fear it must be admitted to be a fact, serious and ominous as it is, that the principal obstacle in the way of the universal triumph of the Temperance enterprise, lies in the usages of the leading classes of society. It cannot be denied that our public men, our professionists and our merchants do yet, to a very considerable extent, continue to use wine, not to mention other alcoholic beverages, and to offer it in hospitality to friends and acquaintances.

That this custom exerts a vast influence of some sort over the community at large, admits of no question whatever. And that this influence is in behalf of Temperance, none will venture to affirm. Nor can it be denied, that this influence does absolutely make for Intemperance. A practice countenanced and encouraged by persons, who, through their education, position, or wealth, must wield great power over the opinions and feelings of the community, cannot be entirely rooted out of the portion of society not embraced within such class. The masses actually do, and they ever will justify their own drinking by reference to the kindred habits of those to whom they look for so many other of their opinions and practices.

Nor do we suppose anybody will, in these days, undertake to establish a distinction between drinking wine, or drinking brandy or gin. Both will intoxicate, and both actually do make inebriates. You cannot banish rum from the earth while retaining wine. And by justifying the use of wine, even the temperate use, you surrender the foundation-principle of the modern Temperance movement—which is the total expulsion from use of a substance, whereby the world has been long and widely and mortally diseased.

This disease, moreover, is a very mysterious and inexplicable one. Neither they who look on, nor even those affected by it, can explain the why or the how. Only uniform experience proves this to be the fact, that wherever intoxicating drinks are used at all, there intemperance does and will exist, to a greater or less extent, let what will be said and done; that the brightest and best of our race will contribute a full quota, to say the least, to the ranks of the victims; and finally, that by banishing such beverages from use, the malade must needs disappear from earth.

On these inextinguishable facts the present Temperance movement is built, and, as most are aware, it has already wrought seeming miracles. To forward an enterprise so humane, the poor, the hard-worked, the sparsely fed, have freely renounced the draught, which, as cannot be denied, does possess the power to furnish a temporary alleviation of the wearing, disheartening hardships of their lot.

Is it, then, a severe requisition to call on those to whom Providence has vouchsafed a larger measure and far greater variety of its temporal gifts, to relinquish the single luxury of wine? Grant that it does "make glad the heart of man." But you have a thousand other resources, which the poor man lacks, for gladdening the heart. Why be so immeasurably less self-denying, less philanthropic, and less generous than he? It were surely but a sorry result of your superior advantages, educational and other, that you should not only leave the burden of action in this great reform on the shoulders of your less favored brothers, but should, moreover, absolutely stand in their way, and impede their motions!

All this, too, in such case, is done for the sake of a single sensual luxury. This is fact; plain, simple fact, and no sophistry can cover it up or stave it aside.

Must it, and shall it be so always?

A country fellow came to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he told her that his father's sheep would be undone.

"Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

WHICH CASE IS IT?—As the menagerie was passing the Sherman House, yesterday noon, an Irishman standing on the sidewalk exclaimed—"Be jabbers, which cage is Douglas in?"—(Chicago Tribune.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents—her companions—her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo, thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is changed; and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence of required love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hope and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Then we to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love has inspired.

Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places; for on him is the responsibility of her errors—on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wide storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

"I STILL LIVE."—Lord Byron once remarked that "Glory consists in being shot in battle, and having one's name reported wrong in the dead and wounded list."

We were never more strongly reminded of the truth of this assertion, and how little the great are remembered after death, than on hearing, a few days since, the following anecdote of an Eastern farmer trying to repeat the last words of the "God-like Webster."

A gentleman remarked, "Life is very uncertain."

"Ah yes," replied the farmer, "that's true every word of it; and by the way, Captain that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts men said when he died a spell ago."

"Who was it?" inquired the Captain.

"Well I don't just call his name to mind now, but at any rate he was a big politician, and live near Boston somewhere. My newspaper said that when he died, the Boston folks put his image in their windows and had a funeral for a whole day."

"Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the Captain.

"Yes, that's the name! Webster—General Webster; strange I couldn't think of it afore, but he got off a good thing just afore he died. He lit up in bed, and says he, 'I AIN'T DEAD YET!'"

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid, how is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, rushed from the cabin to the deck, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the winds in his fists and the water in the hollow of his hand is my father."

"Mary, my love," said a not very attentive husband to his wife, at the dinner table, "shall I help you to a piece of the heart?"

"I believe," said she, "that a piece of a heart was all that I ever got."

There was a commotion among the dishes.

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft, loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook aboard, do you?" repeated the wag, "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

From the town records of South Reading, 1667—This year the town contained fifty-nine dwelling houses. It was ordered that every dog that comes into the meeting house in time of service, shall pay sixpence for every time he comes.

In the United States Court, Monday afternoon, Casper Kerhman, master of the brig Glamorgan, who was convicted of being engaged in the Slave Trade, was sentenced to 3 years imprisonment in Worcester Jail, and to pay a fine of \$1,000.

THOUGHTS AT CHURCH.—I have an old fashioned way of entering church, before the bells begin to chime; I enjoy the quiet, brooding stillness. I love to think of the many words of holy cheer that have fallen there, from heaven-missioned lips, and folded themselves like snow-white wings over the weary heart of despair. I love to think of the sinless little ones, whose purely temples have here been lavied at the baptismal font. I love to think of the weak, yet strong ones, who have tearfully tasted the consecrated cup, on which is written, "Do this in remembrance of me."

I love to think of those self-forgetting, self-exalted, who, counting all things naught for Gethsemane's dear sake, are treading foreign shores, to say to the soul-fettered pagan, "Behold the Lamb of God." I love to think of the loving hearts that at yonder altar have trodden, side by side, while the holy man of God pronounced "the twain one." I love to think of the seraph smile of which death itself was powerless to rob the dead saint, over whose upturned face, to which the sunlight lent such a mocking glow, the words "Dust to dust," fell upon the pained ear of love. I love, as I sit here, to listen through the half opened vestry door, to the hymning voices of happy Sabbath scholars, sweet as the timid chirp of morn's first peeping bird. I love to hear their tiny feet as they patter down the aisle, and mark the earnest gaze of questioning childhood. I love to see the toll-hardened hand of labor brush off the penitential tear. I love—"our minister." How very sad he looks to-day. Are his parish unsympathetic? Does the laborer's "hire" come tardily and grudgingly to the overworked, faithful servant? Do censorious, dissatisfied spirits watch and wait for his halting?

Now he rises and says, slowly—musically, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Why at such sweet, soul-resting words, do his tears overflow? Why has his voice such a heart quiver? Ah! there is a vacant seat in the pastor's pew. A little golden head, that last Sunday gladdened our eyes like a gleam of sunlight, lies dreamlessly pillowed beneath the coffin lid; gleeful eyes have lost their brightness; cherry lips are wan and mute; and beneath her sable veil the lonely mother sobs. And so the father's lip quivers, and for a moment nature triumphs. Then athwart the gloomy cloud flashes the bow of promise. He wipes away the blinding tears, and with an angel smile, and upward glance, he says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

—Fanny Fern.

TREASURE FOUND.—It is related of a poor shepherd in Europe, the father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with great difficulty, that he purchased from a dealer in old clothes, furniture &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings. One Sabbath evening, as he was turning over the leaves, he noticed that several of them were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate these leaves with great care; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully enclosed a bank bill of 500 francs. On the margin of one of the pages were written these words: "I gathered together this money with great difficulty; but having none as natural heirs but those who had absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever reads this Bible, my heir."

This was a treasure indeed, for the poor man. But the Bible was his greatest treasure after all. It contained that which would not perish in the using, the blessed "word of God that liveth and abideth forever—the unsearchable riches of Christ."

A CONTRAST.—The Tribune states the following striking facts, in regard to the relative growth and prosperity of the free and slave states.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Mr. David Youngman.
Winchester—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

KEEP COOL.

We know no more appropriate advice for this season of the year than that contained in the caption of this article. Perhaps we ought to add, "if you can," with a hot July sun pouring its scorching rays upon you, and the thermometer somewhere from 90 to 100, and all the air that greets us, heated as if from the torrid zone. We have our consolation, however. The glorious uncertainty of the law, so famed, of common consent, is fairly eclipsed now-a-days, by the more glorious uncertainty of the weather. Possibly by the time the reader's eye may rest upon these lines, he will have no difficulty in keeping cool, the only question being then with him whether he has the necessary means at hand to keep warm.

But the weather by the by. Our purpose was rather to drop a word or two of advice to those who have some difficulty in keeping cool, no matter what the weather is. Every day brings something which is calculated to stir the blood and produce a sort of feverish tendency in all of us. We have our trials, things do not go smoothly with us, somebody says hard things about us, or somebody has done that which does not exactly coincide with our ideas of our own rights and privileges, and then how apt we are to fire up all of a sudden, and show signs of hydrophobia, or something that is akin to it. Impulsive people should be particularly careful in hot weather to keep cool. And then it never does any good to get into a rage; if the rain surprises your hay in the field, or the cows eat up your cabbages and turnips, or any other dire calamity befall you, it won't do any good to get into a passion.

These are exciting times with a great many people. You will meet men at almost every corner, who are armed to the teeth with some tremendous idea, upon which in their estimation, the fate of society, the country, or possibly of the world depends. If it would do any good, we could beg such not to get excited. Perhaps the evils they deprecate, may not be so imminent as they imagine, or if they are, the best way is to keep cool. They will have a better chance to understand all the dangers of the case, if they preserve their calmness, and moderation will enable them all the better to oppose and avert the evils. It is better to look the danger calmly in the face than to get excited. The more nerve a man has, the better soldier will he make. We have said all we wish to say, and again commend to all our readers the advice—keep cool—if you can.

THE LITERARY FESTIVITIES.—The past week has witnessed the celebration of the annual literary festivities at Cambridge. Commencement Day, though it has possibly lost something of the attractiveness, novelty and grandeur of the olden time, has yet lost nothing of its interest for the sons of Harvard, or for the friends of generous learning in the State and throughout the country. There is something grateful in the devotion of the pilgrims who year by year go up to the shrine of their early classic love, to tender their respect and veneration for their Alma Mater.

The exercises of Commencement Day passed with the usual demonstrations of parade and eloquence. The performances of the graduating class evinced a fair degree of excellence and talent. This class has numbered 89 young gentlemen, and would have been the largest class which has graduated, but for the fact that three were denied their degree for unworthy conduct on the evening of class day. The classes of 1852 and 1853, respectively have numbered 87 and 88.

But perhaps the chief attraction of the occasion was the celebration of the Alumni, which took place on Thursday. The society of the Phi Beta Kappa, which usually holds its anniversary on this day, relinquished their claims this year to the Alumni. This charge is commendable, the general celebration being far more in keeping with the spirit of our republican institutions, and the advancement of intellect. Our space forbids anything like a detailed report of the doings. Suffice to say the oration by Prof. C. C. Felton, the learned and eloquent professor of Greek in the University, was a production adapted to the time and the occasion. No poem was delivered, but the speeches and fraternal greetings at the dinner table were of the most interesting and agreeable character. Long live Old Harvard, and long may its annual festivities call together its honored and grateful sons.

THE DRY SEASON.—We are close upon the time when the annual drought, which so severely affects newsgatherers, and so much to be expected. News is a cash article now-a-days, as the jobbers would say. People don't wish to get excited such weather as this, and generally speaking have as much as they can do to attend to their own business and keep cool. If we are able to present no startling incidents to our readers this week, and should our columns appear a little tame, we beg our friends to consider that we are carefully abstaining from saying anything inflammatory, and attribute our quietness to the weather.

We would call the attention of our readers to the card of Mr. John Lord, in another column. This gentleman is prepared to attach a fastening to your window sashes which is superior to anything of the kind in use. Try it and see.

MIDDLESEX EAST MEDICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the Middlesex East District Medical Society, held at Reading on the 12th inst., the following letter was received from the family of the late Dr. Plympton of Woburn, and the Society voted that it be entered upon the Society's records, with the preamble and resolutions which succeed.

Woburn, July 12, 1854.

To The Middlesex East Medical Association, GENTLEMEN:—It is with very friendly and grateful feelings, that we send you this note, as the expression of our thanks for the respect and sympathy you manifested in attending the funeral solemnities of one so dear to us, and whose sudden death has been to us so great a bereavement, and who was connected with you by a professional tie. It is pleasant to know that your profession is a kind minister in the hour of suffering. It is pleasant to know that the profession is respected and honored every where. And we shall ever cherish as a consolation and pleasure, that the one now gone,—the head of our family,—was one of that profession. Accept this assurance, that we shall ever cherish the liveliest emotions of gratitude, that at his death, you testified for him your respect, and for us your sympathy. With the truest wishes for the success, under Divine Providence, of each and every one of you, we are very sincerely yours, H. B. PLYMPTON, AND FAMILY.

Whereas, By the inscrutable decree of an All-wise Providence, He has seen fit to remove one of our number suddenly from the earth;

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Augustus Plympton, the members of the Middlesex East Medical Association painfully recognize the loss of a talented and valuable associate, and that the community at large has been deprived of a kind and very useful citizen.

Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to our great affliction, we will remember and regret the departed for his gentlemanly dealing with his professional brethren, and for the courtesy sincerely manifested by him in all his intercourse with them.

Resolved, That we most deeply and truly sympathize with his bereaved family and friends, in their irremediable loss, and to express our sympathy with them in their affliction, we will transmit a copy of these our sentiments to the family of our late associate, signed by the President and Secretary of the Association.

ALFRED CHAPIN, President.

TACMAN RICHARD, Secretary.

FLOWERS.

We advise the lovers of flowers to call at the garden of our townsman, Dr. R. U. Piper, and look at a magnificent specimen of wild lily, the *Lilium superbum*, cultivated by him in the present season. This plant is found sparingly scattered over our meadows, usually growing from two to four feet high, and bearing from one to three flowers. The one cultivated by Dr. Piper is about six feet high, and has sixteen flowers and buds upon it. This lily sometimes produces forty flowers. We hope our flower-loving citizens will improve the present opportunity to look at one of our native plants, a specimen purely American, and become convinced, that some of our wild flowers are worthy of cultivation. Were this plant of foreign origin, it would be regarded as a no such, and would be eagerly sought by florists far and near. There are many wild flowers in this town worthy of cultivation in our gardens, plants of surpassing beauty, but hitherto

—born to blush unseen,

And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

There is the beautiful *Aster Novae Angliae*, and the no less beautiful *Liatris scariosa*. Then there are the beautiful climbing shrubs, the *Clematis Virginiana*, and the *Celastrus scandens*, far more beautiful in foliage, flowers and fruit, than many held in high estimation. Will not some of our citizens seek out these neglected inhabitants of our forests, fields and glens, and transplant them into more congenial situations, and find their reward in the possession of beautiful American plants?

MEETING OF CITIZENS.—A public meeting of the citizens of Woburn, without distinction of party, was pursuant to a previous call, held at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. The design of the meeting was to ascertain if the citizens of Woburn would appoint delegates to the Peoples' Mass Convention held at Worcester on Thursday. The meeting was organized by the choice of Joshua E. Littlefield, Chairman, and E. W. Champney, Secretary. The meeting then proceeded to the nomination of delegates to the Convention and about forty individuals selected by nomination at large were chosen. The following resolutions were offered by Mr. G. M. Champney:

Resolved, That the first great duty of American citizens is to preserve inviolate that public liberty which has been bequeathed to us by our fathers.

Resolved, That the incessant and ever increasing assaults of the slave power of slavery upon the rights and interests of the Free States, as well as upon those great principles of freedom and equality upon which this Republic is founded, renders the obligation imperative upon all good citizens to rally together for their safety and defense.

Resolved, That the late perfidious and crowning act of American despotism, which repels the Missouri Compromise, and upbraid to the thousands at slavery, a vast territory, once pledged to freedom, deserves the reputation of all non-rational men, and demands our united efforts for its immediate repeal.

Resolved, That in view of these dark and total shadows cast from Southern politics, and Northern traitors, which threaten the gathering of Cuba and Mexico into the Republic as Slave States, an alliance with Brazil and the removal of the African slave trade, and the extension of the odious principle of property in man over the whole country, we declare it to be our resolution to interpose every legal and honorable obstacle to counteract such nefarious and revolting schemes.

Resolved, That as Whigs, Democrats, or Free Soil men, we are ready to throw of all allegiance to our respective parties, and unite together as the great party of Freedom and the rights of man to resist the aggression of Slavery and confer to its true place as a "sectional" institution while we assert and maintain for freedom a broad and "national" existence.

These resolutions called up a number of gentlemen who responded to their spirit in brief but pertinent speeches, after which they were unanimously adopted. During the evening, a petition asking the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law was presented to the meeting and received a large number of signatures. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for calling another meeting of the citizens at such a time and place as they may think proper, after which the meeting dissolved. The spirit which prevailed gave the most unqualified evidence that the citizens of Woburn mean to respect the laws, and in order that they may do this, that they will do what they can to enact such laws as will secure their respect. This movement among men of all parties is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Junius" received and will appear in our next. "S." of Billerica received, but to late for this week's paper.

[For the Journal.]

Woburn, July 18, 1854.

WINCHESTER DEPARTMENT.
SATURDAY, JULY 22.
AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.
No. 1.
In answer to the question in your last paper Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that as for the "Know nothings" existing among us but very few persons seem to know "anything," about them. There may be such an organization, and there may not; the large and standing reward of *Ten thousand dollars*, has not yet been paid for the discovery of a true and genuine Know Nothing, and for the simple reason no person seeming to know where to look for one. That there is an organization as perfect, as powerful in its operations no one can doubt, the only question which need occupy our minds at the present time is, what are the principles that should govern us as Americans in the broadest acceptance of the word. The more we examine this subject the more fully are we convinced that our country owes its greatness as well as the perfection of its noblest enterprises, and the development of its vast resources to the true Democratic element rightly directed, and pervading the masses. We speak not of a party we use not the term democracy in contradistinction to a party, or as an opposite, but as a signification, an embodiment, of whatever is creative or most productive of the public good, or all that is genial to the spirit of democracy. Any thing antagonistic to the letter and spirit of this great national Democracy, should be watched as pernicious, as dangerous to the existence and perpetuity of our national honor and greatness.

As a true native born American, if I love the soil watered with the blood of the heroes of '76, and hallowed by the battle-toil of the departed patriots, I have no business to array myself against the principles for a trifling cause, or unsatisfactory reasons, for a few paltry dollars to sell my birthright, and deny the land that gave me birth. I am to understand that into my hands and to my keeping the great legacy of American Liberty has been entrusted; and I am expected to do my duty as a true man wherever and whenever, my country demands. The call of the present is to young men of this great and glorious Republic.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land we love, is this inquiry sent, how shall the greatness and prosperity of the whole people be advanced and perpetuated? The one great American idea stops not to weigh present or momentary sacrifices, whether to individuals, or parties, so long as a high permanent good shines forth in the future.

This brings us to the grand question, the all important question to every lover of the land of the free, the name of Liberty the asylum of the oppressor.
Shall Americans rule America?
or shall a foreign papal hierarchy give Laws and Religion to these United States. American democracy, will be found bending over the plow, sweating in the furrow, amid the sparks and beside the anvil, with the axe and spade of the pioneer. Wherever American energy is found there is true democracy. And from those hardy hands, those stalwart forms comes the life blood of our national honor. The American idea realizes all the American can ask, it grants him all he wants freedom to worship God as agreeable to his own conscience beneath the roof-tree of his own old ancestral home. It seeks to elevate and educate the masses, scorning all selfish monopolies, and privileged castes. It does not say to the American citizen, what that recreant apostate of many creeds has his unblushing impudence to publish in his infamous sheets.

"The institutions of this country can only be preserved by Catholicism. Protestantism and despotism originated together, and have always gone hand in hand."

"We would much rather our children should grow up in ignorance of letters than be taught in a school that is not Catholic."

Practicing upon this text of the Rev. Onestes, Romanists are urging the discontinuance of the Bible in our schools, in every place, they can by every means in their power; and they are by no means, over scrupulous as to their manner of accomplishing this to them most desired end. Is not this principle of foreign usurpation antagonistic to the true idea of progress. When in all the history of the Roman Catholic Church did you ever find her a patron of the arts, a great national benefactor—has not her history been written in letters of fire, from the earliest day of the Church. Have not the blood of martyrs from the days of the first pontificate down to the present time, reddened the walls of its dungeons, has not a dreadful death and a baptism of blood been the only solace of the last hours of thousands of victims whose account on earth are sealed up unknown, save in the dreadful records of the Roman Inquisition. And do we well to sit, and see this heritage of our fathers desecrated by the iron hand of a ruthless Despotism. Stand fast then American citizens, whoever you are whatever may be your social position stand fast to that Declaration of Independence you received from your forefathers. All true men know and acknowledge that wherever work for humanity is found there American Democracy raises his sinewy arm, opens its generous, kind, impulsive heart, there exercises its large and expansive brain. True, young men you may live, and doubtless do in some one of the beautiful quiet villages of New England, or near the winding stream of some broad river still never forget that here you sit and eat the bread of industry an honored useful member of this great American Republic, that the hand that lifts the spade may move the destinies of this great whole. Never forget that all true genius and enterprise are democratic the world over, and that the freedom of the will is far above the trammels of hackneyed party distinctions.

KAPIN KOLKORD,
No. 2, 17th reg.
Light artillery.

A petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law is at Mr. Nathan Wyman's store. It has already received many signatures, and we hope to see the name of every voter in town affixed to it before it is forwarded to Washington.

Winchester Department.

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"The institutions of this country can only be preserved by Catholicism. Protestantism and despotism originated together, and have always gone hand in hand."

"We would much rather our children should grow up in ignorance of letters than be taught in a school that is not Catholic."

Practicing upon this text of the Rev. Onestes, Romanists are urging the discontinuance of the Bible in our schools, in every place, they can by every means in their power; and they are by no means, over scrupulous as to their manner of accomplishing this to them most desired end. Is not this principle of foreign usurpation antagonistic to the true idea of progress. When in all the history of the Roman Catholic Church did you ever find her a patron of the arts, a great national benefactor—has not her history been written in letters of fire, from the earliest day of the Church. Have not the blood of martyrs from the days of the first pontificate down to the present time, reddened the walls of its dungeons, has not a dreadful death and a baptism of blood been the only solace of the last hours of thousands of victims whose account on earth are sealed up unknown, save in the dreadful records of the Roman Inquisition. And do we well to sit, and see this heritage of our fathers desecrated by the iron hand of a ruthless Despotism. Stand fast then American citizens, whoever you are whatever may be your social position stand fast to that Declaration of Independence you received from your forefathers. All true men know and acknowledge that wherever work for humanity is found there American Democracy raises his sinewy arm, opens its generous, kind, impulsive heart, there exercises its large and expansive brain. True, young men you may live, and doubtless do in some one of the beautiful quiet villages of New England, or near the winding stream of some broad river still never forget that here you sit and eat the bread of industry an honored useful member of this great American Republic, that the hand that lifts the spade may move the destinies of this great whole. Never forget that all true genius and enterprise are democratic the world over, and that the freedom of the will is far above the trammels of hackneyed party distinctions.

KAPIN KOLKORD,
No. 2, 17th reg.
Light artillery.

A petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law is at Mr. Nathan Wyman's store. It has already received many signatures, and we hope to see the name of every voter in town affixed to it before it is forwarded to Washington.

It is not unnatural then to suppose, or to assert that to this great American feeling our country owes all that is great and glorious in the useful, beautiful and enduring. American democracy has done all this. What would Roman Catholic Despotism do?—
W*.

THE REPUBLICAN SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

Written for the Journal.
Mr. Editor:—I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture delivered last Sunday, at the East Woburn schoolhouse, a brief notice of which may be interesting and useful to your readers. The lecturer, Rev. Mr. Cox, announced his text, Mark 12th chap. and part of the 37th verse. He stated that his object would be to show the popular character of Christianity of its adaptability to the wants and condition of Humanity. After alluding to the history of Christ, his lowly origin, his thirty years of toil, during which time he was identified with the toiling masses whom he came to benefit, the speaker proceeded to illustrate some of the principal points in Christ's public ministry.

He addressed himself to the popular heart, he sought the people, whom he saw oppressed by the cumbersome system of the Jewish ritual, corrupted by aristocratic and venial priests who had imposed burdens which they would not touch with one of their fingers. From the hill tops and the way side, in the fields and on the sea, not in the costly synagogues, but wherever the people were, there did he teach the great lessons of wisdom; drawing his illustrations from Nature around and appealing at once to the consciousness of those who heard him. Above all did he teach them, not blind observance to the titled and learned few, but to search the scriptures for themselves. Setting all the example of practical, personal benevolence, and thus illustrating what he taught, he mingled with the people, relieved their wants, and went about doing good. "Need we wonder then," said the speaker "that the common people heard him gladly?"

The lecturer then proceeded to show that true Christianity, the principles and practices thus taught by Christ, was adapted to the wants of men physically, intellectually and socially. The deformed devotee of the pagan worship, the cloistered monk or nun, the lacerated "penitent," are severely representatives of their religious systems. The down-trodden of the earth find a deliverer in true Christianity. While it teaches the rights a man possesses in, and the obligations he owes to himself, forbidding hurtful indulgences, enjoining proper labor and rest, it tends to physical elevation and development. Intellectually it demands the cultivation of the mind, encourages free thought, and recognizes individual responsibility.

With the revival of a pure Christianity at the time of the Reformation, came the revival of letters. When our fathers came here to secure the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, side by side rose the meeting house and the school house. The Catholic Church has acted upon the idea that ignorance in the masses is the mother of devotion; hence, wherever that church has been in the ascendancy, learning has been confined to the few, while the many have been mentally enslaved. True Christianity courts investigation: it does not fear to have the people read the Bible; it does not seek to shut it from our schools. Would you know, said the lecturer, what a true Christianity can do for the people, compare our New England with Catholic Ireland; with priest-ridden Italy, with down-trodden Europe. Woman! Christianity is woman's best friend; it raises her to her true condition in the social scale, and makes her the centre of the blest attractions of Home.

True Christianity is eminently republican and democratic. The teachings of Christ recognize no privileged classes—no aristocratic path to Heaven. The primitive church was entirely republican in form; its officers and teachers were selected by the people. No lordly prelate then ruled with despotic will no hierarchy enjoined upon the people passive obedience. The members of the church, in the exercise of the right of private judgment investigated and decided for themselves, and by the same standard, both teachers and taught were governed. With principles like these, republicanism in the State is in harmony. While the great teacher himself taught that his kingdom was not of this world, he also taught his followers how to govern themselves. Disclaiming anything like a union of Church and State, true Christianity secures the rights of conscience. It teaches men that in respecting the rights of others, they lay the basis for the preservation of their own. It allows every man to worship God in such a manner as he may see fit—or worship no God, if his conscience will allow him to do this, with all the glowing words of Nature written around him. Persecution for opinions sake is not the result of Christianity, but the ready weapon of bigotry, intolerance and a corrupt religious scheme.

In closing, the preacher spoke of the influence of a true Christianity upon the people in a moral and religious point of view; the enabling and elevating influence of the great truths it presents, and the enlarged hopes and expectations it conveys. He closed by urging a watchful jealousy towards those principles which tend to corrupt Christianity, and especially that the people should see to it that they preserve their hold upon the Bible, which is the people's book.

I have attempted a brief sketch merely of the discourse, desiring that some of the sentiments expressed may be generally considered and believed them as I do, to be timely.

W*.

We call the attention of our correspondents to the last item on our first page.

Stonham Department.

Edited by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, and J. C. Crooker, Esq.
SATURDAY, JULY 22.

LAW vs. RIGHT.

A writer in the Journal of last week under the signature of "R. U. P.," selecting a few garbled sentences for a text, from an article in the Stonham department some two weeks since has given our readers the full benefit of his cogitations.

The unfairness of the selections, from which he deduces his own proposition, is apparent from a reference to the original referred to; that reads thus, "if the laws of our land are offensive let us change them, legitimately, as we can, for here all have an equal voice in making them; even the constitution itself may be changed if the majority desire it, it is therefore in a government like ours, that no one but an intolerant minority partizan, or fanatic will counsel open resistance to laws and stigmatize the proper officers for enforcing them, as robbers, kidnappers and pirates, &c."

The proposition which our correspondent desires from this, as he says, "contains but one idea," viz: "absolute obedience to law." To him we say, if we can at all understand the meaning of language, his proposition is a man of straw, entirely of his own making, and that the whole drift of his communication is merely a carping about words, and no answer to the proposition or sentiment set forth in the first article referred to.

That to our apprehension was simply this, in a democracy the laws are made by the people, the people constitute the supreme law, and in divisions this can be only ascertained but by finding the majority, that when found is law, and should be obeyed. And that it would be better to suffer even under the administration of a bad law for a season, than violate this principle by counselling or using forcible resistance, thereby endangering the existence of our government.

The declaration that R. U. P. made, "that he could not see why obedience to our laws was the keystone of our liberties," is quite apparent from the tenor of his whole communication. "For that we obtained these as rebels," this assertion (and it is nothing more) we deny. In our struggle for independence, we admit that those patriots were called rebels, yet the calling of mere names or epithets proves not a fact. The truth was this, a foreign parliament in which our sires had no voice, and a king holding his throne by divine right, assumed either a power not authorised by the great charter, therefore a clerical usurpation, and so declared by England's greatest statesmen on the floor of parliament at that time, and conceded now by her learned, to be so. Then our sires could not be rebels—they were the assistants of liberty, and the defenders of law, and the supporters of constitutional rights. True, all chance of reconciliation being passed, the declaration of independence was put forth, then changing the final object of the contest.

Again, R. U. P. says, "men may respect law but will not obey the laws." Here again an absurdity too plain to need retorting; and "men do not rebel against law but against edicts," &c., a word signifying the same as law, therefore clearly a distinction without a difference. An edict, as defined by authors, is an ordinance proclaimed by the supreme authority as a rule of action. The "*ius civile*," or civil law as defined by Justinian and Blackstone, is declared "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state." With us the people are the sovereigns, there is no higher power, and this they do through their representatives. Our correspondent, to sustain his absurd position quotes for authority his undoubted patronymic embodiment of liberty and law, Mr. Sumner, where he says, when pressed in debate, "law I will not fall in for it is not law." Plutarch, Montesquieu and others cited, have all a relation to law in its general sense as applied to nature and morals, and not in the special sense, as pressed in his communication. Again he quotes from Vattel, wherein that eminent author, speaking of the sanctity of treaties, says "they are void if opposed to natural justice." This was used in relation to the binding force upon the Roman people, of a treaty made by her consuls with the nation of Lan crites, when the whole consular army had been entrapped by the Lamerites at the Caudine forks. In discussing the sanctity of that treaty, it is to be found the mutilated extract cited, certainly foreign from the question under consideration. Again Calvin, he quotes John Calvin, who speaks in relation to his religious superiors, who had assumed control of opinion and the mode of worship differently from what conscience dictated; it has no possible relation to municipal law, therefore totally inapplicable to the question. Many other authors were like pompously and unfairly quoted by garbled extracts, which, we have not room nor our readers' patience to examine.

We would not be understood that there is no instance where laws should not be resisted by force—instances are many, viz: where the people have no voice in making them. The oppression of the Hungarians by Austria; and many more like instances. Neither do we advocate that slave laws or slavery are right. Evils we admit them, but we deny the need of proving or calling the aid of brute force to resist or change the laws governing them. The great pattern of Christians no where by precept or example authorities or recommends resistance to established ordinances. We neither admit the right of private opinion in the construction of statutes, a doctrine, if established, must throw us into a state of anarchy, the most deplorable of all conditions. Even R. U. P.'s favorite author, Blackstone, and others equally eminent and worthy, expressly declare "that a judge in no case could oppose his own opinion and authority against the clear will and declaration of the legislature. If an act of legislature or an edict like that

of Herod's, commanding children of a certain age to be slain; the judge ought to resign his office rather than be auxiliary to its execution; but in no case could the law be declared void but by the high authority which ordained it. This is the really common sense view of people on that question, and is confirmed by history the world over. It would be a work of supererogation to prove it. From the "valuable research article"—without investigation—"appears to contain," we have thought its sophistry should be exposed, lest from silence the truth of the article would be taken as conceded.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SAURDAY, JULY 22,
CATHOLICISM.

While we would thus steadily guard against the improper exertion of influence on religious subjects in our Public Schools, and avoid even the appearance of a sectarian spirit, we would, as steadily, and as firmly, insist that those schools should retain in every respect their common character. It is this which constitutes the distinctive feature of our system. We grant no support from the public purse for schools to be controlled by parties or sects or individuals, who are not directly responsible to the people; and this policy is the true one. If in any case it has been violated, it has been done without due consideration, and such action cannot be justified. There may have been a time when the system of public instruction was incommensurate with the necessities of the people, and some show of excuse might exist for aiding seminaries not directly under public control, on the ground that any instruction was better than none at all. It may possibly have been politic to assist, in some incidental manner, those higher seminaries of learning which there was so much need in the earlier periods of our history, and which the sparse population would not have sustained without such public aid. We say possibly; for this proposition is not without two sides. And, at any rate, such policy need not be acted on now; and it acted on, it will surely bring evil results in the end. The states are now abundantly able to provide an education for the whole people; and the true design of our system is not only that the whole people shall be educated, but that they shall be educated together, under one class of influences, so far as the state can effect that object; and that those influences shall be of the right kind, shall be American in the best sense of that term.

We should then resolutely oppose, by all fair and honorable means, any attempt at a partition of the Public School fund in favor of, or at the request of, any sect, party, or clique. In every case where such partition has been made, it becomes us to do all that in us lies to have the matter put right.

We fear we have some reason to think that the causes, which have induced Catholics to make any request for such partition, have been, *injunctive action*, in reference to the schools, and questionable management, of the schools.

The Protestant feeling is very strong in this country, and justly so; there is very little to our eyes lovely or attractive about the Catholic religion, as we understand it. We believe it to be our duty as Protestants to use all fair and honorable means, in our private capacity, to turn the eyes of the papist to what seems to us to be the truth. But it is to be feared, that this anti-Catholic feeling does not always confine itself to legitimate courses of action. In its earnestness to oppose what it regards as altogether unlovely, it forgets that Catholics have rights as sacred as those which we boast as our birthright; that their right to judge and act for themselves on religious matters is as unquestionable as our own; and that the assumed fact, that the Catholics would *restrain our religious freedom*, if they had the power, is no reason why we should descend from the high stand-point of unlimited toleration, to the level of the barbarianism and persecution of the past ages of Popery and Protestantism.

Much pious zeal has manifested itself on the question of the use of the Bible in schools, and a very respectable and well-meaning class, and a very large class too, of our citizens insist that it shall maintain its place there, and be read by the pupils, willing or not willing. It matters not that the pupils have been forbidden by their parents to read in the Protestant version of the Scriptures; that the pupils fully believe that they are not only sinning against their earthly parents, but against the church and their heavenly father; that they have been taught to believe that our version of the Bible is, in vital points, a heretic fabrication, an impious fabrication of Satan; all this is of no consequence—the Bible must be read at regularly recurring periods, and by the pupils. It will not answer the purpose to have it read, in a reverent and becoming manner, by the teacher; but the Protestant abridgement must *spell out* what is to him salvation, and the Catholic infant what, in the eyes of his parents, is equally damnation for himself.

Now, our well-meaning, devout, protestant friend, what in the name of common sense, in the name of experience, in the name of conscience, do you expect to gain by this? Do you expect to strain your religion, which we believe we esteem as much as you do, down the throats of these children against their will? Have proselytism been thus made in past time? What would you think, looking at it merely in the light of policy, of a Catholic government of the present day, which should insist on forcing the children of its Protestant subjects to read the vulgar version? Should you entertain any great fears that your children's Protestantism would be shaken by such measures? Would it not rather gain in energy and powers of endurance by such persecution. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

church." We must stop making martyrs of Catholics, or any other objectionable sect, if we would destroy their power. We are very obtuse, or this spirit, which is so determined to compel the reading of the Holy Scriptures, is the same which forced Galileo to disavow the convictions induced by the studies of a life-time; the same which governed the follower of Mohammed, when, with uplifted sword, he bade his fallen foe to "acknowledge the prophet, believe, or die;" the same which has been the bane of every party or sect whose actions it has been allowed to dictate.

The Bible may be put into our schools, to be used in one or both the following ways; it may be prescribed by the school authorities as a text-book to be studied in a prescribed manner; or it may be introduced as an assistant to any religious exercises which are performed in the school.

If it be used in the former of these methods it is certain that our schools may be made to perform a very important part in the theological education of our children. The peculiar tenets of the instructor may be enlarged upon and inculcated with sometimes great, sometimes small, success, as the "guts" of the individual determine, and possibly it may sometimes happen that this winter our boys may be most thoroughly indoctrinated in the "five points" of John Calvin; next winter, again, we shall have a devout (?) follower of Theodore Parker, or, (why not?) a zealous and devoted adherent of the lineal descendant of St. Peter.

But, we are told, "this is not the object of any party or sect." We wish to have the Bible used rationally and properly as a religious book, the book of books.

Well then, if this is what is wanted, let us have it used in a way conformable to the spirit of that Divine Book itself; and we defy any man to point out any authority, or show of authority in the spirit of the gospel to support so absurd a course as that which compels a person to read it against his will. We have not so learned Christ. If the Bible is used in our Schools, let it be used in the selection of such portions of its contents as are not claimed by Papist or Protestant to support or condemn the Catholic church. All the sacred writings which are suitable to be presented to the minds of children, are as easy to be comprehended as the golden rule. The sublime lessons of Christ involve no cause of controversy; the magnificent imagery and lofty morality of Isaiah excite no sectarian bitterness; and they are much more effectively and usefully rendered by the voice of a discriminating teacher, than by the unwilling and constrained lips of the children of Catholic parents.

G.

TAXATION IN SOUTH READING FOR 1854.—The Assessors have just completed the new Tax List. From it we learn that the whole amount levied is \$11,988 90. Of which is the State Tax, \$426 00. "County " 832 11. "Town Tax, viz:—For Schools, 2800 00 For Town Debt, 3300 00 For Misc. Town Charges, 430 70 Total, \$11,988 90. The valuation of the Town is as follows:—Real Estate, \$895 63 Personal Estate, 354 140 Total, \$1,497 70 No. of Rateable Polls, 732. \$1000 pays \$8 00.

WORCESTER CONVENTION.—This Convention was held on Thursday last, at which Oliver B. Morris, of Springfield, was chosen President, and eleven other gentlemen, from each congressional district, were chosen Vice Presidents, together with four Secretaries. There was a noble gathering of Massachusetts freemen at this Convention, and they took position on a noble platform. Measures were taken to organize a "Republican" party here like that organized in Michigan, Ohio and other States, and to hold a convention of delegates in August to nominate a state ticket. They passed several resolutions, which are too lengthy, and came to hand to late, for insertion in this week's paper; but we will endeavor, space permitting, to give an outline of the proceedings in our next.

STREET PRACHER.—Our citizens were notified on Wednesday evening, by announcement preceded by the blowing of a horn, that H. K. Flagg, of Worcester, would speak on the common at 8 o'clock, on the influence of the Bible. A large crowd gathered, and for upwards of an hour listened to some strong and at times eloquently expressed truths. The speaker was repeatedly cheered but no disturbance occurred, and with hearty applause at the close the crowd quietly dispersed.

A Wise Move.—Friend Whittier, the Sonham agent of the Middlesex Journal, on whom it devolves to receive and distribute the paper from week to week, has just moved into one of Dyke's buildings near the centre of the village. Of the 230 daily and weekly newspapers which come to his "Literary Depot," and which are for the most part forwarded by him to the houses of the subscribers, about 70 are of the "Know Nothing" stamp. We are glad to learn that new names are occasionally sent in for our favorite Journal, and that some who hesitated at first are deciding to take it.

Tax ty.—If any man, from Maine to Georgia, says the Richmond Advertiser, will, on the first trial, say—*six slim silk stockings*—without making a blunder, and speak last as he goes over the words, he shall have the Crockett Almanac sent to him for six years.

The prospect in Ireland is that potatoes will yield better this season than they have for the last fifteen years.

Phillips & Sampson, of Boston, are now publishing a work entitled "History of Cuba; or Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics," by the editor of *Gleaner's Pictorial*. The book is finely illustrated, and brings the history of this interesting and important region up to the present hour.

We are indebted to Hon. Charles Sumner for a copy of his speeches on the memorial for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Also for Mr. Benton's speech on the Appropriation Bill.

Communication from Reading too late for this week's paper.

Special Notices.

Great Sale of Tea daily being made at Reading & Co's, Warehouses, 149 Hanover St. (Cor. of Union St.) and 108 Washington St., Boston, owing to their selling 5 lb. of good Black or Green Tea for \$1.20 and \$1.75, it has made quite a stir among Tea drinkers!! They have superior Coffees!!

Oh! Well! Boston.—This is the best establishment for Clothing in the country. Every description of Garments may be found at the above place, and at the lowest prices. Being conducted upon the One Price Cash System, you have the chance to buy at the lowest rates.

An infallible Remedy for Bile, Jaundice and Liver Complaints, *Holloway's Pills*—Extract of a Letter from Jane Jenkins, of Apalachicola, Florida, to Professor Holloway.—"I suffered for seven months from Jaundice and Bile arising from a very disordered state of the liver, during this time, although I tried many remedies obtained no relief to my sufferings. At length, I purchased a quantity of your Pills, and after using five boxes, I was perfectly cured, and with confidence recommend them to others who are thus afflicted."

(Signed) JANE JENKINS.

NOTICE.

Proposals will be received until July 22nd, by the Subscribers, for the construction of a Reservoir to be located on Chestnut Street, South Reading. Specifications of the same may be seen at the office of Lilley Eaton, Esq., Main Street.

GEORGE O. CARPENTER, Committee. N. R. COFFIN, South Reading, June 27th, 1854. L. S. 4 w.

Warren Academy.—The Fall term of this Institution will commence Wednesday, August 23rd, and continue fourteen weeks, under the direction of John J. Ladd, Principal, assisted by a full board of instruction. The department of vocal music will be provided with a learned instructor.

J. J. LADD, Principal. R. CUTLER, Sec. B. A. Trust. High School Examination.—The examination of the High School will take place at the Grammar School House in District No. 1, on Tuesday, July 25th, commencing at 9 A. M., and half past 1 P. M. The citizens generally are respectfully invited to attend.

In half of the Committee, L. L. WHITNEY, Sec. DIED. In Woburn, July 18, Mrs. Mary Manning, widow of the late Dr. James Manning, aged 72. In Woburn, July 15, 1854, Mr. John Ladd, only daughter of Henry W. and Harriet A. Smith, aged 2 years and 3 months. We are by the lady's bed, and watched her many a day, but it was all in vain, she died at 11 o'clock, and was buried at 1 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 3 o'clock, and the interment was at 4 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 5 o'clock, and the interment was at 6 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 7 o'clock, and the interment was at 8 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 9 o'clock, and the interment was at 10 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 11 o'clock, and the interment was at 12 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 1 o'clock, and the interment was at 2 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 3 o'clock, and the interment was at 4 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 5 o'clock, and the interment was at 6 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 7 o'clock, and the interment was at 8 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 9 o'clock, and the interment was at 10 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 11 o'clock, and the interment was at 12 o'clock, and the funeral was held at 1 o'clock, 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The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPIY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

WOBURN, MASS., JULY 29, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 42.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

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TERMS.
\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " 6 months, \$6.00
Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.

Special notices, not exceeding 5 lines, 50c. each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this Office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store.
EDWARD MANSFIELD.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Mansfield & Co.
South Reading, April 25th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad St., 2d door from Main St.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of
Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wade's Building, WOBURN.
Oct 18 11

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARD WARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
Dye Stuffs,
Nos. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Draw Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, bleached and pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
L. M. TEARE.
Oct 18 11

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
OFFICE: 10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention paid to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.
april 31

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the most manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
SABERS AND BLADES, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 11

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.
Oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to.
april 30

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of superior instruments can obtain them of the Subscriber at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the war rooms of four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854.—11

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING

B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for
UNDERPINNING.
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked, in order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT).
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.
O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE.
Battans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDMAN, II
Jan 21

RAYNS & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let
Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854.—11

D. TILLSON & SON,
SILVER SMITHS
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders for slates promptly attended to.
May 6 11

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
BOSTON.
F. F. Libby, Jr. 28 E. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Imp. Paints and dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS AND DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPAL VARNISH,
No. 41 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention.
Jan 21

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston.
122 Nassau Street, New York.
Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854.—31

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Brands, Cassimere, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSIES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
No. 45 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
B. E. & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 120 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASH
ING POWDER, manufacturers and dealers in choice
Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes.
July 9 11

HUNTING & EATON,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
Hot meals at all hours of the day.
Jan 31

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For
Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.
Jan 31

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLACK TIN AND BRITANNIA
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand 3000 Wares and
Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or
made to order at short notice. Also, Repair
all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to
call and examine.
Oct 18 11

POETRY.

A LADY'S HAT.

Ellen Ervie, says the Home Journal, sends us the following clever original lines, upon a Lady's Hat:—

O, it cost a hundred dollars,
And was just the sweetest thing;
Perched above a queen of collars,
Tried with vast expanse of stung.

And the fringe weighed twenty ounces
Round her mantle, short and cool;
And her silk brocade, with flounces,
From the superbly full.

Dainty gloves, and kerchiefs bordered,
In her post-book kept the stops;
All the things she wore were ordered
From the first Paris shops.

But that hundred dollar bonnet—
That's the gem I wish to paint;
Such a shower of things were on it,
Quite enough to craze a saint.

O, I could not hear a word of
What the pastor said to-day;
For the shapes and shins unheard of
That were floating round her head.

Bands and plumes and flowers and laces,
Fancies, more than you could name;
And they say Miss Dorsey's cases
Boast a dozen just the same.

How I wonder who will wear them;
If the pastor seeks to teach
By his texts he well may spare them;
'Tis the milliners that preach.

All our eyes such sights are drinking,
Counting o'er their cost anew,
And we break the Sabbath thinking,
What if we could wear them too.

[For the Journal.]

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent, R. U. P., says "there is no such thing as higher law." "All law must be founded upon God's law, or it has no claim to the name of law."

We fully subscribe to the truth of the above. We believe that "God's law," the great law of justice and right, is the only foundation upon which human law can be made, to bind the consciences and the acts of men. We endorse with whole heart the words of the Latin poet.

"Justitia fiat, non cunctum."
Let justice be done, at any cost. But we are not ready to yield to our correspondent's evident inference that every man is to determine for himself in every individual case, whether justice is done by this or that law. It is quite possible that justice in compassing her greater objects, may sometimes be obliged to ignore her lesser purposes; that in the noblest state of humanity in the imperfections of human societies, and human agencies, a choice of objects may become necessary; and should such cases arise a wise forecast will consider well before adopting a course of action, which while it secures the ends of justice and right in the individual case, compromises a larger and equally rightful interest.

Probably no law on our Statute books operate, always, under all circumstances exactly justly; shall we on that account reject all law? Is it the interests of society, and civilization and religion, to do away with the institutions of human construction, because we can see a great many defects in them? shall we assent to a doctrine which allows every man to judge and act for himself in reference to any law, forgetful that such a course will clearly introduce absolute anarchy? Or, shall we rather strive to accomplish, by legitimate and constitutional means, by those means through the agency of which we have grown great and prosperous, the object all should have constantly in view, viz: the improvement and perfecting of our Statutes and our institutions? Shall we take a course calculated with unerring certainty to destroy the fabric of our government, because we cannot have our aspirations satisfied in a day or a year, or even a generation? Has the experience of the past taught us no lessons? Have we not seen that great changes in large societies are the growth of years? And that premature action, on false principles has ever retarded the progress of even the best cause?

[For the Journal.]

Blind.
[CONTINUED.]

21. We dislike to see a rich man caressed and flattered on account of his wealth; while a poor man is slighted or trodden upon because of his poverty.

22. We dislike to see a man hiding himself under the faults and failings of professed Christians, it reminds us of the ostrich, which when pursued, thrusts its head underneath the sand, or into a clump of bushes, thinking it shall be unseen, while the whole body, in all its homeliness, remains visible to every passer by.

23. We dislike to see a noisy partisan rewarded with a fat office, while a more worthy man, but less of an office-seeker, is unnoticed.

24. We dislike to see the "old settlers" and native inhabitants of a town turn a "cold shoulder" towards strangers and "new comers;" for it evinces not only unkindness but a blindness to their own interests.

25. We dislike to see the members of a church more anxious to proselyte to others their peculiar faith, than to lead them into the paths of virtue and piety, it shows that there is more of narrow sectarianism in the mind, than of disinterested benevolence.

[For the Journal.]

26. We dislike to see a preacher of the gospel cherishing and entertaining the spirit of envy and fault-finding towards his brethren in the ministry.

27. We dislike to see persons so regardless of the feelings of those who have buried friends as to pluck without permission the flowers which are being cultivated in our Cemetery.

28. We dislike to see people willing to leave the old grave-yard unfenced and uncared for, when so little expense would complete the necessary improvements.

29. We dislike to see a man who is ready to say, "I am as much opposed to slavery as any body," inclined to do nothing at all either by prayer or effort, for the suffering bondman and the wandering fugitive.

30. We dislike to see a certain class of abolitionists setting themselves up as the only true anti-slavery men, and recklessly denouncing all others as on the side of the oppressor.

31. We dislike to see a Post-master, like one we know of in N. H., examining minutely every paper sent by one friend to another through his office, to ascertain whatever there be not something written unlawfully thereupon; it looks as tho' he had not sufficient confidence in his fellow men.

32. We dislike to see a man when abroad taking delight in railing against and magnifying the imperfections of his own town, when its reputation ought to be almost as dear to him as that of his own family.

33. We dislike to see a man all honey and molasses to your face, and then when your back is turned write upon uglier things; it shows that he is both a flatterer and a slanderer.

[For the Journal.]

This body of Congregational ministers which recently held its annual meeting at Fall River, is made up of district associations, all of whom were represented by delegates. About 150 of the clergy were entertained by families belonging to different denominations in the city.

We have not as yet obtained the exact figures, but there are now connected with the general association about 375 ministers, 500 churches, and 68,000 communicants, the net increase annually to the churches throughout the state for the last 20 years, being above a thousand over and above all losses by excommunications, deaths, dismissions, &c.

Connected with the Woburn Association, there are 16 churches; the membership of which exceeds 2000. The largest addition to any one church during the past year was in Stoneham, the next largest in Woburn. One church, that of West Cambridge, has dismissed its minister, while four have settled new pastors. A new house of worship has been erected in Winchester, the largest, costliest and most elegant ever built within the boundaries of the association.

Among the most interesting resolutions passed this year by the general association, in addition to unanimous ones in condemnation of the Nebraska inquiry, and in favor of ministers preaching against the sin of slavery were the following:

"Resolved, That the introduction of a lay delegation into this body, is in the estimation of the Association, desirable, if it be effected with the concurrence of the Associations and churches."

"Resolved, That no human enactments can absolve us as Christians, from the duty of doing the hungry, clothing the naked, and relieving the strangers and the oppressed who flee to us for protection."

Nearly every report from different parts of the Commonwealth contained anti-slavery sentiments much in advance of former years, and truly gratifying to all lovers of freedom and progress. A similar spirit of remarkable depth and striking unanimity prevailed with reference to the great agitating question of the age, as has lately been manifested in all the public meetings of and other denunciations throughout the New England States.

"As to our sentiments on the subject of personal freedom," said one of the delegates from the Woburn Association, "when it is remembered that Lexington lies near the heart of our territory, that Concord and Bunker Hill come close upon our borders, and that there are members of our churches still living who heard the first guns of the Revolution, it will be but reasonable to suppose that something of the spirit of liberty yet lingers among our hills. On that memorable Friday, which though fair and sunny, was dark with gloomier clouds and a deeper eclipse than that of the preceding week, tolling bells in more than one of our villages and many earnest plain spoken sermons the ensuing Sabbath signified the sympathy which was felt for Anthony Burns, and a determination to bring all the power of the pulpit to bear for the termination of such scenes and the extermination of their horrible source."

Upon the Nebraska question, (which we consider a most appropriate contraction for the no plus ultra of rascality,) there were more sermons preached among us than were recorded in the Independent. And it is believed that every one of our number has his name registered among that three thousand whom Douglass & Co. are doing their best to crown with immortal honor."

[For the Journal.]

MUSIC AMONG THE NEWS BOYS.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1854.

My dear Brother—You have frequently requested me to give you a copy of my opening lecture or first lesson in music. This is far more difficult than to deliver the lecture or give the lesson; because, while there are general principles by which every good teacher will be governed, yet no two classes are alike. Common sense, therefore, directs me to adapt myself to the circumstances by which I am surrounded. I have commenced a course of instruction, and am greatly encouraged by the interest manifested by my pupils. If you will accompany me to the school-room I will repeat enough of the lesson to give you some idea in regard to my method of teaching this class. Although it is raining hard, and I am tired, I will go for the teacher should never disappoint his pupils.

Here we are at No. 38 Fultonstreet. Come on. Five flight of stairs, without light, are no great obstacle. You will often have to feel your way in this dark world. How it makes you pant to get up into the sixth story!

"Who are these?" did you say?
Some will tell you they are the "pests of society;" not true. They are the poor, homeless, friendless (sometimes rather reckless) Newsboys.

"Never saw such hard-looking specimens of Young America?"
You never saw real freedom before—freedom from shoes, freedom from coats, freedom from hats, freedom from shirts, freedom from monies, freedom from home, freedom from friends or restraint. Each enjoys the "largest liberty." Just look at that boy, over there, minus the seat of his pantaloons. He is not at all troubled with embarrassment. Those with hats on have a slight partiality for Quaker habits, barring the sedateness. See the perfect ease and independence of that boy in the corner of the room, with a great coat on, the tail touching the floor. The mantle of a great man has fallen upon him.

"How can I secure their attention so as to benefit them?"
That is a question difficult indeed to answer, but I will try.

I will now tell you what I did, and give you answers (retaining as far as memory serves, about the language used) sufficient to indicate my course.

When I took my place before the boys, some winked, others laughed, and each without reserve expressed his opinion at sight. (These Newsboys never write their speeches. They extemporize to suit the occasion. A good model in this respect for a teacher.) How to begin, was the difficulty with me.

Boys, my arrival to-day?
"Y. S. Sir," by the whole class.

What?
"Ferry-boat from Hoboken."

Indeed! I had not seen an account of it.
"Because you don't read the paper I sell," said a sharp-looking boy. "Mine contains the latest and most important news."

Any other arrival?
"Tow-boat just arrived with a calf," replied a hard-featured customer. This was designed as a witty cut at me, but I only replied, Poor fellow, I pity him if he falls into the hands of some butchers. Then followed various witty items of news, each speaker announcing the name of his paper. But, said I, I want the one containing the most important news of to-day.

"I have it," said a good natured boy, "the 'Flying Dutchman,' fifth edition, extra!"

What news in it? I asked.
"The distinguished musician has at length arrived, and makes his first appearance before the Newsboys in the Sun Building, 6th story, to-night," was the witty and instant reply. This raised a general laugh, and I was for a moment at a loss to know what to say; but as the noise subsided, I remarked that arrivals frequently bring important intelligence. Do you wish to hear it? I asked.

"Yes, sir," in full chorus.
Shall I sing it or talk it?
"Sing it," and here I commenced my music lesson.

I chanted, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth," and then said, boys, when your papers contain important news, what do you do as you carry them around?

"Tell it," was the stentorian response.
Right. And now, boys, hear me sing this again. You try it. Well done. Who made heaven and earth?

"The Lord."
He is able to help me. When will I need his help?

"All the time."
But when will I most need it?
"When no body else will help you."

I talked two or three minutes in this way, trying to fill their minds with important truth, but was careful to stop before I tired them. I sung to the tune "The Watcher," one line of "I want to be an angel." They repeated it, and thus I continued through the first verse. They were delighted with the exercise. Boys, said I, did you ever feel as if you had no friend?

"Yes, sir, often."
Did you ever have any one, when you were sad, speak kindly to you?

"Yes, sometimes."
Would you like to have a friend who would always be good to you, and always speak kindly to you?

"Oh! yes, sir."

Would you try to love him and please him?
"Yes sir."
I then sung,

"With fearful eyes I look around:
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet midst the gloom, I heard a sound—
A heavenly whisper, 'Come to me!'"

and continued, Boys, you are often invited to go with others to places that do you no good. The voice of the tempter is often heard saying, "Come to me;" and those that obey that voice fall. Every drunkard, every licentious one, every one in prison, every one that has been on "The Island," (house of reformation,) obeyed the voice of the tempter. But here is one that invites you to come, and those that obey are happy. You have had friends who liked you when you had plenty of money, but when you got into trouble they are not there; but here is One that will never leave nor forsake you. Don't you want such a friend? "Yes, Sir," was the hearty response. Would you like to learn this beautiful verse? "Yes, Sir." They soon sung it pleasantly. I asked them about their homes, and ascertained that most of them had lost one or both parents. Some had lost a brother or a sister. Not one of them but had lost one or more of their family. When I spoke of their loneliness, a number of them wept; my own heart was full; how could I help it? Again I urged them to the voice so kindly whispering, "Come to me." We had occupied about twenty minutes, and I proposed a short recess; it was quiet and pleasant. After a short time I exclaimed, All ready? "Yes, Sir," eagerly responded the boys. Boys I want to form a sort of joint-stock company. You have been selling papers "on your own hook." Each has worked for himself; but we will get on better by pulling together. Each one may own as many shares as he wishes, and draw out in proportion to the deposits. The object is the promotion of each other's welfare. What say you boys? "Agreed." I divested my proposition of obscurity, and urged each one to do what he could to make others happy. Would you like to extend your labors so as to make your homes happy?

"That we would."

But how can you supply the wants of your mother and little sisters and brothers.

"You've got me there," said a little fellow near me, as he wiped the tears with his dirty, ragged shirt sleeve. Poor fellow! his image is in my heart as I write.

You will soon need warm cloths yourselves and how will you get them when Jack Frost gets hold of your faces, or Old Winter blows his cold breath through the holes of your coat?

"Ah! that's the rub; I wish I knew" said one of the larger boys.

How do the bees supply their wants in the winter?

"By working and saving in the summer."

Right my boy. Does the beautiful butterfly have any thing in the winter?

"No, Sir."

Why not?
"Because she don't lay up in the summer."

What do you learn from this?
"To do like the bee and ant."

Here we sung again.

Now, boys, said I, I propose to call this the "Newsboys' Musical Association." I want you to learn to sing for three reasons:

1. The singing of the right kind of songs will make you better.

2. It will make you happier.

3. We will, at some suitable time, invite our friends to witness our progress and hear us sing, and I am sure they will be pleased to contribute liberally to assist you in taking care of your dear mothers and little sisters and brothers.

"Unanimously carried," shouted one fellow as he caught the idea.

Our company was organized without president, secretary, treasurer, constitution or by-laws, (a good model for the organization of a choir. Most of our choir difficulties result from such incubations—election of officers, etc., etc.) We sung the gold-digger's song; "We've formed our band," &c.

By this time the way opened for me to begin more direct musical instruction, so I gave them a single lesson, of about five minutes' duration, on time. This I did by counting before them, and causing them to count, "one," "two," giving the accent to "one," and the falling inflection to "two," yet saying nothing about it; in such a manner as to bring clearly before their minds the idea of the division of time into equal portions, as a principle of tone-measurement. They manifested great interest in this exercise.

Having done this, I introduced another department, by singing a tone at about the pitch of C—"middle C"—repeated it several times and caused them to repeat it. Do you like the tone? I asked. "Yes sir," they replied. We will then adopt it and give it a name. I propose to call its name one. "Agreed!" shouted the class. I then sung it several times to the syllable *la*, and to various sentences, such as "silence," "sit up straight," "open your mouths," "love one another," "obey your parents," &c. I avoid using the syllables *do, re, &c.*, especially at first. Now boys, said I, listen, and when you hear this acquaintance of yours, call him by his name; I gave it to the syllable *la* several times, each time they said "one." I then gave two of the scale. Upon hearing this new tone, they exclaimed: "Put him out! he's a stranger! no

friends in this crowd!" Hold on a minute, boys, said I, this stranger may prove to be a great friend to you yet. Let's approach him respectfully and form his acquaintance, and perhaps you will like him. Treat strangers with respect, for sometimes they are angels. After repeating these words several times, and making a little tune of them, the boys agreed to adopt the stranger, and call him name *revo*. In like manner I introduced four tones of the scale.

Here I ended the lesson, proposing to meet them on next Monday night, and show them a pair of human lungs, and tell them some important and interesting things about the bellows connected with their "music box." I requested them never to be ashamed to speak politely to me in the street; that I was not ashamed to be seen shaking hands with a newsboy who was trying to help himself and his family to obtain an honest living. Boys, said I, if you get sick, send for me. If your heart is sad, come to me, and tell me your sorrows, and I will try to make you happy.

Now boys, I asked, have you spent a pleasant hour?

"Yes sir—very."

"Have you been benefited?"

"Yes sir."

"Boys, did you ever pray?"

"Yes sir, when I lived at home," said one or two.

We have had such a pleasant evening, I replied, that I feel as if I would like to pray before I bid you good night. Will you pray with me, boys?

"Yes, Sir," said they in softened tones.

Please clasp your hands. They obeyed and I repeated the Lord's Prayer which they fervently repeated after me. I thanked them for their kind attention, and bade them a kind "good night."

WM. C. VAN METTER.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wins & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thomas Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

LOST KNOWLEDGE.

At the first glance, we think it a hard and sad condition of our being, that the knowledge obtained by the toilsome efforts of one generation cannot be transmitted, entire, to their children,—that the midnight studies which prematurely furrow the brow of the patient scholar may not be effectual to place his child by the side of himself,—that the wisdom of the wise man, and the discernment of the shrewd man, and the courage of the brave, and the piety of the good cannot always linger undimmed behind them, so that not a single trophy once won by man in the struggle against ignorance and guilt need ever be fought for again. But, not to insist on the vastly augmented strength of those who themselves grapple with difficulties and overcome them, it has been well said that as each new and unformed generation comes into being, God seems to be saying to the human race, Here begin once more, here seize the opportunity to wipe out the stains which have sullied the old world, ere their impress has touched the new, and become fastened upon it. But while we contemplate the utter ignorance of each individual when he first appears upon the earth, we are reminded, with no less distinctness, that each is the possessor of abilities which are capable of such cultivation that the highest knowledge may become both his treasure and delight. And how wonderful the arrangement which renders it certain that within the helpless infant, unlearned as yet in the simplest wisdom, there lie the embryo powers which may, in a few short years, dive into the lowest depths of nature, ascend her loftiest heights, and open to an admiring world her choicest treasures.

Sixty years ago, among the mines of English Cornwall, there lay reclining upon the arm of Grace Millett, his mother, an infant, as helpless, as ignorant, apparently as mindless as any other. How keen must have been the vision of a prophet who could point to that just breathing boy, and whisper in the mother's ears the words of his future historian, that ere his twenty-second year was reached, her child would stand in the metropolis of the civilized world, "glowing with the fervor of a rude native eloquence, and hailed with an enthusiasm of admiration hardly to be imagined now, so that not only men of the highest rank, men of science, men of letters, men of trade, but women of fashion, old and young, should press into the Theatre of the Royal Institution to cover him with applause. Compliments, invitations and presents should be showered upon him in abundance from all quarters; his acquaintance and society be eagerly sought," but a few more years should elapse, all crowded with brilliant achievements in practical science, ere the invention of his safety lamp should unite the generous satisfaction of saving the lives of hundreds among his countrymen with the gratitude and commendation of all England. Yet this, and more, would have been the words of truth to the mother of the infant Humphrey Davy. How like a mockery must it have seemed, could some hand, prophetic of the future, have traced in the days of their infancy, even a faint picture of the unfolded powers of Columbus, or Cromwell, or Luther, yet what would this be but a picture of powers which in a greater or less degree exist in almost every child, to be enlarged and trained to all noble things, or to be obscured and misdirected by education.

Peterson's Magazine for August is received, and as usual comes up to the mark. The latest style of bonnets, as represented in the engraving, appears to be an improvement on the present mode, both in looks and comfort.

Blessed are they that "Know Nothing," for they are innocent. So says Mister Thomas Muddie.

EXAMINATION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.—The examination of the Woburn High School, under the care of Mr. Wm. A. Stone, took place on Tuesday at the Grammar school-house. We do not know that we ever listened to similar exercises with more unalloyed satisfaction. In every department, the pupils evinced a most thorough training, and the greatest readiness. We are somewhat at a loss to know what department, if any, to refer to particularly, when all was so excellent. In mathematics, however, the school seemed to us to excel, the exercises of the classes in Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry, being of a character that would have charmed Colburn, Day, or even Euclid himself. A mental exercise, involving some twenty different operations, was performed with such rapidity that so soon as each question was enunciated the answer was ready. This exercise evinced great power of concentration, as well as great readiness, on the part of the pupils.

In Natural Philosophy and Physiology, we were pleased to see that the pupils had been taught to reason and to understand, and not merely to follow the text-books. This indeed was apparent in all the exercises, and the ability of all the pupils to give clear analysis and a reason, furnished a most gratifying evidence of the faithfulness of most of the teachers and scholars. The exercises in English analysis, and also in Latin constructions, showed that these studies had not been neglected for mathematics, or any other favorite department. The reading of a paper containing the productions of the pupils of the school, was a pleasant feature of the exercises, and gave evidence of thought, beauty of style and good humor.

The school has numbered the past term twenty-eight scholars, and with the exception of two or three absences for sickness, the ratio of attendance has been excellent. The Woburn High School deservedly takes its place among the first schools of the State. We trust that abundantly sustained by the sympathies of the people, it will ever maintain its present scholarship, and even advance to more distinguished excellence.

WOBURN PHALANX.—We learn that this corps are making preparations for the approaching annual muster. A blue fatigue frock, which is being made, is to be added to their uniform. It is a neat and handsome coat, and will add to the excellent appearance of the company. We are happy to learn that the corps is in a flourishing condition. The excellent reputation it has secured for thorough drill and soldierly appearance, is evidence both of the ability of its officers and the interest of its members. We trust this reputation will be sustained. Our citizens' soldiery is at once the pride and the defence of our community.

We have received the August number of Godey's Lady's Book. Among its embellishments "The Village Belle," "Sit Still," and "Life at the Springs," are conspicuous. The reading matter is excellent.

ERRATA.—A few mistakes occurred last week in the article under the Stoneham Department entitled "Law vs. Right," which the learned author wishes to have corrected. This is well enough, but a remark of his in the request for it is correction, reminds us of an old saying, that "people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." He says that if the "devil" had read the "proof" the mistakes would not have occurred. This is quite a complement for our youngest apprentice, but we would defy him "gentleman in black" to read the copy, for such an illegible combination of hieroglyphical fly-tracks never before puzzled a compositor's brain! If the author of the above named article would take a few lessons in penmanship from our South Reading correspondents, there would not be much need of our "devil" turning "proof reader." The word "desires," should read *desires*; "Lamerites" should be *Sanctus*; "Caudino" for *Caudine*; and "inexplicable" for *inapplicable*.

(For the Journal.)

Common School Picnic in Billerica.—The Common Schools in Billerica, under the direction of the School Committee, had a Picnic on the 4th, which proved an occasion of uncommon interest in the Town. All the School Districts responded to the proposal with enthusiasm. At an early hour the Schools, eleven in number, decorated with bays, wreaths, flowers, &c., each having a banner inscribed with an appropriate motto, met under the care of their teachers in the Town Hall. Dr. Mason was chosen President of the occasion. The scriptures were read by Rev. P. Hersey, and prayer was offered by Rev. H. Sears. The procession was then formed under the direction of Gardner Parker, chief marshal, and escorted by the Wilmington Band to the grove west of Joshua Bennett's. Spirited and instructive addresses were delivered by Mr. Grant, the Principal of the Howe School, Dea. Amos Spalding, Rev. Mr. Sears, Dr. Gray, Rev. Mr. Durgin of Wilmington, Rev. Mr. Hersey, Rev. Mr. Stevens, and by Hon. Joseph White of Lowell. Eloquent words were spoken for Liberty, for the use of the Bible in the Common Schools and for the cause of popular Education. The children, three or four hundred in number, and all present, estimated at nearly a thousand persons, then partook of the ample repast which had been provided. After the collation, toasts were given and the sentiments were responded to by various gentlemen. The children deserve much praise for their admirable deportment and the teachers for their successful exertions to promote the comfort and good order of their pupils. All the people expressed great satisfaction in the celebration. S.

Written for the Journal.

I was formerly one of the correspondents of the "Woburn Journal," and in my leisure hours scribbled off some worldly thoughts for many of your readers to reflect upon. The change in the proprietor and name of the Journal, cooled down my desire for writing for the press, because I thought the enlargement of the Journal with its new and venerated name of Middlesex, would place its columns far beyond what I could pen, to be of any interest to its hundreds of new readers, but as I have before said, I am one of those independent beings who have passed through years of public life, almost from the days of our Washington to the present time, seen, and been familiar with the acts and doings of nearly all the prominent men who have figured on the stage of life, have mingled with the thousands of humn beings who daily meet on the busy mart of active scenes in the contending interests of trade, and have lived and moved on the stage and behind the scenes of political comedies and tragedies, and marked all those who have been most boisterous in applauding, when the hat and cap was likely to prevail. Yes sir, in all these daily popular and unpopular calms, and bubbles upon the sea of life, for the last half century, I have been an actor, and often a prompter, and it may be that many of the former readers of the Woburn Journal will be pleased to hear from their independent friend, who speaks as he thinks of men and their actions, taking his ground from actual facts, and making his applications in a courteous manner, but always clothed with truth.

I often think, perhaps I dream, that society at the present day, is made up of strange materials. We are all intent on overreaching each other, either in our anxiety for wealth, or a public station. We quarrel with our neighbor because he may happen to step in our path, and call him bad names, for seeking the same object we are aiming at, and seek to destroy his good name, for acts of which we are practicing every day. When I see a man railing at his brother for trying to ascend the same ladder which he is pushing for, I set him down as the greater knave of the two, and let me ask my readers if they cannot find many such restless spirits at this progressive age, who are daily raking up some imaginary stain against these neighborly characters, to stop their progress, that they may step up, on the next round of that ladder, ahead.

We live in an exciting age. Every day brings to us something new and startling. Those pure principles of our fathers are adulterated with a false ingredient which stimulates our worst passions. It carries us onward without reflection, to gain our ends. The political world is full of fools and mountebanks. They live around us, sustained by polluted public opinion, and it this bubble does not soon burst, we may be carried on its surface into that fatal stream of corruption, which destroys nations as well as men.

JENIUS.

Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, JULY 29.

NO TOBACCO!

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me to send you, for the Journal a little "blast on Tobacco." It must be known to you that a very large proportion of the inhabitants of this town are interested in the weed and rank it, in some shape, among their friends. Perhaps a number equally large of the female part of our population set it down as an unfeminine and most disagreeable intruder upon their cleanly premises. A single walk along our chief street, especially at the charming hour of twilight, when cigars are commonly out to breathe the air—has convinced you, I am sure, that the boys of the community are using their utmost exertions to make good the place of their puffing and chewing progenitors who, after a time will blow or grind themselves off the stage.

Now, Mr. Editor, before I proceed, permit me to hold a little conversation in your private ear. I want to know what your individual opinion on this matter may be. Because, if you should happen to be a personal friend of the article in question—which I cannot believe you are, I am somewhat at a loss I may fail to enlist your sympathies as I wish. Let me take it for granted that we are agreed, and that you go with me in desiring that the Virginia vegetable may no longer usurp dominion among our New England hills.

What I am seeking for is to secure your help, and that of your Journal, in holding up this dingy, odorous, and (I should add) a nervous destroyer to deserved condemnation.

Dr. Mussey, the distinguished scientific Medical Professor, quotes the following queer account of it as found in Canada so long ago as A.D. 1525. "There groweth a certain kind of herbe, whereof in somer they make great provision for all the yere; and first they cause it to be dried in the sunne, then were it about their necks wrapped in a little beaste's skin; then, when they please, they make powder of it and put it in one end of a pipe or cornet, and lying a cole of fire upon it, at the other end sucke so long that they fill their bodies full of smoke, till that it cometh out of their mouth and nostrils, even as out of the funnel of a chimney."

With this bit of antiquity I shall stop to-day, hoping, with your leave, to resume the thread of my discourse at some future time, and, by your help, to persuade some of our sneezing, smoking, ruminating friends to say,—We go for.

NO TOBACCO.

The Middlesex Cattle Show, Ploughing Match, &c., will take place at Concord, on 3d & 4th Oct. Premiums are offered for farms, forest and fruit, vegetables, horses, poultry, bread, butter, spading, needlework, &c., machines and implements.

Stoneham Department.

Edited by REV. WM. C. WATKINS, and J. C. CROOKER, Esq.

SATURDAY, JULY 29.

STONEHAM SCHOOLS.—The present Term of most of these schools closed last week; while the children are beginning to sing with appropriateness and genuine heartiness.

"Ho! ho! vacation days are near!"

and we suppose that some of the teachers, who have become wearied in body and in mind, and whose patience has been sorely tried on various occasions, feel somewhat as did a certain young lady, (who, by the way, excelled in teaching,) "tickled to have night come, tickled to have Saturday night come, and tickled to have the end of the Term come."

We think the Committee have acted wisely in allowing the schools six weeks vacation, for the heat of the weather during the last of July and the first of September, as well as through the month of August, is very unfavorable for much application to study.

More than satisfied have we been with the general appearance of our schools during the past season. With rare exceptions there has been the best of management and instruction on the part of the teachers, and a praiseworthy behavior and progress on the part of the scholars. To friends in neighboring towns, passing through the place, we would cordially say, just give our schools a call, not only the high school for which we cherish so much pride, but the grammar schools and the primary schools, and take particular notice of the beauty of the grammar school rooms, where, by glancing at the fresco work of our artist and the walls and ceiling of the building, the observant pupil can learn much of the Geography of the Heavens. A mistake crept into our colleague's article of last week with reference to the expense incurred here for school-houses 3 years ago. It should have been printed \$17,000.

During the past year we made, (not as a Committee-man, for we do not consent to serve in that capacity, there being so many competent laymen to whom the office more properly belongs,) on our own responsibility we made not less than 150 brief visits into a score of schools in half a dozen different towns, and after looking upon them with an impartial eye, and examining the reports of many others, we are forced to believe that there are few places in our beloved and honored Commonwealth where the excellencies of the school houses, teachers, and superintending committee are superior to ours. And yet there's a great chance for further improvements even here.

DEFAULTERS AND SWINDLERS.—The New York Courier, says, "the shock which the late railroad frauds have excited is the best of all proofs of the elevation of our commercial character;" to our unsophisticated minds we should call them strange proofs, better demonstrating its degradation. In such robberies as these, the punishment is merely nothing, for when a successful swindle of hundreds of thousands and of millions is accomplished, the commercial community and all look upon it "as a grand operation,"—"a coup de etat,"—if we may use the expression,—and the successful operator becomes a real lion, a second Louis Napoleon. Whereas, should a poor clerk, who from real want, takes two dollars and sixpence from the money drawer, the State's prison would be considered the most proper place to reform him of his pilfering habits.

Really there is no condemnation or punishment of the great swindler. "Money buys our law," and the poor and innocent suffer. Such will be the case always, so long as villainy, in high places goes, unpunished, or punished only, as the Courier says, "by the severe condemnation of public opinion."

NATURALNESS.—There is much of that affection which is the very opposite of naturalness in our day. There's a great deal of mask-wearing and trumpet-blowing in these modern times. Individuals, not a few never leave to their own nature its freedom, but assume airs foreign to themselves, for effect. And the "effect" usually resulting is just this,—to belittle their own minds and disgust the minds of others.

These men and women remind us of the kings and queens in some of our childhood's picture books, who go to bed with their crowns on; and who would prefer to lay aside the nature God gave them, than that hollow artificial and spurious dignity wherewith they've become clothed.

Pops and dandies, those "butterflies of fashion" who swarm in our large cities, and find their way into many of our country villages, ought not to be countenanced. For a person's true dignity consists not in the raiment worn about the body, nor in any outward appearance, but in the inward adornments of a "meek and quiet spirit" which are "above all price."

Friend reader, be persuaded to lay aside all borrowed manners, and all aping of others, and act out yourself, ever remembering the homely old maxim, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom."

OUR JOURNEY THROUGH EUROPE.—Having just completed the perusal of Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," we feel more than ever before as though we had been travelling and visiting in some of the most interesting parts of the Old World, and that too without the expense or danger of a sea-voyage. The sketches of the gifted author are so vivid and life-like that the reader imagines himself keeping her company, while some of them are touchingly and exquisitely beautiful. Let those among us who do not choose to purchase this new work in two volumes, secure a week's loan thereof by applying to Whittier's Library.

SINGULAR PRESCRIPTION FOR THE CHOLERA.

In looking into a recent number of that Roman Catholic paper, the Boston Pilot, we find in the editorial column the following as one of the preventatives of the Cholera: "A clear conscience obtained through the operation of the tribunal of confession is an admirable safeguard." Now we should think a person's conscience would trouble him more after confessing to a priest, than before. And if the foregoing curious recipe is what it purports to be, how happens it that more of the Irish Catholics fall victims to the cholera than any other class of people? Who can help exclaiming, alas for the superstitions of the 19th century, in our own enlightened New England!

A NEW TRADE IN OUR MIDST.—In this town where Leather abounds, where currier, tannery, morocco, patent leather, and shoe-making establishments are not wanting, we are glad to perceive at last a Harness-maker's sign. You who are able to keep horses, and wish them to look well in your carriage, please call upon H. Harriman, next door to Mr. Richardson, Druggist.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, JULY 29.

MR. EDITOR.—The pupils of the South Reading High School, desirous of giving their teacher, F. A. Sawyer, Esq., a testimonial of their regard, obtained a beautiful silver goblet, and an elegantly bound copy of Shakespeare and Holmes, which were presented to him at the close of the exercises of the exhibition of the school, on Friday last. The little rogues—notwithstanding a full moiety of them are girls—had succeeded in keeping it a profound secret, so far as the teacher was concerned, up to the time of presentation, which only served to render his surprise the more agreeable.

The chairman of the School Committee, to whom the duty was assigned of making the presentation, accompanied the act with the following remarks.

MR. SAWYER: Sir,—A duty has been imposed on me, which I could wish had been allotted to some one who would have discharged it in a more satisfactory manner. I have been requested by past and present pupils of the school under your charge, to present to you, in their name, the beautiful goblet which I now hold, with the accompanying volumes of Shakespeare and Holmes. It is perhaps, unnecessary that the presentation should be accompanied with any remarks of mine. Sir, she goblet itself speaks. The literal interpretation of its language may be seen upon its surface. But, Sir, its broader and truer significance is more deeply and permanently engraven upon the hearts of those who have done themselves the justice to acknowledge a higher claim than that of a mere pecuniary reward. The inscription, Sir, commences thus:—"A Tribute of Gratitude." Webster defines gratitude to be "an emotion of the heart, excited by a favor or benefit received; a sentiment of kindness or good will toward a benefactor; thankfulness. Gratitude is an agreeable emotion, consisting in, or accompanied with good-will to a benefactor, and a disposition to make a suitable return of benefits or services; or, when no return can be made with a desire to see the benefactor prosperous and happy. Gratitude is a virtue of the highest excellence, as it implies a feeling and generous heart, and a proper sense of duty."

This, Sir, is the gratitude they feel towards you; gratitude for the faithful discharge of duties involve in the relation you have sustained towards them as their teacher. By these tokens they would signify that they understand more than the mere grammatical analysis of the sentence, found, I believe, in one of your text books, that "Doing well has something more in it than the fulfilling of a duty." They understand, Sir, that the pecuniary consideration for services rendered, does not cancel their obligations to an earnest and faithful teacher; and they wish you to accept these presents as an earnest of the interest they will ever feel in your prosperity and happiness.

This, Sir, let me assure you, is not an empty compliment. It is filled to the brim with grateful emotions, and ardent desires for your well being. Long may our youth enjoy the services of such a teacher, and long, Sir, may you have such scholars as they have shown themselves in their exercises to-day, and more than all, in this act of generous remembrance towards a true benefactor.

These remarks were responded to by Mr. Sawyer, in substance as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, and my PUPILS:—While I certainly have no reason to be surprised at testimonials of regard from the pupils of this school, past or present, while I have too long been familiar with, and made happy by the kindly greetings, the considerate action, and the every-day courtesies which have marked your conduct toward me as your teacher, to expect aught from you but kindness. I must say, nevertheless, that I am quite overcome with surprise and gratitude, at this particular manifestation of your esteem and affection. It comes upon me so unexpectedly, and touches my heart so closely, that my powers of expressing, in any tolerable manner what I feel, are gone.

I am gratified; I feel proud to have received at the hands of those who know me so well, such tokens of their kindness. Yet, though they are in themselves beautiful, though they may well be prized by any one on account of their own elegance and value, though the rare excellence of their design and workmanship would give pleasure to the eye which saw only these, though in their selection a fine artistic and literary taste has been exhibited, their chief value in my eyes will

be that they speak to my heart of the kindly feelings which I have been fortunate enough to have excited in yours; that they tell me that my efforts to do my duty in my relations to you have been appreciated at quite their full value by your generous natures; that they speak to me of mutual trials, struggles, and pleasures; trials through which we have passed, it is to be hoped, with common advantage; struggles, by which we have all grown stronger; pleasures which will ever be remembered as among the sweetest of my life.

I feel this tribute the more sensibly, prize it the more highly, because I am well aware that I possess peculiarities of temperament and constitution sometimes tending to disturb the harmony of the relation between us. Yet I would have you believe, as I think I am not deceiving myself in believing, that I have at heart the earnest desire to do well and kindly by you, one and all; and that when I have failed in doing so, it has not been from the want of an honest and faithful purpose, but of that perfect self-discipline which is man's highest boast to have attained, and which, constantly, perseveringly, with life-long effort, should be sought. Believe me, my pupils, I shall cherish these tokens of your affection, not because they would flatter me that I have succeeded in doing my whole duty to you, for I can entertain no such thought; but because they assure me that you think I have endeavored to do my duty.

To you, Sir, I may be permitted to say, that if anything can increase the pleasurable emotions of this occasion, it is the circumstance that the donors of the valuable presents have made their representative one to whom I am indebted for so many personal favors. The kind manner in which you have been pleased to speak, merits, as it receives, my warmest gratitude. Not only to you, but to your past and present colleagues of the School Committee, I am under obligations for frequent favors, in your public and private capacity. I thank you, and hope long to deserve the favor which I have received at your hands.

I fear I have expressed myself but poorly. I must crave your indulgence on the ground of the unexpected nature of the call and the character of my emotions.

(For the Journal.)

Greenwood is a village in South Reading, eight miles from Boston, and one mile and a half from the centre of the town, on the line of the Boston and Me. R.R. It is the most elevated portion of level land between South Reading and Boston, and is many feet higher than the Common in the centre, as may be seen by the track which descends rapidly in both directions from the depot in Greenwood. The population of the place is rising, or two hundred persons in proportion to which no part of the town is more industrious, temperate and enterprising. The air is healthful, most of the soil excellent; and the mountains and valleys, and the beautiful pond with its twin islands, render the scenery varied and delightful.

There are six depots within two miles of Greenwood, and there is soon to be another. As an evidence of the activity of the place it may be stated that the number of passengers that entered and left the cars at Greenwood, during the month of May, was fifteen hundred and forty.

Greenwood Seminary, under the care of W. B. Wait and lady, is within three minutes walk of the depot, and is in a highly prosperous condition. The building which has accommodations for fifty pupils, is nearly filled—a fact which speaks well for the accomplished principals of the institution. All the branches of a thorough English and Classical education are there taught. The district school in the village is prosperous, and contains more than fifty pupils.

There is no church in the village, but Rev. brothers Emerson, Phillips and Hull, of So. Reading, and Whitcomb, of Stoneham, have often preached in the spacious school room, and a church may ere long be erected.

Agriculture and manufactures form the chief employment of the people. Perhaps the principal business is shoemaking, and there are several manufactories that do a large and profitable business. The most important firm is that of Walton & Eaton, who employ fifty workmen on ladies and children's shoes. The same gentlemen also keep a Grocery, not inferior to the best in the town, which is well patronized. Several tasteful and convenient edifices have recently been erected, and several others are soon to be built. Success to Greenwood.

P. H. S.

Greenwood, South Reading July 18, 1854.

There appears to be one disadvantage in connecting the prudential affairs of the District with those of the general committee, that is to say, in packing the duties of the local school agent upon the shoulders of the superintending committee. This was obvious at the examination of the High School, last Friday, where no one in particular was master of ceremonies, outside the exercises of the school. We have usually had some one to procure seats and arrange them for visitors—to see that strangers, parents and neighbors are suitably accommodated, and generally, "to do the honors" at the door. On a very warm day, with fifty pupils, and twice that number of visitors, the teacher ought to be excused from spending a majority of the first half or three quarters of an hour of school in acting the part of a porter, or having his mind otherwise distracted by constant arrivals, to station themselves in the aisles, or at the doors, not able to gain admittance. Perhaps the objection may be obviated under the present system, if so we hope it will be. M.

Massachusetts makes every year very nearly two pairs of shoes for every man, woman and child, in the United States.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 5 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

We are glad to learn that upon examining the public schools in town the committee express themselves much gratified with the improvement which has generally been made. In regard to the Grammar schools some of which we have visited, in all a decided advance has been made, particularly in that which is of ten-fold more value than mere accumulation of knowledge—that is *thoroughness* which is the foundation of all mental discipline.

The North Woburn Grammar School may be called almost a model in this respect. We have spoken of this school before; and the committee and others have so often expressed this opinion that we need add nothing in regard to it. The East Woburn Grammar School also deserves much credit. Should the present Prudential Committee and the people continue to sustain as they have done the town committee and the teachers they cannot fail to place their school in a proud position. The mixed schools have also made great improvement.

The examination of the Grammar School in Dis. No. 1, must we think have been satisfactory to all present. The order was perfect and the manner of the recitations showed great promise for the future. The teachers have labored incessantly for the welfare of the scholars. The Principal has given to the class preparing for the High School, immediately under his care, many extra hours of labor which we are glad to say they have appreciated, as the beautiful and appropriate present they made him fully shows. But we will let them speak for themselves. The following is a copy of the letter signed by the members of the class accompanying the present—a beautiful writing desk—presented by the hands of Marah E. Flinders. We copy from memory.

Woburn July 21 1854.

"Mr. JAMESON:—Will you please to accept this writing desk as a token of respect and affection from those of your pupils for whom you have so kindly and faithfully labored during the past term to prepare for the High School."

Mr. Jameson in reply addressed the class and school in substance as follows:—

My dear pupils, this act of kindness takes me so entirely by surprise that I am at a loss for words wherewith to express my thanks.

I am surprised not only that you have given me this beautiful present, but that there should have existed in your hearts a feeling of affection towards me that should have prompted this act. Your respect I was conscious that I had obtained, but having felt obliged to be somewhat severe and strict I had not calculated on so soon winning my affection. I accept this evidence of your appreciation of my services with feelings of deep gratitude. I needed it not for I felt that a souvenir, you have amply repaid me for all the labor whether in or out of school hours, by the diligence with which you have pursued your studies and the alacrity with which you have performed what has been requested of you. I trust you will attain the object of your wishes, admission to the High School. I shall be very sorry to miss your pleasant face from this school-room but if you are, in the judgment of the committee, prepared to enter that school it will be for the best that you should go. If any of you return to my care I can only say that I shall be happy to receive you, and shall as heretofore labor for you in season and out of season. Again thanking you I will conclude these desultory remarks by invoking the best of Heaven's blessings upon you all my dear pupils.

Mr. Daniel Fely, a young man about twenty years of age and who had been in the country only a few months, was drowned by getting beyond his depth, while bathing on the west shore of Horn Pond, last Sunday morning. There were four others with him, who made great exertions to save him; and his body was not recovered until he was exsanguinated. This sad accident should lead all to ponder "why is it, a majority of such fatal casualties occur on the Sabbath day?"

Don't forget the Tea Party mentioned in another column, that is to be given by the ladies of the First Congregational Society in the grove near the residence of Capt. Josiah Richardson, next Thursday afternoon, for the purpose of raising funds to help support a colporteur at the West. Preparations are being made for a good time, and there will be attractions, we hope, for all our readers. As this cause is a worthy one, we hope our friends will be there with plenty of the needful, and the ladies will see that they are attended to.

The Christian Pictorial Magazine, for August comes to hand containing a splendid view of the "Plains of Waterloo," on steel, and reading articles well worth perusal.

LADIES' WEALTH.—The present number of this valuable magazine, fully sustains its well earned reputation. "Rebecca at the Well," is worth the price of the book, and "My first patient," is very interesting.

After a long and patient hearing in the case of Thomas Casey, the Natick Murderer, the Governor and Council have unanimously determined that the law must take its course, and have fixed upon Friday, Sept. 29th, as the day of his execution, at the Jail Yard at East Cambridge.

Gleason's Pictorial contains many fine illustrations and much interesting reading matter. "The Two Students," "Notes of Foreign Travel," and others will well repay the reader.

Rev. Mr. Edwards' Fast Day Sermon just issued from this office, is now for sale at the Bookstore.

SHAMEFUL.—There is a poor debtor in the jail at Cambridge, who has been confined there since the third of April last, from an inability to pay a claim of \$23 made against him by a lawyer named Cutler, of Boston. The debtor has a wife and four children, who are in destitute circumstances, and suffering for the bare necessities of life. Cutler has repeatedly been offered a part of his claim, but he obstinately refuses to release his victim until the last cent is paid. Such a course of conduct is a disgrace to an enlightened age, and the law that suffered it was a blot upon our statute book. During the last session of the Legislature it was so far amended as to make the payment of fees chargeable to the county, where the debtor was too poor to pay the same, thus removing one objectionable feature in the statute, and depriving unprincipled pettifoggers of the power to tyrannize as they once did. Unfortunately it did not become a law soon enough to avail the poor man above referred to. Such acts of meanness should brand their author with public contempt.

NEGATIVE SLAVE LAW.—Mr. Elliot, of Mass., asked leave, in the House, on Friday, to introduce a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and said he wished to make a statement. Objections were made and he was clamored down by cries of "order," "order." He then moved for a suspension of the rules, but this motion was negatived by a vote of 45 to 120. The telegraph reports, that Mr. Elliot brought forward his bill, without any previous concert or consultation with other members of the House, and that was the reason of the small vote which he obtained.

PRINTERS' JUBILEE.—There is to be a great time among the printers of Middlesex and Essex counties, next Wednesday, Aug. 9th. The types of these counties, generally and collectively are invited to attend, with their wives and sweethearts, and thus by a social interchange of thought and feeling, banish dull care from their minds, and get enough fresh air and exercise to last them through the season. The Jubilee is to be held on Lowell Island, near Salem, and they will be accompanied by Marble's Cornet Band.

An alarm of fire was given on Wednesday last, caused by the burning of some brush in West Reading.

We are indebted to Hon. N. P. Banks Jr. for a copy of his speech on the employment of army officers in national armories.

This is the season for huckleberries, and judging from the stained lips and teeth of our citizens we are inclined to think that berries are plenty in this vicinity.

President Pierce's great-grandfather's grandfather lived in Woburn, and President Fillmore's ancestor about as far back, lived in Ipswich.

On Tuesday last, a lady in Barnstable gave birth to three infants—two boys and a girl—the whole weighing twenty and one-half pounds.

It is mentioned as a curious fact that a farmer in Connecticut, who recently took up a fence after it had been standing fourteen years, found all of those posts solid which had been inverted from the way in which they originally grew, while all those which had been set as they grew were rotted off at the bottom. Heads down, therefore, seems a specific against decay.

The cholera is manifesting its presence in all parts of the country. There is scarcely a city or large town in which it fails to find victims—principally among the population of foreign birth. The slaves on some of the southern plantations have also suffered very severely.

The Senate is nearly ready to close up coolly, and the House is hurrying up the business to avoid confusion during the last day. Doubt is felt in regard to the appropriation asked for by the President and well informed persons think the proposition will fail.

The emigration at the port of New York continues very large, there having arrived during the present month, up to Friday afternoon, 34,691 alien passengers, or upwards of one thousand a day, on an average. These arrivals have been principally by transient vessels. The regular Liverpool emigrant ships are now on their way, in large numbers, so that it is expected the arrivals of emigrants this month will be very numerous.

John N. Brady has disposed of his interest in the Boston Daily Mail to Wm. V. Spencer, who has secured the services of Mr. Purdy, one of the original proprietors, as editor.

Mr. William Mason, the pianist, son of Lowell Mason, Esq., who has passed the last five years in Germany, with the most eminent masters of the piano, has arrived home.

Saratoga is not as full this season as it was last year, owing undoubtedly to the pressure in the money matters. A successful season at the Springs occurs only when the bank's discount freely.

A MODEL SUBSCRIBER.—Some one has sent the editor of the Vineyard Gazette, a ten dollar gold piece, to pay for the paper five years in advance.

Why a thief should never steal Candies—Because they will surely come to light.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

[For the Journal.]

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

In our last article we endeavored to show what Roman Catholicism was, from a brief view of a few of its leading features; and we believe all are ready to concede, that, as a religion, it is entirely at variance with the spirit and freedom of our own republic institutions. Reader, for a moment just suppose yourself upon the top of some high eminence, from the summit of which you can look forth upon this fair land we call our own—as far as the eye can reach you behold nesting among the hills or scattered among the vales, the beautiful and quiet villages, of the land of the free—here and there are seen the tall spires of the churches glittering in the evening sunlight; how beautiful; a promise of rest; a token of security and hope. As he casts his eyes around and over this fair scene, how agreeably as well as gratefully he is affected; how pleasant the thought to him, an American citizen, within the pale of his own domestic ties and home associations, that here he can sit beneath the roof his own industry has reared, and worship the God he adores, untrammelled by any creed, or fear from domination from without; that he is in fact one of the sovereign people of a free and independent government.

Here, too, come visions of our early days, familiar as our own homes, the old brick school house, amid the old chestnuts, or the old wooden fabric, venerable with age, within whose, to us (almost revered), precincts we first gained our knowledge of American history, or advanced to the more stirring events of the Revolutionary struggle. Reader, if you are an American citizen, does not your heart beat with a quickening pulsation, as you recall once again these exercises of your boyhood? I can answer for you, if you are a citizen of "old Middlesex." You feel that you live within sight of Bunker Hill; Lexington, Concord and West Cambridge, are to your memory ever dear—and by those soul-stirring memories I would once more urge you on to duty—to a calm, dispassioned view of the land you love—the country which gave you birth—amid the purifying influences of her institutions, civil and religious; were first conveyed to your youthful mind those great lessons of American patriotism and privations, felt and endured by the early fathers of the Revolution!—Here, too, it would be well for the sons of patriot sires, to learn that the holy scriptures, the bible, was the daily companion of those very men whose names you now hear and whose descendants you are; they there venerated the written words as all important as necessary to the safety and security of the country, as an "armor of steel," for the latter, in the quaint language of an old soldier, "only protected the body while the former was a bulwark to the soul." In those days, days of peril, "hours of blood," the good old fashioned custom of having the bible read in all the schools, every day was indispensable; then our forefathers would as soon have thought of fighting by proxy, as having the bible read by proxy for their children. This reading the bible by proxy is entirely a new innovation, though not at all surprising in this nineteenth century. Were we a believer in Spiritualism we should almost expect the reanimated forms of our departed forefathers to walk forth before us, at so great, so deplorable a departure from the ways of truth and right.

Can you not stand up, American citizens, before the enemies of your loved bible, and say to them in a voice not to be mistaken, "Lay not unhalloved hands upon the word of the Eternal One; remove not from its hallowed resting place the hope of all future generations, leave unto us the Bible." If you cannot do all this, eye even more, then are ye recant indeed. But no! that such a state of things can ever prevail, I will not believe. Let the true American then be true to the trust committed to him, by the great and good who so nobly died in defence of this beloved country, this land of Liberty and of Bibles. Catholicism and Republicanism cannot thrive together; yet we have in our midst men who call themselves friendly to the American interests, who, to their shame be it spoken, for a "mess of pottage," or an office worth a few thousand dollars, would stand quietly with folded hands and see their dearest rights battered away, without so much as saying, "why do ye so with my fathers' heritage."

Pope's has always exerted a damning influence on all that was fair or lovely—for it always was a plant of base origin—and was always opposed to liberty in every sense of the word, liberty of thought, speech and action, are mere trifles before the march of this Iron Despotism, this curse of liberty takes the life of the innocent without mercy, while it confiscates the wealth of the unoffending citizen, whose only crime is, he is rich in gold and jewels, and the "most holy Catholic church" are in want of "sacred treasures to convert the world with."

Now this may seem to some of my readers to be a startling doctrine to put forth, a most strange homily to read in the nineteenth century, and that to Americans. Let me tell you that severe cases require severe remedies. If you will carefully peruse Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical History and the History of the Inquisition of God, you will not charge me with having overdrawn the picture. We expect to hear the cry of intolerance, of bigotry, cowardice, &c., of false sympathy for Popery, from false friends of the *true American idea*, but what of that? When we commenced this series of papers, we expected to wake up somebody; and if we can only cause a true

It was not an uncommon occurrence to remove, by the means of poison, the dagger or confinement for life in the dungeons of the Inquisition, those unfortunately possessed of too much wealth, in the eye of the most revered Inquisitors.

awakening to a subject of such vital importance, as the protection of American interests, are we willing to meet the all the *apophrysm*, come from whatever quarter it may, we are enlisted for the campaign, and while we are determined to "put none but Americans on guard," we repel the insinuation of Intolerance, as a false and unjust imputation so far as we are concerned. By defending our own beloved country from the wiles of the church of Rome, are we intolerant. By pleading for the sacredness of our time—hallowed—religious customs—by a true and noble veneration of the word of God. By a desire that our children should drink as deeply from its pure fount of eternal truth as from the statute books of our constitutional liberties—are we intolerant? By saying to him who wears the triple crown, your power shall never be exercised upon this continent; nor shall your emissaries, control the destinies of this glorious union—is this intolerance? Let His Eminence send over to this country any other class than Papists, and our acts might, with some show of argument, be called intolerant; but until then the assertion is *false*. The true American organization tolerates not the papal assumption of right to exercise the elective franchise, whenever opportunity offers, and forever puts its veto upon election to office of foreign population, especially of the Irish extraction. The American idea is opposed to all foreign dictation, or Papal intermeddling with the politics of the country.

If our readers will examine the political history of the two great parties for the last fifteen years, they will find that the Roman Catholic vote has always been given where it could further and most advance the interests of the Church of Rome.

W.

It is stated that the Irish Military number, throughout the United States, up to the present time, 50,000 armed and well disciplined troops. Capts. Oliver Byrne and George Dowling have been actively engaged in organizing the Irish adopted citizens for several months past. The design is to arm and equip no less than 100,000 men within a given period.

We clip the above from the N. Y. Sun, and this paper we consider as pretty good authority upon matters of general interest and intelligence. Were any lengthy comments necessary, we might ask why are these military companies organized? To support and sustain the laws of Republican America, are they formed to uphold and sustain the Protestant religion? If so, a great error exists in the very manner of their organization; they are an illegal association, formed to sustain legal enactments and laws—a most absurd position for them to occupy. We merely call the public attention to this fact; we shall take up the matter at some length before long. Let them be disbanded. The objects for which they were founded are not known; they belong to no regular military organization holding a regular charter from government, and therefore are illegal.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—We have received during the past week several letters of approval, highly complimentary of our articles in the Winchester Department, and expressing a desire to have the paper circulated more extensively in Middlesex county. Gentlemen, we thank you for your good wishes; do what you can to give our Journal a good circulation, and we assure you that we will endeavor to wake up the citizens in old Middlesex to a true sense of the true American Idea.—Ed. WIN. DEPT.

The Town Clock is put up, and is now in running and striking order, and has thus far kept pretty accurate time. From its conspicuous position, it can be seen by nearly all the village, and is not only an ornament to the church, but a very useful and almost indispensable article to the town. We hope the generous donor will never regret his praiseworthy act.

Stoneham Department.

Edited by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, and J. C. Crooker, Esq.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

TWO DAYS' EXPERIENCES.

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 25 and 26, are to us memorable days; and a few allusions thereto in the Journal, may not be unacceptable to our readers. On Tuesday we attended, at Reading, the Woburn Association, which meets once in two months. The exercises were much as usual, with the exception of one new feature, which we thought happily conceived and happily carried out, viz: impromptu speeches around the dinner table, in response to sentiments read by the Moderator. The plan originated with Rev. Mr. Whiting, who is ever fruitful in new devices for increasing the interest of our Associational meetings, and in a few words he explained the object and benefits of such an exercise. In addition to an extemporaneous address from Dr. Edward Beecher, of Boston, chiefly on the slavery question, the sentiment, "The Primitive Church," was responded to by Rev. Mr. Stearns; the sentiment, "The Churches East & West," was responded to by Rev. Wm. H. Beecher; the sentiment, "Western Congregationalism," was responded to by Rev. Mr. Wakefield of Ohio; the sentiment, "Marine view of Scripture," was responded to by Rev. Mr. Jones; the sentiment, "Mass. General Association, 1854," was responded to by Rev. Mr. Dole; the sentiment, "Minister's sons," was responded to by Rev. Mr. Hull; and the sentiment, "The Prime Contributor to the Middlesex Journal," was responded to by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb. In the P. M., the ablest and most interesting public discourse we ever heard before this body, was delivered by the North Woburn clergymen, on the "Mysteries of Sin." In referring to the mysteriousness of its "origin" he showed the doctrine of pre-existence, as advocated in the "conflict of

ages," to be altogether unsatisfactory. Unexpectedly and providentially the author of that powerfully written book was present to learn what might be said by one of our deepest thinkers in reply to his faithful theories.

On Wednesday, after a 8 miles walk, we found ourselves in company with collegiates and others, in an atmosphere peculiarly literary, at "Cambridge Commencement," and had the pleasure of listening to between 30 or 40 orations from the graduating class, if pleasure it could be called, when compelled to stand most of the time for 4 hours in a densely crowded house. The audience was rather larger than we've noticed it before, the music a little better, and many of the speeches very fine, tho' in nearly all of them there was enough of ultra-conservatism, and ultra-historicalness, (if we may be allowed the coinage of a new word) to suit those moderate gentlemen of the "old school" who are satisfied with the ancient, who have no sympathy with modern innovations, and who are forever complaining of agitation and reform. Many of the students looked strikingly youthful, and we wish they were encouraged to grope less in the dark ages of the past, and to aim more at moral as well as intellectual progress in the future. Safford, the famous Vermont Mathematician, was the 24th speaker. Subject: "Division of Labor in Intellectual Pursuits." 'Twas worth a journey to old Harvard to see and hear that wonderful boy, if boy he may still be styled. He is a prodigy in Mathematics, but perhaps will not excel in other respects. The 30th Speaker, a young man by the name of Kendall, delivered a beautiful Poem on "The Course of the Stream." Charles Russell Lowell, son of our favorite anti-slavery poet, gave the valedictory, which was full of sparkling gems of thought on "The Reverence due from Old Men to Young." At the close of these exercises we repaired to a large Hall, and sat down with about 700 to a rich and sumptuous dinner—a dinner which we feared might give rise to new cases of Cholera. Connected with Harvard University, is the largest library in our land, containing at the present time nearly 100,000 volumes. Since its incorporation in 1638, about 10,000 names have been entered on the catalogues of this Institution, an Institution originally founded by the Orthodox, but which has since, like many of the meeting houses in our commonwealth, passed into Unitarian hands, and is now under Unitarian influence. We hope to live to see the day when it will not be a sectarian college, but the common property of the State, equally under the control of all denominations. In the senior class for the past year, there have been 89 students, in the junior 81, in the sophomore 94, in the freshman 63. Besides these there have been 24 students of Divinity, 145 of Law, 84 Scientific, 118 Medical, and 9 Resident Graduates. In all 669. Applications for the next class 99, a larger number than have ever applied at one time before.

IMPROVEMENTS ON MAIN STREET.—To say nothing of other streets in our village, where important alterations are going on, there have been marked improvements of late on the principal street, worthy of special notice. It was a "great mistake" on the part of the "fathers of the town," the first settlers here, and indeed of some modern ones, to place their buildings so near the road. The evils growing out of such close proximity to passers by, cannot all be remedied, but we are glad to perceive many changes for the better. To remodel and beautify an old house is next to building a new one. The adornment of an extra coat of paint (of the right color) will often greatly improve the looks of a whole neighborhood. Outside appearances are not the main things to be thought of, even on Main Street, nevertheless we ought to have some regard thereto; and frequently an enterprising and public-spirited man, by moving or altering the house he lives in, the shop he works in; or the store he trades in; or who puts up a handsome fence, and finds employment for the painter, not only consults his own personal interests, but promotes the general happiness, and proves the benefactor of many.

BEWARE.—According to the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as found in the Revised Statutes, sec. 20, chap. 130 "If any person shall willfully destroy, mutilate, deface, injure or remove any tomb, monument, grave, or one or other structure, or thing, placed or designed for a memorial of the dead, or any fence, railing, curb or other thing intended for the protection or for the ornament of any tomb, monument, grave-stone, or other structure before mentioned, or any enclosure for the burial of the dead, or shall willfully destroy, mutilate, remove, cut, break or injure any tree, shrub or plant, placed or being within any such enclosure, the person so offending shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$500, nor less than \$10 or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than one year."

The Committee of the Stoneham Cemetery, Geo. W. Dyke, B. F. Richardson, Ira Gerry, Edw. Buckman, and Amasa Farrier, having reason to believe that the foregoing law has recently been violated in this place, have had notices printed and circulated offering a reward for evidence which shall lead to the arrest and conviction of any person thus offending. Now beware, ye guilty ones!

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.—Rev. Dr. Scott of New Orleans has written a work on "Daniel a model for young men," in which he advocates the following excellent principles that if carried out would lead to a righteous disobedience of the unrighteous Fugitive Slave Law. "It is sometimes said that Daniel did wrong in disobeying a law which had been passed by the highest legislative power in the country. But the will of God is above all and above all civil enactments. As all the authority which man possesses over man is de-

rived from God, so that authority is limited by the Divine Law, therefore the laws of men only bind when they are not inconsistent with the law of God. The moment any decrees of men require what God has forbidden, or forbid what God has commanded, they cease to be binding on the conscience and in such cases it is our solemn duty to protest against them, and destroy them. The edict of Darius was tyrannical, and opposed to the plainest commands of God. It would have therefore been sinful in Daniel to obey it."

It is cheering to find such "Higher Law" and Biblical sentiments coming from the South, to counterbalance the unchristian sentiments of some at the North who say that every law must be obeyed till repealed, that if the majority require a sinful act it must be performed. It is because the Fugitive Slave Law is so obnoxious and wicked that good men cannot conscientiously obey it that we have hope of its ultimate repeal; and we would no sooner obey it than we would commit any other sin against God and man.

PIANO MUSIC.—A few years ago there were only two or three Pianos in our town, now there are probably a score or more. We have been privileged to hear recently the music of not less than 18, some 8 or 10 of which have been brought into the place within a year, an expense of about \$2000. Indeed almost every family of adequate means and musical talent is now securing one, thereby rendering the pleasures of home increasingly attractive. In this "we rejoice, yea and will rejoice." For music is certainly one of the strengtheners of domestic ties and sweeteners of domestic bliss. One of our music-teachers, Oliver Green, has been giving lessons the past season, to eleven different persons among us, most of them young girls from 9 to 15 years of age; and we understand he is likely to have a still larger number under his tuition during the Autumn and Winter. Now God be thanked for melody, both instrumental and vocal!

"The claims of sweet music no pencil can paint, She calms the rude savage, soothes the saint, Makes brighter our pleasures, hark ye joyous joy, In raptures we feel, yet those raptures ne'er die!"

To those generous friends who have kept our family so bountifully supplied with berries of late, we would take this method of returning our most grateful acknowledgments.

HIGH SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS.—On the two last Saturdays we were permitted to listen to the excellent reading of "excellent compositions" in our High School room. Among the subjects written upon were Home, Order, Fashion, Blueberrying, Patience, Visiting, Traveling, Life, Kind Words, and Close of School. Some of these compositions, if published, would grace the columns of the Journal, comparing well with those interesting ones from South Reading, and some of these youthful scholars, who already "hold the pen of a ready writer," will be future contributors to the press, and prove rich blessings to the world in their day and generation. We thank Mr. Whitmore for devoting so much attention to his pupils for their instruction in composition writing. There has been of late a marked and wonderful improvement in this department of education. And we must say that in our humble opinion, we have now a model school and a model teacher.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

NOBLE ACTION.

One may act nobly in a great variety of ways. It was a noble exclamation of a noble youth when about to perform a dangerous duty, "I fear God and I have no other fear." In what a sublime position such a sentiment places a person, such an one need never be ashamed to "define his position." One who has courage to perform his honest conviction of duty, let others laugh or frown, censure or deride. But ah me! this magnanimity how rare! O that I could inspire the youth of this land to noble action. What shall save our favored country from the various enemies which threaten its division and ruin? A Phalanx of the young men and young women, planted on the "fair mount" of uprightness, resolved in the fear of God to say the truth and discharge their duty, come what may. Who, to every temptation to evil oppose the equally noble and confounding reply of young Joseph, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Here is a single eye looking upward that fills the whole body with light. Truth is great, I was going to say almighty, and must prevail. Fear not to be seen on the side of truth. Never provoke opposition unnecessarily, but never compromise principle.

How severe was the remark on a political writer—"I have long known Mr. H. he is a man of principles yes, he has seven principles—five loaves and two fishes." What do offices principally want? Men of principle. Who principally want offices? Men of no principle. Every person, however obscure his sphere who habitually acts from righteous principle, is exerting an important influence on the destinies of his country. "Who does the best his circumstance admits, does well, acts nobly—angels could no more."

WRITING.—What a high eulogy was that of Dr. Johnson on Dr. Watts, "a man who never wrote but to do good." If this were the pole-star of all our writers, what an immense change would be immediately effected in the world of letters; a change no less grand than salutary. It has been wittily said, "If all authors that cannot put fire into their works, would put their works into the fire it would be an admirable conflagration." And if all authors who will not write to do good

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPIE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

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WOBURN, MASS., AUGUST 12, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 44.

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The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with NEW AND SUPERIOR TYPE, and the PROPRIETOR is PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF **JOB WORK**, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

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BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

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Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Mansfield & Co.
South Reading, April 29th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad St., 2d door from Main St.,
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of

Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Equally baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 2 Wade's Buildings,
Woburn.

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARD WARE
Paper Hanging, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings,
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Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

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KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINARY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Drapery Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wreath Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
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WOBURN AND
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EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
10 Court Square, Boston.
R.R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OILS and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 1854.

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LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to.
April 30.

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PUPPERS in want of superior Instruments can obtain them of the Subscriber at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854—11

BUSINESS CARDS.

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DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders taken fully received and punctually attended to.
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Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
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Suitable for
UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
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West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT)
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
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J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

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No. 36 DICKES SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
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JAN 21

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—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
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Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18

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April 8, 1854—11

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Orders from abroad promptly attended to. May 6 1854

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS
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(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
F. F. Libby, J. S. R. Libby
BOSTON.

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Importers and Dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS and DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPAL VARNISH,
No. 41 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention.
Jan 7—1854—11

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Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as receipts.
Their offices are
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Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Presses, L. K. Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854—3m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
FROM CARPENTERS TRIMMINGS.
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Oct 15 1854

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

BY MISS S. A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read a Psalm and the Scripture lesson, and first lines of the opening hymn. The eyes of his people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good man, but a fine looking one, too, and thus enchaind usually not only the attention of the true, but the false worshipper. The house was very still, the clear, melodious tones of the speaker being the only sounds that thrilled on the balmy, golden air which the midsummer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second verse was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye was turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary interest the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when they were fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was, and how many whispers, too. In vain sought the good, the sound, the eloquent and handsome Mr. B., to seal again the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow C. and Widow C.'s young and dashing attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said an hundred times or more, that her heart was in the grave of her buried one—that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused to walk out or ride out with any of the unappropriated gentlemen of the village?—Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all these protestations hadn't she come out, all at once, dressed in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all the charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two how many witnesses might have been subpoenaed. She had actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemise, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest of Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over and over as the service was closed. And the gentleman—he too was dressed in style. Didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of satin finish, and white kid shoes, and didn't he sport a splendid pin and a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often, and tenderly, and lovingly on the fair creature beside him? Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to doubt.

Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and was going to be married in the church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve. Service proceeded. The choir sang, the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place. But to their utter astonishment they were left to wonder. For when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm very gracefully, and she placed her arm very confidently on the beautiful soft coat sleeve, and they passed on.

What a noon was that in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over in the brains of not only the gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like of such a thing" had never before been heard of in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun—a lady had a beau, and nobody knew of it. Widow C.! Didn't your ears, not only the right but the left, burn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him though. The magnet was in the pew before him. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then, but every one was sadly disappointed, and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they travelled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject engrossed the village mind. The widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed, too, as if the lady tried to make all she could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away out in the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

"A nice looking dress, I guess she had," drawled old Grandmother W., as she listened to the widow's wandering. "I'm glad I ain't got to wash it—all drabbed up with dew as it must be. But I don't suppose she cares she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her

a piece of my mind the first time I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheating us all in this way."

But the good old dame began to fear by Wednesday night, that she should never have the desired chance. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as quick as possible, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and the gentleman went away in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. "Yes, and never got home till nine o'clock in the evening." Look out, Widow C. Your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sailing with him, and on the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the station house, and there not only went as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandmother W. "Well, if ever I seed or heered the like on't!"

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it was any worse in broad daylight than at any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too. We do at least. There was a large attendance that afternoon, at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all sufficient, all engrossing—the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting." Then she proceeded to the table, helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing silk, which she received, sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on to a green twig, which lately had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and when completed was designed to form the twentieth part of a bedspread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her placid countenance soon reassured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old Grandmother W. was the first to venture. She meant to do up the matter so delicately, and in so "roundabout a way" that the lady could not suspect her of curiosity. She began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, its a real beauty," said she, "where did you get it?" "I bought it," was the quiet reply.

"Here?"

"Where then?"

"In New York last spring."

"Oh, you did, did you. But I thought you wasn't never going to wear anything but black again." Every eye scrutinized the lady's face this time in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, while she answered:

"I did think and say so once, but I have finally made a different arrangement."

"You have, ha! But what made you do so?"

"Oh, I had good reasons." Here the hearers and lookers on winked expressively at each other.

"But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it 'way up there to the burying ground?"

"I did not."

"You didn't, du tell! But how could you help it? There was a wonderful heavy dew."

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady—she had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain Mrs. C.'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be baffled again. She would find out all about that beau, before she went home, "that she would." So she began by saying, "your company went away this morning didn't they?"

"They did," was the answer, a wee bit of emphasis resting on the "they."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had," was the emphatic answer this time. And now the ladies did look at each other. It was as good a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him a fortnight."

"Why, du tell, if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?" This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put it, and she forthwith apologized by saying, "I did not mean that—I only thought that I—"

"O, I'd as lief you'd know as not," said the lady with a charming air of *naïveté*, "he came to see me."

O, Widow C., didn't your name go down then! Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants always go cheap.

"He did, did he, and didn't come for nothing else, then. But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame her next question, "well, he's a real good-looking man any way."

"I think so too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good-hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so, then! But is he rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so," said the lady, carelessly.

"Why, du tell, if he is. Why, you'll live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Macon."

The old lady's curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch.

"Macon! Macon! Why, wasn't that your name before you was married?"

"It was."

"Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell, if he is then? Not your cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marriage between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, then; du tell now."

"He is my youngest brother."

Ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any party of young ladies, it was by those composing this society for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the rough expressive glances which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister who unobserved stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and curious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we on y say perhaps, they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of "the Widow's Beau."

THE DIVINE AND THE DOCTOR.—A devout minister was once asked by a sceptic if he followed preaching to save souls; and on replying that he did, the caviller rejoined,

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes, thank God," said the preacher.

"Well," said the cavilling doctor, "there are four out of the five senses against one that there is no soul." So the matter might have stopped; but the preacher, as subtle in understanding as he was pious in heart, turned the tables upon the cavilling doctor, and being informed that he was a doctor of medicine, asked—

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No," was the reply.

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Well, then," rejoined the preacher, "there are, you see, also four senses against one to prove that there is no such thing as pain; and yet, sir, you know that there is such a thing as pain, and I know that there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded, and walked off.

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS.—The late Mr. Alexander, architect of Rochester bridge and other fine buildings in Kent, was once under cross examination, in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant, afterwards Baron Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony. After asking him his name, the Sergeant proceeded:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No sir, I am not a builder: I am an architect."

"Ah! well; architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them totally different."

"Oh, indeed!—perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists."

"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder is in fact the machine: the architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it a going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

The reply for promptness and wit is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder.

"There was no architect sir—and hence the confusion!"

Don't forget to read the next column!

A POOR PRINTER.—The editor of the Pittsburgh Post has turned type-setter. His first effort appeared under his editorial head a few days ago, and will be found below. He will, no doubt, be "one of them," some of these days:—

a New printer.

this is our first effort at typesetting. we presume that it will show that we can learn just. we are self-taught too. A want no help we will have it right without assistance. The proof will need no comment we don't intend to try it every day: but we will let the printers know that we are one of them. Talk about the art of drinking! It is just as easy as setting of a 10G.

RATHER SPICY.—A lady of San Francisco, being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished the following: It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:—

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison to the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and within. But the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only all these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also; and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency on the part of men is beyond endurance. One would certainly suppose that New England had been colonized by men and posterity provided as a special act of providence? Only Mrs. Hemans has volunteered to insinuate that there was even a woman in the case—that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of men. They appropriate every thing to themselves—even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope that there was one prerogative they would leave to woman. We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superceding us in many things; but we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this one privilege: we will not ourselves be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers. How could they have been Fathers if there had been no Mothers? And I hope, dear Captain, that I have succeeded in convincing you that god will be lending yourself to an act of great injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast—'The Pilgrim Mothers.'"

REMARKABLE STONE.—We have frequently heard of the existence of a stone said to possess the power of attracting poison ejected into the system from the bite of animals, reptiles and insects. We regarded the story of its existence, however, like that of the "Pill-losopher's Stone," a mere creation of the imagination. We were informed recently, however, by an intelligent and reliable gentleman of the county, and a member of the last legislature, that his mother-in-law has such a stone in her possession—that it has been in possession of different members of the family for two or three generations, and that although it came from Scotland, no account can be given by any one how it was first obtained. The stone, he informs us, is very hard, of a porous nature, dark greenish color; and not more than an inch or two long. That he has applied it in innumerable instances to persons bitten by spiders and snakes, and in one instance only, (owing to too great delay,) out of a great many, did it fail to afford speedy relief and effect a complete cure. On applying the stone to the wound, it instantly adheres, and remains until saturated with the poison, and then drops off. On placing it in warm water the poison is soon seen to come out in greenish spangles, when the stone may again be applied until a complete cure is effected. This is a description of the nature and qualities of this singular and valuable stone, which perhaps but few persons will be inclined to believe, although literally true. We are not aware that the existence of such a stone is known to the scientific world at all.

Spirit of the South

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 12 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wins & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittey.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

Presentation at Central Square.

The members of Washington Engine Co., No. 3, last Saturday afternoon, presented to their foreman Captain John I. Richardson, a splendid silver speaking trumpet, valued at about \$80, and weighing one and three-fourth pounds, as a token of their respect for him as a fireman and as a man. The trumpet is a fine one, from the manufactory of N. Harding & Co., Boston, and bears the inscription: "Presented to Capt. John I. Richardson, by the members and volunteers of Washington Engine Co. No. 3, of Woburn, Aug. 5, 1854." A stand was erected at the foot of the flag-staff in Central Square, and at 4 o'clock, P. M. Converse, Esq., clerk of the company presented the trumpet accompanying it with the following remarks:—

Mr. Foreman.—We have met here to-day for a pleasant purpose. The most of those for whom I speak, are associated with you as members of a company which requires much self-sacrifice, and exposure to danger of each individual member, and peculiar qualities, self-denial, and firmness of purpose of each officer, more especially the foreman of such company, and it is pleasant and proper on fitting occasions, that the members and others interested, should show their appreciation and esteem of such officers by marks of approbation of their conduct.

There ought always to be a close bond of feeling and reliance between the officer and private, and such feelings ought to be encouraged, for the mutual strength they give to each other in times of danger, and for the greater efficiency of the company, when thousands of dollars, and perhaps lives hang on the instant exertions of a company, or it may be of a single member.

I need not say to you that we are satisfied with your past conduct. I need not say to you that in the trying times through which we have passed together, you have fulfilled the duties of foreman of this company, to the acceptance of all; for the smiling faces of those around me, of men who have stood by your side in times of trial, and who now, through me, are about to present to you this trumpet, all tell you more than any words of mine can do, that you have been to them a valued officer and associate.

Entertaining these feelings, and being desirous of strengthening and perpetuating them, I do, in behalf and in the name of the subscribers, present to you this trumpet, as a small expression of their esteem for you, as an officer and a man. We do not present it with feelings of display and pride, but as a quiet act of deliberate feeling, and you will accept it as such.

It is not the cost that will make the gift valuable in your eyes, but the good will and respect which accompany it, and of which it is a representative, doubtless will be to you the chief value, as they show you more than words that you have done your duty to the satisfaction of all.

We hope we may hear that trumpet in years to come, in times of destruction, when the red flames roll, the creaking timbers fall, and when mothers perhaps are crying to you in agony to save their darlings from a fiery death, and when no human hand but the fireman's can save, we hope, I say, that we may then hear that trumpet, clear, calm and decided, above the roar, exciting to deeds of exertion and daring, unequalled before, and may it be a memento to you, in after years, that you can look upon and say, "I did my duty to the satisfaction of all, and here is my receipt," and may the good feeling which has always existed between yourself and the Company, be continued and strengthened as long as wheels turn and water runs.

Capt. Richardson replied in a brief manner. He thanked them for this splendid testimonial of their regard, and he hoped that he should ever occupy the place in their estimation that this token indicated. After coming down from the stand, a beautiful wreath was placed upon him by Miss Ella Parker. The company then formed, and accompanied by a portion of the Boston Brass Band, marched through the principal street, and appeared extremely well. Returning to their hall, they partook of an abundant collation and dispersed. The whole affair did great credit to Central Square.

FIRE.—About midnight on Sunday last, our citizens were aroused from their slumbers by the alarm of fire; which proved to be a tool-house owned by Daniel Draper & Son, situated near the South side of Horn Pond. By the time the first engine arrived, which was in a very short time after the alarm was given, the building was nearly all destroyed, together with its contents, to the value of \$800, but, we are informed, it was fully insured. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, and there is a reward of \$100 offered for the apprehension of the offender.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Thursday afternoon, as the 3 o'clock train from Boston on the Woburn Branch, was passing under a bridge near Medford, Mr. George Seales, a brakeman on the train, was knocked from the platform, and instantly killed. It is supposed that he was leaning out when his head came in contact with the bridge, breaking his neck and fracturing his skull. His remains were brought to Woburn, where he has resided since he has been in the employ of the R. R. Company. This sad event proves the necessity of placing the abutments of bridges farther from the track, as brakemen are often under the necessity of looking out and are thus liable to lose their lives as in this instance.

THE Boston Musical Convention, will hold its Annual Session in the Tremont Temple, in Boston, commencing on Wednesday, August 16th, 1854, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing in Session nine days. A Public Performance will be given on each evening during the session of the Convention.

SOCIAL GATHERING.

The Ladies of the 1st Congregational Society in this town, gave a Tea Party on Thursday last, in a Grove, the use of which was kindly tendered for the purpose by its owner, Capt. Josiah Richardson. The spot selected was most favorable for the purpose; the weather was auspicious, and everything passed off in the best manner much to the satisfaction of some hundreds of both sexes and all ages who were present.

The occasion was enlivened by a variety of songs from different persons, prominent among whom were some of the little folks, who performed their part admirably under the training of Mr. E. Cutter. Some fine Quartettes and Solos, also, were sung which called forth much praise.

Addresses were made by several gentlemen. Rev. Mr. Edwards presented some interesting statistics of the Society, in whose behalf this Festival was held, from which it appeared that the Ladies' Colporteur Society, during the five years of its existence, has procured and expended for its benevolent object between 7 and 800 dollars; that, through its instrumentality, 3000 religious volumes have been sold, and 2000 given away; that more than 5000 families have been visited, with about 3000 of which religious conversation and prayer have been secured; that 250 families have been supplied who were destitute of all religious reading, not even possessing the Bible; and that more than 200 religious meetings have been held under the care of its agent.

Rev. Mr. Sutherland of the Woburn Methodist Chapel made some eloquent remarks chiefly upon the unity which exists among all true Christians, upon the folly of bigotry, and in warm commendation of the object of the society.

Mr. Henry Hoyt of the American S. S. Union, Boston, spoke to the sentiment "Freedom founded on the Bible," and concluded with the following. The gentlemen's "tea-party" in Boston harbor, 1775. The ladies tea party in Woburn Grove, 1854. The first a premonitory demonstration in behalf of civil freedom and the downfall of tyranny, the second, a manifestation of mercy through the hallowed influence of God's word. We honor the memory of the one and bid God-speed to the other.

Rev. Mr. Bennett of East Cambridge then was called up by the sentiment "Woburn and the West" and was listened to with marked interest.

The whole occasion was one of enjoyment of the most rational sort to both old and young and of gratifying benefit to the valuable organization which devised it.

GOOD NEWS.—We are glad to notice that a new arrangement has taken place at the Post Office in this village. Hereafter there will be two mails to and from Boston each day, instead of only one as formerly. A mail will be made up at 7 A. M., and another at 12 P. M. Mails from Boston will arrive at 7 A. M., and 7 P. M. This change which has so long been needed will receive the approbation of our business men. The person or persons who brought this about, have our thanks.

OUR thanks are due to the Hon. Chas. Sumner, for the Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the American Colonization Society; and also for the President's Message.

WE have received the August No. of the Pathfinder or Railway Guide; this excellent travelling companion is again full of information for the mass, and we think no traveller is safe without it.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—Congress adjourned on Monday last. The previous Friday was the day fixed for the adjournment, but it being found that the business could not be completed on that day, both branches remained in session until Monday, to enable the clerks to engross the bills, which must be signed in open session, or they would fail to become laws. The present session has been a long one, yet the amount of legislation is small. The Nebraska bill occupied several months, and a large portion of the time since its passage has been consumed in the discussion of subjects growing out of that measure. The reciprocity treaty with Great Britain is the only measure of importance consummated at the present session.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Provisional State Committee of the Worcester Anti-Nebraska Convention have taken the responsibility of postponing the State Convention then determined upon for August 10, for the nomination of State officers and the establishment of a platform of State policy, until Thursday, September 7, and have decided that it shall be held at Worcester.

NOVEL ASSAULT AT WASHINGTON.—Last Saturday, as President Pierce was leaving the Capitol, he was accosted by one S. G. Jeffards, a South Carolinian, who shook hands with the President and invited him to take a drink, which the latter declined, and turned to go away; when Jeffards threw a hard-boiled egg at him, which hit and knocked off his hat. Jeffards was arrested, but being very penitent he got sober, he was discharged at the instance of the President. Accidents will happen in the best of families, and sometimes among the most congenial friends.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS IN MAINE.—The Whigs of the 11th Congressional District of Maine have nominated as their candidate for Congress the Hon. Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais, Speaker of the last House of Representatives.

THE Central House is soon to be opened by Mr. Cyrus Fay. Much needed.

[For the Journal.]

Glen House, August 4, 1854.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—If anything can reconcile one to the many discomforts of railroad travelling, it is the delightful contrast it so speedily affords, to the denizens of the city or its suburbs during the warm season. The morning of the 2d inst., was one of the warmest and most oppressive of the many that the summer has furnished us. It had been appointed, however, by a party from your goodly town as the time to commence a jaunt to the White Mountains. The effort of getting started was a terrible one; atmosphere very close, thermometer at nearly 80° before breakfast, and the appetite sadly at fault. But off we go, the iron horse seeming to have nothing of the languor of the fleshly load it was taking with such easy velocity over the levelled way. One of the evils of travelling by rail, and that not the least, is the generally uninteresting character of the route through which the engineers have cut a path for the cars. To be sure one catches a glimpse of beauty now and then as he is whirled along; and at times one of those specimens of rustic architecture, an ancient farmhouse grown brown and mossy with time, is revealed through the fissures of a group of lofty elms; or shooting out from a deep cut, a bit of quiet and picturesque landscape for a moment catches the eye. But all these are iniquitous and evanescent, they are the exception and not the rule. Passing through the customary places, with an occasional stop for "refreshments," we arrive at Portland about noon.

This city which for many years was fast falling into a sad and almost hopeless decay, has within a short period been wonderfully thrifty and enterprising. This is partly owing to a reviving energy so long latent among its business men, and partly to the friendly aid received from their neighbors in Canada. Portland is the nearest Atlantic Port connecting England with Montreal and Quebec, and consequently well situated to receive a share of the international trade. The incipient line of steamers established between this place and Liverpool will probably in a few years grow into one of considerable importance. And the Grand Trunk Railroad, uniting Portland with Montreal, opens a communication with the Canadian Provinces, which promises to be of great value to that embryonic republic, as well as to our own. This Railroad is built with the broad gauge and is a firm and substantial structure. The creation of such a public high way, through such a country as exists between the seaboard of Maine and the River St. Lawrence may well be considered an epoch in the history of these enterprises. Amid the bustle and confusion of changing cars and depots, and looking after the proper transfer of luggage, it is quite an achievement to take a carriage to the "United States" and get dinner. It was too much to attempt with the mercury staring the one hundredth degree in the face. So we stretched our arm to their utmost tension through the accumulated crowd at the Restaurant in the Depot, and took whatever fate or the lady proprietors chose to enfold within their grasp. After due perseverance our very moderate appetites were appeased, and we then were summoned to take our places in the cars. This we did gladly, as it seemed to be putting ourselves at once in communication with the mountains. For sixty miles the road passes through a rough, uncultivated region, with nothing to recommend it to the attention of the traveller. A book or pleasant company is greatly needed to help one through it without a degree of tedium wholly undesirable. But this, as has been said before, is to be expected of routes traversed by Railroad. Arriving at Bryant's Pond 62 miles from Portland, the country assumes those really wild and grand features which might be supposed to precede the sublimity that sits enthroned in the white mountains.

The hills here rise to attitudes quite respectable and exhibit cliffs and ravines of a most rugged and formidable appearance, and small ponds and lakes are set in the deep valleys to mirror their moody sides and beetling tops. We now wound along the valley of the Androscoggin, which finds its way through the passes of the hills, tumbling over their rocky bed that ever made water to sparkle and foam. The constant succession of lofty hills and their rapidly varying aspects gave to our ride for the last hour, a novelty and charm that greatly diminished the previous monotony of things and actually served to counteract the annoyance of dust and cinders. It was hardly sunset when the conductor announced the "Gorham" station, our intended destination by steam, and we left the cars for the Alpine House. This House is pleasantly situated in an extended plain or valley, which is almost entirely surrounded by lofty ranges of hills, that are "Alpine" indeed. We were surprised and delighted at the agreeable coolness of the air which came sweeping down the openings among the hills. Although the day had been so hot and the distance travelled enough to bring with it fatigue and exhaustion, yet the inhaling of the mountain breezes, fresh and pure from the coolest glens and recesses, sent a new life along the nerves that nothing else seemingly could have done. It was now we could congratulate ourselves upon our happy escape from the sweltering heat and languid atmosphere we had left behind, and the invention of railroads was placed in our regard among the most philanthropic of modern contrivances.

Having taken a refreshing supper, we mounted open carriages for an evening drive to the Glen House, a distance of eight miles. The road is entirely through the thicket and most impenetrable of forests, and is almost constantly of an ascending grade, the Glen House being situated at a hundred feet above the Alpine House at Gorham. The road is an excellent one considering the difficulties overcome in making it.

Owing to fires on the mountains, which filled the atmosphere with haze and smoke, and

the gathering twilight, we were unable to get any very distinct views of the mountain peaks although they were now looming up in all their majesty before us. The first sight of Mt. Washington is obtained from this road, as at Gorham the higher summits are hid by the elevations that crowd down with great abruptness upon the plain. In passing up the mountain road partridges and rabbits are frequently seen hovering on its borders or bounding unconcernedly across it, seemingly unembarrassed by the presence of civilized humanity. It could hardly have surprised one to have seen a bear crossing it, or sitting leisurely upon his haunches looking upon the freight of beings before him, with a feeling akin to that which is inspired by the thought of a dinner at the Glen House, when the appetite has been assisted by the bracing mountain atmosphere. Indeed some of our party made themselves merry with the anticipation of meeting with a huge fellow of the bristly stock, and engaged one gentleman who seemed familiar with their habits and methods of attack, to defend us in case his bearship should show himself. Either, however, they have taken themselves into the untrod recesses of the forest, or being aware of the proximity of the gentlemen alluded to, they deemed it prudent to remain undiscovered; for certain, the Glen House have in sight with its illuminated windows strangely contrasting with the untamed wilderness around, without any adventure with the inhabitants of the wilderness, except what the imagination afforded. The Glen House and its surroundings, shall be spoken of in my next. C.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

[For the Journal.]

JOURNAL.

of Rev. Richard Brown, who was the fifth pastor of the First Church in Reading, (now South Reading) where he was ordained in 1712, and died in 1732. Copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the original.

"Richard Brown, the only son and heir of Rd. Brown, (and grandson to Richard Brown) was one of the first settlers of the town of Newbury, and in the year 1637 chosen one of the 5 to discourse all questions about levelling of fines, and of 3 to restrain them; also for that whole year one of 7 that were chosen quarterly to take in or refuse any to lands in said town, and also to dispose of lands and lots, to make lawful orders, to impose fines upon the breakers of order, and also to levy and restrain them—this I mention of his ancestors, not that he would draw any greatness to him from these things, but only bear them in memory.

The first named Richard Brown was born in Newbury Sept. 12th Anno 1675, and educated under the wing of his parents, especially his mother, who was a pious and prudent woman and endeavor'd to instill into this her son the principles of Religion and holiness—yes, she travelled in birth with him again to have Jesus found in him—and was upon all opportunities discourses to him Life and Death, sin and holiness, Heaven and Hell, to raise in him a love a Licking and a longing after the one, and a hatred and abhorrence of the other. She was unwearied in her watchings, instructions, admonitions, warnings, reproofs and exhortations, that she might bring up this her son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and continued she to train him up betimes—and when she had caused him to read well at home she sent him to school, under an ingenious and learned Master, Mr. Edward Thompson, under whom he profited much, and went on with delight in Grammar, Sententia and Cato. But then he was deprived of his Master, he being called to the ministry left the school to his pupils great danger. At it came Mr. Shove to whom he went but profited little—then came another, who tarried not long—then came Mr. John Clark, of Exeter, a worthy man, under whom he studied one year, by whom he was sent to, to not well fitted for the College, for by this change of Masters he suffered great damage. He went to College 1697, and there spent 4 years, under the care and instruction of that worthy man, Mr. William Brattle, then Fellow who being in the heat of youth, and active, he spent too much time in play and pastime, where he was not getting on. When those 4 years were expired, July, Anno 1697, he had given him with the rest of his class the Degree of B. B. of Arts. His patience not being well able to keep him longer at College he was forced much against his will to leave the Coll. and return home, where much to his disadvantage, for being at home, he wanted Books, and more he wanted money to buy them, so was forced to borrow here and there as he could. By this time he lost much time and contracted a listlessness to study, yet read over all the Volumes of Foxes acts and monuments, which he much delighted in and knew much of, especially the two last volumes, which he read over diverse times—where in his young years he showed a tender heart, yet could not forbear melting into tears, when he read of the cruel y show-ed against the martyrs and blessed servants of Jesus Christ. Thus continued he some-times reading History and sometimes Divinity, for 2 years, he being near expired, he much against his mind, yet being over-powered with importunity, he was prevailed with to preach in June 1701; and when he came into the pulpit, being naturally bashful, and seeing a great throng and croude of people before him, his spirit was overwhelmed and ready to sink. But even then when he was quite at a loss as to himself, yet word was the Lord spoke to young Jerrings, when God was sending him on an embassy to his people Israel, "Fear not their faces lest I confound thee before them," was a grt support to him and enabled him to go to the close of his duties with a full gale! On the 20th and

27th of Aug. foll. he preached at Salisbury, and on the 10th of the following September a lecture at Almsb; and on the 13th of said month, a lecture at Newtown, and on the 1st of Octb. Follow. in the old Church at Newb;."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WEDDING.

There is usually considerable interest taken in weddings. I have an account of a wedding of two of my kindred which I have often contemplated with great interest. The parties were young and beautiful—quite young—apparently under twenty—but as some apology to those who prudently oppose too early marriages, I ought to say they had an extraordinary maturity for their age. The bride was alike remarkable for the perfection of her form, the purity of her taste and the modesty of her manners. In her external appearance she was characterized by great simplicity and neatness, without one tawdry article of dress or superfluous ornament upon her. And the Bridegroom's noble and intelligent countenance, honest and friendly address, indicated that he was every way worthy of such a partner. As to their tempers, I may scarcely be credited when I say that from their earliest days, neither had been seen in ill humor. I am aware that this statement may be charged to my partiality in giving an account of some of my kindred; and I confess that I should be unwilling to say as much of any other of my relations. But of these from their earliest acquaintance up to their wedding day, there had been no "lovers' quarrel" nor even a hasty word or frowning look between them. How many lovers among my readers shall I induce to endeavor to imitate them in this respect and to keep on in this way till after the "honey moon?" Their first acquaintance was *providential*. Though some may scout at this idea as superstitious, I fully embrace it, and wish this sentiment were more generally received by the young. Why should not a young man in pursuit of a companion who may prove his best earthly fortune, or his greatest misfortune, remember that "a prudent wife is from the Lord?"

The bridegroom in question met with his fair friend where he least expected it. He was about his every day duties and labors, endeavoring to act well his part as a single man, with no more idea of finding a wife than he had of seeing an Angel; and as for looking after a husband, stranger as it may seem to some of my readers, it was a thought that never entered his mind. An invisible hand most manifestly brought them together; and their condition, education, tastes and habits were eminently suited to each other—a circumstance which I fear is too often overlooked in the choice of companions.

They both belonged to the working class; and in this respect, however some may feel, I am pleased to acknowledge as *my kindred*. They were plain, honest gardeners cultivating the first garden we have any account of and while they were delighted and contented in the sphere allotted them by providence and were careful what they ate, human eyes never saw a happier couple.

LAW AND FREEDOM.

Two wisely said by one of old, we know, "Train up your children as they ought to go, And when they're old, the path in childhood trod, They will not forsake,"—though you're beneath the sod, Thus doth the force of early habits bid From yolk to age, the young and plastic mind, This is the axiom, hinted by the sage, "Habit of youth are character in age." That the pure spirit trusted to our care To rear to virtue save both follies snare, Though free and chaste as the mountain wind, Is still obedient to the laws of mind, That law and freedom thus are reconciled In the brief history of a well trained child.

P.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

NATURALIZATION AND THE RADICALS.
We defer, this week, an article of the series recently commenced in the Winchester Department, in order to notice an article in the last issue of the *Boston Pilot*, which is not only false in the most essential particulars, but also calculated to mystify those "learned Irishmen" it proposes to enlighten. The writer from Hope Village, R. I., undoubtedly "considers the *Pilot* has done its duty in bringing the much agitated question of the naturalization laws before the public." He admits for the reason and necessity of this movement that there is a strong party who are determined to change our present just and equitable naturalization laws, in order to destroy the Irish vote. Now is not this a most frivolous argument coming from the pen of a Catholic or Jesuit, as we presume Francis Fitzpatrick to be? In continuation he cunningly calls the Irish vote, the American vote, or says the vote of Milesians, should be so called, in which definition he is readily joined by the party most in need of the Catholic vote. Here we readily agree with him; he tells us the plain, unvarnished truth, well knowing that so far as the old Bay State is concerned, they must of necessity "grapple" with a question or an obsolete idea, but a deeply seated American principle. He thinks it time that all true Catholics should have made up their minds as to the course they will pursue. He asks "will any course of action suit the 'Know Nothings,' who write the silly nonsense of the *Citizen* and other American papers?" Hear what he says to the valiant editor of the *Pilot*.

But, Mr. Editor, I think the day is far distant when the Irish will give up their Catholic teaching to follow the friend of Mazzini, the liberator of the Pope, the eulogist of the Abbe de Lamennais, the advocate of suicide, the retailer of the infidel Gibbon's falsehoods, this leader of Catholic Irishmen, who asserted that St. George, a Catholic martyr, who suffered death in Persia, in the third century, was a "self-polluted wretch, and who was Bishop of Alexandria in the fifth century?"

Now does not every enlightened Irishman, every one who can read, I would say, know, that this assertion a falsehood from beginning to end, and all those who have ever heard Mazzini, and I may add Gavazzi also, that in the doctrines they inculcated, there breathed forth the spirit of liberty and equality. The only just reason for complaint of them by the Romanist is, there is too much of liberty, and freedom in their teachings to suit his Holiness or please his supple tools on this side the Atlantic. The course he urges is that "our race, (mark his words,) is first to get naturalized, as soon as possible, so as to be citizens of the country in which their lot is cast, and in which country alone they receive anything like justice,—secondly to acquiesce in any change of the laws, which infidel and protestant fanaticism may exact; and thirdly, let us use the press to the best advantage in showing that the men who are loudest in shouting "liberty, equality, and fraternity," are the enemies of liberty, because they endeavor to oppress men for not being born on the same soil with themselves."

Now American citizen is not this a glorious doctrine to plead and instill into the minds of a horde of unlettered foreign emigrants, a greater part of whom are puppers, whose passage money is paid by the Catholic church, and the poor rate Commissioners. Is not this a specimen of as cool impudence as one would wish to read? Well this is only surpassed by his very conclusive and to him unequalled logic. He says:

You will perceive that I laid down a course of action which consisted in the following:—First, to get naturalized. This will be admitted by every one except Know-Nothings. Second, let us agree to any change in the law which the fanatics may enact. This is the most important. Here are my reasons for recommending it: First, if we actively oppose the fanatics it will only add fuel to the flame, and give them an opportunity of gaining a greater victory over us. I believe had Catholics not voted with the Democratic party in Philadelphia and Washington, that that party might have been successful.

Now did you ever hear a better told Jesuitical lie? Had Catholics not voted with the Democratic party in Washington and Philadelphia that party might have been successful, when it is well known that the "despicable Know-Nothings," as they style them, routed the Democrats, together with the Romanists, "horse, foot, and artillery," that the sweep was so clean that the beaten forces were perfectly astonished, and have not yet found out how the thing was done.

Now for a brief notice of the third proposition of the sagacious and far-seeing Francis Fitzpatrick which is "to use the press, to the best advantage," this we suppose means the Catholic press firstly, and secondly all those papers that it can by bribery secure to its interests. We thank you for thus removing the mask from your face. By so doing they hope a reaction may take place which may be of saving benefit to themselves. Perhaps this course, exceedingly lucid and transparent to uneducated ignorant Catholics will not be noticed by the intelligent, educated masses of American citizens. No! we say perhaps not. We have no doubt the leaders in the Catholic movement believe that the Catholic vote is of importance to one of the contending parties, and that they are thus fairly in the field either to gammon a trade out of one or the other parties opposed to Native Americanism. It is an old dodge, and will not do. Gentlemen Jesuits, we know you from the Bishop of Boston to his most apostate and erring child Br. Wmsn. The Native American movement, one would think to hear all the squibs brought against it by the *Pilot* and company, was only got up for their amusement, and they would make the people believe that it is just the plan for the coming season. We care not for their sophistry, any more than the more serious argument, that by help of the press they will mould the popular will. In their own words read:

A reaction will take place which will hurry "Native Americanism into well merited oblivion." Our enemies are Irish Orangemen and European infidels, who lead a number of thoughtless Americans by the nose; and should they be able to change the naturalization laws, they will then attempt to destroy the American Constitution.

Very complimentary to American Republicans, and very true they doubtless think. We may be somewhat mistaken ourselves, but we really think there are indeed few Americans who will consent to be led or driven either by foreign influences or "shillalahs," than they count upon. However we shall see. We know their object, they in vain attempt to cover up their designs. In every movement is seen the Jesuit hoof. They speak out and tell us just what they mean, and being forewarned we are forearmed. They may raise the oft repeated battle cry of Intolerance, it will not save them. It has no terrors to the sons of the "fathers of '76," for the same blood still flows in the veins of their descendants in 1854. We have devoted more space to this subject than we would have wished, but the views therein set forth by the correspondent of the *Pilot* are not only erroneous, but calculated to deceive and mislead. The claim to the universal sovereignty of the whole world being the great papal doctrine from Pius V. to the present time, always having been maintained by the popes and prelates of the Romish church ever since its promulgation, we thought that it might be well to suggest to them that like other great belligerent powers, it might be well to *par-se* for a time ere they commenced the conquest of these United States.

WE learn from an authentic source, that congress is expected to pass a Resolution at the next session to exclude all drunkards from the floor of the house. The Saloons will be well filled, of course, should such a resolution prevail, and the House a very thin one.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We are happy to receive from you gentlemen any inquiries relating to the American party. We will answer you as soon as possible, and each and all shall have answers to their questions in the order in which they come to hand. Friends, as some of you say you have heard from the "conductors to this department," before. As you observe, we may do each other good. Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country is our battle cry. Help us all you can, and we will help you.

Alfred of Auburndale. We are aware of the necessity of a change at the capitol, as you truly observe, "the congressional meetings of our United States Senators, has been more like an assembly of gentle rowdies, than what the Senate of the great republic should be." Should any two or three of the citizens of any of our New England villages be guilty of getting drunk, and fighting, biting each other's ears off, or gouging their eyes out, drawing bowie knives and pistols they would unquestionably be sent, and most deservedly too, to the House of Correction, but a senator has the right if he please, as he often does, of making an ass of himself, or exhibiting his monkey feats in the face of this great national republic, and no notice is taken of it. It is a "gentlemanly falling out," and paid for at "eight dollars per day." Stick a pin here, for there is a good time coming.

L. of Sudbury. We shall as soon as we have room, devote a column to the blunder of O. A. Brownson. The article will keep.

Among the visitors at Saratoga Springs at present are Caleb Cushing, William H. Seward, and Archbishop Hughes. It is said Cushing is anxious for the perfect recovery to health of "His most Catholic Eminence, Archbishop John." Straws sometimes indicate the current of the stream, as well as the direction of the wind. The public are quite observant of apparent trifles "now-a-days," as the Almanac makers have it.

We find by one of our late papers that a "Know Nothing" would probably be found in the State of Maine, about the first of November, if nothing happens.

Why cannot some enterprising Day State boy take that *T. Thunders*, and not let the Down Easters have all the honors?

A native American Military Company has recently been formed at Medford. The young men of which it is composing are A. No. 1, and will sustain the honor of this well known old patriotic town.

No you Don't.—We clip from the Freeman's Journal, the leading Catholic paper in this country, the following delectable gem: "How do you like it Americans?"

"Year by year the Irish are becoming more powerful in America. At length the *prophetic moment will come*. Some accidental sudden collision and a Presidential campaign close at hand! We will then use the very propriety of our politicians for our purpose. They will want to buy the Irish vote, and we can tell them how they can buy it in a lump from Maine to California."

This, Mr. Journal, may seem to you to be a most sagacious prophecy. You doubtless have in your mind, the offices you have already bought, the Post Master General and the Custom House Offices at Boston, numerous two penny whistle concerns in the New England States; but let me tell you, Mr. Editor of the Journal, that it will take a much bigger lump and all the prodigality of recent politicians, added to your own unscrupulous jesuitism into the bargain to purchase this long, long sought, anxiously hoped for *propitious moment*. It will never come. No never, so long as Bunker's Hill remains, or the plains of Lexington remain. Just make a note of this.

WHAT IS IN THE WIND?—The President in his last message, states, that there exists an emergency which may make an appropriation of the snug little sum of \$10,000,000 necessary; to the proper adjustment of the Cuban affair; and the most interesting part of this authoritative suggestion, is that this money is to be placed at the absolute control of the President. Truly the way our national business is transacted astonishes the "natives."

Stoneham Department,

Edited by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, and J. C. Crocker, Esq.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE; AND THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—The "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations" at the "World's Fair," are to close up the celebrated "Crystal Palace" in a few months. Therefore, whoever would visit the same and see the wonderful specimens of nature's works and human ingenuity, must do it quickly. The "last chance" will very soon arrive.

The palace is filled up with the most striking and remarkable productions of every portion of the globe. Its choice specimens of mechanical skill and the fine arts, have been contributed by a multitude of different persons resident in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. To say nothing of the band of music daily in attendance, a large number of curious machines in the machinery department are in continual operation. The marble statuary includes over 300 models, copies and originals; while the picture gallery numbers alone 1000 paintings, some of them surprisingly beautiful, from the greatest masters.

We remember with special interest the trunk of a California tree 92 feet in circumference, which when found in the Land of Gold was 325 feet high, and 3000 years old. We also remember, with no less interest, in another part of the Palace, some exhibited articles manufactured at the Five Points House of Industry. And this leads us to speak of one of the most beneficial institutions ever gotten up in the city of New York, and which should be visited by all who go to see the

famous Crystal Palace, for therein are to be found specimens of humanity elevated from the lowest degradation, purified and polished, any one of which is worth more than all the most splendid palaces and costly material things throughout the universe of God.

Who has not heard of the Five Points of New York, where every degree of filth and villainy of color and of crime, has been wont to congregate? No dark spot of heathendom on earth has ever been in more pressing need of Missionary labor. But in the summer of 1850, Rev. L. M. Pease opened in the very midst of this sink of iniquity a House of Industry for the reformation of the vicious, and to furnish a virtuous home for worse than orphan children. Great has been the success of this noble-hearted philanthropist. The entire number who have passed through his institution since its commencement cannot be estimated less than from 1,500 to 2,000. At the present time the average number of inmates is about 300, of whom 25 are men, 125 women, and 150 children. In addition to his other labors, Mr. Pease now edits a magazine, called the "Five Points Monthly Record."

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.—Tuesday, Aug. 1st, was the great Jubilee Day of last week. In some places, (would that the number had been larger,) there were stirring celebrations. Imprecations favorable to Liberty were thus deepened and strengthened. And we pity the man whose heart did not throb that day with emotions of an unalloyed joy in view of that glorious event commemorated by the lovers of Freedom, viz: the emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British West India Islands twenty years ago.

LOVE OF THE BEA-TIFUL.—We have long been thinking of writing a brief article on this subject, but have concluded to give place instead to an extract from Mr. Stowe's "Sunny Memories," bearing on this point. See pages 248, 249, 250 of Vol. 2.

"The greatest men have always thought much of flowers. Luther always kept a flower in a glass on his writing table; and when he was waving his great battle-axe over the world, he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage about flowers. As to Shakespeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley—he is full of flowers; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Even Milton rushes forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness and fancy when he marshals the flowers.

"The great Artist who made the world, is no utilitarian, no despoiler of the fine arts, and no condemner of ornament; and those religious, who seek to restrain every thing within the limits of cold, bare utility, do not imitate our Father in heaven.

"Cannot a bouquet cover your head, without the ribbon and the flowers, say they? Yes; and could not a peach tree bear peaches without a blossom? What a waste is all this colored corolla of flowers," as if the seed could not mature without them! God could have created the fruit in good, strong, homely bushel baskets, if he had been so disposed.

"Turn off my eyes from beholding vanity, says a good man, when he sees a display of graceful ornaments. What, then, must he think of the Almighty Being, all those useful works so overlaid with ornaments? There is not a fly's leg, nor an insect's wing, which is not polished and decorated to an extent that we should think positive extravagance in finishing up a child's dress. The instinct to adorn and beautify is from him; it likens us to him, and it rightly understood, instead of being a siren to beguile our hearts away, it will be the closest afflicting bond."

"If this power of producing the beautiful has always been so fascinating that the human race, for its sake, have bowed down at the feet even of men deficient in moral worth, if we cannot forbear loving the painter, poet and sculptor, how much more shall we love God, who, with all goodness has also all beauty."

INTERESTING RELICS.—Any one who will take pains to call at the house of our friend, Marcus Woodward, of this village, can have the privilege of seeing, in addition to shells and stones and petrified wood, brought from California, some Indian Relics dug up by him formerly while superintending the Post Farm, and latterly while digging to drain the swamps of the town, showing that the Red Men of the forest once roved through these woods, and had their homes among the hills and valleys of Stoneham.

MENDING THEIR WAYS.—We congratulate the people of Woburn at the evidences which they are furnishing of enterprise and improvement. Therein they benefit not only themselves and posterity, but many of the inhabitants of neighboring towns. We were struck with this thought while taking a walk the other day on "Railroad street" from Stoneham to Woburn centre. It seems that the town are expending, and wisely too, about \$2000 on that road the present season, leveling the hills, filling up the valleys, and making the crooked straight, thereby competing with our friends at Winchester who take pride in going ahead of a most every body else. We found on conversation with Mr. Hay, a Stoneham man, who has taken the large job referred to, that it will require about 3 months to complete the same. He is not quite so much opposed to foreigners as some of the Know Nothings, for his workmen are all Irish, between 15 and 20 in number.

"HOPE DEFERRED," &c.—When is the long talked of Stoneham Branch Railroad to be completed? Can any one tell what has become of the money already invested therein by those who have been so anxious to promote the good of the town? Will our Branch Road connect with the Maine Road, the Lowell Road, or be an extension of the Medford Road? An early answer to these questions is desired.

We have carefully read from the beginning to the end the long and stupid article of "R. U. P." To us it appears destitute of pith, point, candor, or the common courtesy of discussions. We shall, therefore, respectfully decline further controversy with this grandiloquent "I am." His last production appears more like the cracked-brain and frothy rantings of Abby Folsom and Father Lampson. Though an emanation from the pen of a person claiming the position, and writing the prefix of "Dr." to his name. In conclusion we should advise this fustian contributor, to confine himself to a light diet, and take some gentle remedies for the speedy reduction of the emphysematous disease, under which he so evidently labors.

[For the Journal.]

EGOTISM.

O ye who daily drink that elixir of joy,
The cup of pure poetic feeling;
Dare not with self and selfish sadness try,
Clouds heavenly earth's wide clearness stealing;
Remembering what ye should admit
Risking this muse death cold under damps so dire.

Distill this mist to tears repending,
By drawing nearer to the flame of love.
Then watch the promise-shots of passion's lightning,
Caused by the Son of Rightness above.
How fragrant will the lilies smell!
Pale lilies. Angel beatings fill each bell,
In trilling tones the truths of self-denial tell,
Until thy bosom's peace doth flow, and hope's sweet current swell.
Stoneham, August, 1854. ANAPAR.

HENRY DIMM, the fugitive slave, formerly of this State, and lately editor of the *Voice of the Fugitive*, at Windsor, Canada, died on Tuesday last, of congestion of the brain.

MARRIED.

In Boston, August 7, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John O'Brien to Miss Mary C. Matthews, both of Woburn. In Reading, August 2, by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. J. P. Brooks of Woburn, to Miss Jane A. daughter of Thomas Sweetser, Esq. of Reading.

In Stoneham, at the parsonage, Saturday evening, August 6th, by the Rev. W. C. Whitcomb, Mr. George L. Blaisdell, of Boston to Miss Lavina J. Buck of Woburn.

In Roxbury, August 5th, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. J. H. Clayton former teacher of the High School in Stoneham, and Miss Anna M. Sweetser of Roxbury.

DIED.

In Reading July 17th Mrs. Sophia Gibson, a 35. In Reading July 18th Miss Abby Jane Pierce, a 19. "But her form alone is sleeping,
For the bright and beautiful gem
Beneath new with light celestial,
In a Saviour's diadem."

In Woburn, August 7th Mrs. Esther Wyman; aged 67.

Special Notices.

WOBURN GAS COMPANY.

THE undersigned persons named in an act of Legislature incorporating the Woburn Gas Light Company, hereby give notice that a meeting of the parties interested in said charter, will be held at the small vestry of the Congregational Church, on Tuesday, August 22nd at 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of organizing, making choice of officers, and doing such business as may legally come before them.

ABRAHAM THOMPSON, Persons named in the Act of Incorporation.
A. H. NELSON,
CHAS. CHAPMAN.

TO THE CHILDREN WHO SING.

THE subscriber announces that he is ready to undertake a private class in Vocal Music. It is supposed that the class do not exceed thirty in number, and that it is occupied in the thorough study of the A. B. C. of music. The limited number will give the instructor an opportunity to bestow considerable attention on each scholar. Terms—\$1.00 for 12 lessons, payable at the sixth lesson. Applicants are requested to leave their names at my residence as soon as possible; none, it is hoped, will apply but those who really wish to learn to sing, and are willing to study.

EPHRAIM CUTLER.

Woburn, Aug. 12th, 1854.

SCHOOL FOR MISSES.

MISS COLLE, late assistant in Warren Academy, will open a school for Misses at Mr. Trull's Hall on Wednesday, August 23d.

Woburn, August 12th, 1854.

Oak Hall Boston—There is no place where you can get greater bargains in clothing than at Oak Hall, Boston. By purchasing there, you will have enough to buy an extra garment. The simple reason is, the proprietor carries out the system of large sales—small profits. One price only.

Holloway's Pills, for the cure of coughs, colds and Asthmatic Complaints.—These admirable Pills are the most efficient remedy ever discovered, for the cure of coughs, colds, and asthma. Some of the most obstinate cases of such disorders, together with affections of the chest yield to their curative powers. They steadily remove any accumulation of phlegm, whereby the respiratory organs are permanently relieved, and ultimately a sound and perfect cure is effected, therefore the chest is relieved from suffering from a tedious cough, a difficulty of breathing, a raw cough, should have recourse to these well-known Pills, to ensure a radical cure.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

T. BRICHER, (Organist of Rev. Mr. Masters' church) respectfully gives notice, that he will form a class in Voice, for instruction on the Organ, Piano Forte and Voice, commencing September 1st. Terms—For the Organ, \$5.00 per quarter. "Piano Forte, 10.00 " "Voice, 20.00 " Residence in Office, at Mrs. W. T. Choate's, Pleasant St. in Woburn, No. 71 Tremont street. N. B.—Mr. B. will call on any person wishing to consult him respecting instruction, by their leaving directions at either of the above places. August 5, 1854.

Warren Academy.

The Fall term of this institution will commence Wednesday, August 24th, and continue fourteen weeks, under the direction of John J. Ladd, Principal, assisted by a full board of instruction. The department of vocal music will be provided with a learned instructor.

J. J. LADD, Principal.
R. CUTLER, Sec. & Ad. Trans.

REMOVAL.

M. STEPHEN CUTLER, has removed to the house formerly occupied by Luther Holden at Central Square, where he can be consulted as formerly. If

House to Let.

A HOUSE to let on Hovey Street, inquire of Stephen A. Cutter, Central square or at this office. If

S. C. SWEETSER,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and the adjoining towns, that he has, through the aid of his well known neighbors for the accommodation of the public generally, and thankful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to satisfy those who may give him a call.

TO THE HONORABLE S. P. P. FAY, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate in and for the County of Middlesex, and Commissioner of the Court of Probate. Respectfully shows JAMES M. RANDALL, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, that he is interested in the last will and testament of JOSHUA BELKNAP, late of Springfield, in the State of Vermont, deceased, and a purchaser of land devised by said Josiah, to LEWIS BELKNAP, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, aforesaid, and that the last Will and Testament of said JOSHUA BELKNAP, was duly proved and allowed, pursuant to the laws of Vermont, July eight, A. D. 1843, a copy of which will with the Probate thereof, under the seal of said Court is here with produced; that said testator at the time of his decease, had estate within the jurisdiction of this Court, wherein the said Will may operate. The said JAMES M. RANDALL therefore prays that the same may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office in said County of Middlesex, pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided. Dated at Cambridge, this third day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty four. JAMES M. RANDALL.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. MIDDLESEX, ss. At a Court of Probate held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four. Upon the foregoing Petition, ordered, that the same be taken and considered, at the Court of Probate to be held at Cambridge, on the second Tuesday of October next; and that the said James M. Randall give public notice thereof, by causing said Petition with this Order thereon, to be published three weeks successively, in the newspaper called the Middlesex Journal, printed in Woburn, the first publication to be thirty days at least before the day of October next, and that the last Will and Testament of said Josiah Belknap, be filed and recorded, to the effect that any person may appear and object to the filing and recording of said copy. S. P. FAY, Judge of Probate.

J. W. HAMMOND
DEALER IN
Men and Boys
Ready-Made Clothing
FURNISHING GOODS,
Fats, Caps, Trunks, Valises,
Carpet-Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

Has on hand a good assortment of Sacks, Sack-Frock and Dress Coats for the spring trade, manufactured in such a manner as to well recommend themselves. These who are in pursuit of really a new article cannot do better than to examine them. Also, Satin and Silk Vests, made from low price goods, viz: Satin, Silk, Lining, Valenciennes, &c., which are marked at a low price. Plain and Fancy Cassimere, Broadcloth and Cloth Pants, made in the latest style by faithful workmen. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Twelve to fifteen different styles of SHIRTS, together with a good assortment of Bosoms, Collars, Neck-Ties, Neckers, Pockets, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery, &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING. A GOOD ASSORTMENT of Boys' Clothing, just received, which will be sold at the lowest rates, for cash, by J. W. HAMMOND, Woburn, April 1, 1854.

Woburn Machine Sewing Factory.

THE subscriber, having taken the building formerly occupied by the Woburn Machine Sewing Factory, on the corner of Oakley Court and Main street, is prepared to do all kinds of Machine Sewing, on cloth or leather to suit the taste of those who may favor him with their patronage. He would say that his work is done on the Domestic Machine, and can be entrusted for neatness or strength by M. ALLEN. Woburn, March 18, 1854.

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,
Woburn, March 18, 1854.

SURGEON DENTIST. CONTINUES in the practice of his profession, performing all operations in Dentistry in the best and most successful manner. Either or children will be given with care and success, to those who wish it, for the extraction of teeth. Office in Boston, 91 Tremont street, next door opposite Tremont House. He may be consulted at his house in Woburn, any evening. Woburn, April 1, 1854.

GENTLEMEN! THE subscriber takes the pleasure to inform you that he is Tailoring yet, and he hopes that gentlemen will not judge from his external appearance that he does not intend to do his best. He wishes to please the reverse, and there is no better way to give it than to leave your measure with him, and you need not fear to let your friends know where you got your Coats, Pants and Vests made. He has the best journeyman in the country can afford, and keeps a full assortment of

Cloths and Ready-Made Clothing, which he sells for 6 per cent. above the cost of the goods. PHILIP TEARE, Tailor. Woburn, June 3, 1854—tf

TO THE LADIES. THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT, and the NEW WAY

is, Bonnets, Bonnets, Caps, Gowns, and all the latest fashions, cheap for the cash, at MRS. TEARE'S, Milliner. Woburn, June 24th, 1854.

HATS! THE subscriber has just received a splendid assortment of the latest Spring styles of Hats of all the following descriptions: Outer Dress, Excelsior, Brown, Panama, a beautiful article, Black Silk HATS, latest styles, Soft Navy, various colors, Leary and other styles of CAPS.

Also, a new and beautiful assortment of **Gentlemen's Ready-made Clothing and Furnishing Goods,** COATS, PANTS, VESTS, COLLARS, BOSOMS, HANDKERCHIEFS, NECK-TIES, SUSPENDERS, &c., &c. Wm. A. Miles. Woburn, April 15th, 1854.

Hair Dye Applied Satisfactorily, ON CHARGE. The best dye in the market is used by the subscriber, and applied on the hair of ladies and gentlemen, so as to give perfect satisfaction, or no charge will be made, at the Comb and Perfumery Store of A. S. JORDAN, 121 Washington street, South of Broad Street, Boston.

To Tanners and Curriers. JUST received, three cases of prime truck Hides, manufactory of Shaved Leather, by J. Fletcher, at Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

For Sale or to Let. THREE valuable Corners. Also, Violins, Guitars and Flutes. Wm. A. Miles. Woburn, April 15th, 1854.

Cottage for Sale. A Cottage House for sale, cheaply, in Salem street, in good repair, convenient, pleasant, valuable, &c., enquire of the subscriber, BENJAMIN PARKER. Woburn, July 15, 1854.

House to Let. A House to let on Church street, containing 8 rooms. Enquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. Woburn, July 15, 1854.

FASTEN YOUR WINDOWS. ARNOLD'S PATENT SASH LOCK. FOR TOP OR BOTTOM SASH. JOHN LORD, having purchased the Patent Right for Woburn, Winchester, and Burlington, would respectfully solicit orders for the same and will apply them on reasonable terms.

All orders addressed to him at Woburn, Mass., will meet with prompt attention. July 2nd.

LARGE assortment of Wollen Yarns, for sale at WM. WOODBERRY'S. Woburn, Sept. 10.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber would inform his customers that he has just received a large lot of Spring and Summer goods of every variety of style, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:—
German Broadcloth Frock Coats, \$2.00—13.00
Fancy Plain Dress Coats, 4.00—9.00
Black Alpaca Frocks, 3.00—6.00
Fancy Linen Coats, 2.50—4.00
Common Brown and Striped do., 75—1.50
Also Pants of every style and quality.
Black Dressing Gowns, 5.00—5.50
Fancy " " 3.00—3.50
Fancy Linen " 1.50—2.50
Fancy Nankin " 1.00—2.00
A large assortment of Vests 1.50—3.00
White Marcellines, 1.00—1.50
Fancy " 3.00—3.50
Figured Silk, 1.00—1.50
If it is Breasted Plaid Marcellines, 1.87—2.00
Plain Watered Silk, 1.00—1.50
Use a very large assortment of Furnishing and Fancy Goods, cheap, very cheap, for cash.
WILLIAM A. MILES, No. 8 Wade's Block. June 21st.

NEW STORE

NEW GOODS. LUKE GOVE would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has opened a stock of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS, in the store lately occupied by Hiram Flagg, FOWLER'S BLOCK, Main street, and he will sell every article of his stock at the lowest prices for cash.

March 11
A GOOD assortment of Ladies' Gaiter Boots, from 75c to \$2 a pair. Misses' and Children's Gaiter Boots and Mitts, also a great variety of Children's low priced and fancy shoes cheap for cash at A. WOODS JR. Wade's Building. April 22

CASES of the French calf boots just received at A. WOODS JR., Wade's Building.

LI. Wood Thibets, Indianas, Alpaca, Molair, De Bages, all Wool Ls-Laines, &c., for sale at W. WOODBERRY'S.

BOOTS.—Fletcher's Monument Cal Boots just received at J. H. STORE.

WOOLLEN SAVINGS BANK. THE BANK will open every SATURDAY, from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M. Deposits received in sums from Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars. Woburn, June 10th, 1854.

SPRING STYLE HATS. A GOOD assortment of HATS and CAPS, of the latest patterns, for sale by J. W. HAMMOND, Fowler's Block.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator to the estate of the late EPHI POORNEY, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself the trust as giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to the said Administrator.

Woburn, June 13, 1854.

WINCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS

OUT AT LAST. Ten Nights In A Bar Room, And What I Saw There. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Just Published. Price 75 cents. The scenes drawn in this work, delineating life in the Bar Room, and its fatal consequences are not only true in the extreme, but many of them dark and terrible. L. P. CROWN & Co., Publishers, 61 Cornhill, Boston.

For sale in Winchester by D. Youngman, 7 in Woburn. june 21st.

NEW BOOKS!! RECENTLY published, a variety of valuable and interesting works, among which are:

A VOICE FROM THE PARSONAGE; or Life in the Parsonage, by J. H. STODOLSKY, D.D. OUR PARISH. THE PARISH SIDE. THE HADY SIDE. THE SUNNY SIDE. LAST LEAF FROM A SUNNY SIDE. T. S. ARTHUR'S COTTAGE LIBRARY. THE ROYAL ROYALTY. THE ROYAL ROYALTY. ABBOTT'S LUCK AND JONAS LUCK. MRS. PARTINGTON'S SAYINGS. june 11th For Sale by DR. YOUNGMAN.

Wanted Immediately! TWENTY COAT AND PANTS MAKERS, wanted immediately by H. BOLT, Lyceum Building, Winchester. june 11th

John C. Roberts, House and Sign Painter, GRAINER & GLAZIER.

Painting of all descriptions done with despatch, and on the most reasonable terms. Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., for sale at his shop, in the rear of the Depot.

N. B. JOHN C. ROBERTS, late of the city of Boston, gives his personal attention to graining, in imitation of all kinds of wood—to marbling, and other kinds of ornamental painting.

References—W. B. D. Simmons & Co., Boston; Henry Robinson, Graniteville; A. D. Sargent & Co., Malden; Thomas Appleton, Reading; Winchester, May 24, 1854.

BOOTS & SHOES. JOHN G. USHER has in store a complete assortment of Boots and Shoes, which he will sell at the lowest market prices. Winchester, April 26, 1854.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Lyceum Building, Winchester.

Dea or in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Newspapers, Toys, Stuffs, Fancy Goods.

Dr. Medicine carefully selected, and of the purest quality, including all the recently introduced preparations. Particular attention given to the treatment of the following diseases: N. B. Medicines dispensed at his residence, during the hours of Night and Sunday. Winchester, Mass., April 1, 1854.

JOHN G. USHER, GRATITUDFUL for past favors, and hoping to merit a continuance of the same, would respectfully say to the citizens of Winchester and vicinity, that he may be found at his old stand, Lyceum Building, where he is prepared to do for his friends a general assortment of

Dry and Furnishing Goods, in a very variety of styles the market affords, being desirous of obtaining his business, he is now offering goods at extremely low prices, but having no long series to tell out of his store, he respectfully invites you to call and examine his stock, before, or even after purchasing elsewhere. Winchester, April 19, 1854.

Dr. William Ingalls, ATE Physician and Surgeon in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Chelsea, offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Winchester and vicinity. His residence is that lately owned and occupied by Col. S. Winchester, September 10, 1853.

Porter's Burning Fluid. THE newest, most economical, and best article for household light, for sale Cheap for Cash, by the subscriber. N. B. The idea that Fluid will explode, when used in ordinary lamps, with proper care, is a delusion. Winchester, Sept. 8, 1854. A. C. SPAN.

COAL!! COAL!! THE Subscriber has recently received a full supply of very superior Red and White ash coal, prepared especially for family use, and are ready to furnish families in Winchester and vicinity, at the lowest market price. Also, about 500 tons of White ash broken coal, for steam engines and large furnaces. BAYLEY & CO. Winchester, Sept. 1, 1853.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

WOBURN, MASS., AUGUST 19, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 45.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

Published by the Proprietor, every Saturday morning, at his Office, Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS.
\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrears are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00.
" " " " 6 months, " 6.00.
Business Cards, 1 year, " 3.00.
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.
Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 50c, each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.
The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF **JOB WORK**, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store. **HOWARD MANFIELD.**

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by **E. Mansfield & Co.**
South Reading, April 29th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad st. 2d door from Main st.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of
Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Block, Woburn.
Oct 18

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY AND HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings,
Woburn.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINARY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of Millinery Goods ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Draw Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, of every style, at very low prices. Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, bleached and pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
M. TEARE.
Oct 15

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
Offices: 10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oil and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 '54.
Main St., WOBURN.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to. Oct 16

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to. April 29th.

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can obtain them of the Subscribers at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the rare rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & JARVIS.
Winchester, April 6, 1854—14

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and **Cutlery.**
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for
UNDERPINNING.
Fence Posts, Curb-stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT)
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.

O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE,
Rattans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Sales, &c., &c.
NO. 30 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
J. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN.
Jan 21

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 186 Washington Street, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—House Let—Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854—14

D. TILSON & SON;
ROOFING SLATES,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. May 6

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
F. F. Libby, BOSTON. S. B. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Importers and Dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS and DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPAL VARNISH,
NO. 41 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention. Jan 7—1854—14

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston.
122 Nassau Street, New York.
Collecting and publishing all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Press, Ink, Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We will always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854—30

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
(FOR CARPETS TRIMMINGS.)
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 121 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON & CHEMICAL WASHING POWDER, manufacturers and Dealers in choicest Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
HERMAN HUNTING.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. 31

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPANN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, of made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above wares.
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine.
Oct 19

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRAP DOOR.

'Twas late in the afternoon of a certain day, some years since, that I found myself travelling in one of the wildest portions of the great West. The road, or apology for one, for it hardly deserved the name, wound through a lonely forest, which a concourse of sounds served to make anything but agreeable or enlivening to my spirits; worn out as I was by a day's travel.

To mend matters it began to rain, not moderately or leisurely, but with such good earnest that I was soon wet to the skin. In this dilemma I looked around anxiously for a shelter of some kind. It was with some sense of relief that I beheld at a little distance in front of me a small house, the home, doubtless of an adventurous farmer, who, for the sake of more elbow-room, had located himself on the very verge of civilization.

I rode up to the house, and tapping at the door with my riding whip, requested admittance. My call was answered by a woman of middle age, in whom I noticed little more than an anxious care worn expression, of which, at the time, I did not take particular notice.

"Can you accommodate me for to-night?" I asked. "I am wet to the skin with the rain, and it is impossible for me to go farther. My horse too, is worn out with fatigue, as he has been on his feet all day."

The woman paused, and I saw a shade of reluctance pass over her countenance. "You could be better accommodated," she said at length, "at the tavern, about four miles distant from here."

"It might as well be forty," said I, with decision. "As for accommodations, anything will suit me. A bed of straw, or rug, with a cup of tea and a piece of bread, if you have them, will strengthen me for to-morrow's ride."

Apparently this removed the woman's objections, for without further opposition she led the way into the common sitting-room, in which were seated two rough, shock-headed youngsters, and an infant who seemed ailing. At least, so I inferred from the squalls it poured forth, with a compass of voice truly astonishing in one so young.

The master of the house, apparently was not at home. A plain repast was very speedily set before me, and partaken of with an appetite which could not by any means be called "poor." I did not attempt to engage my hostess in conversation. She appeared disinclined to it, and even if she had not been the cries of the child, which she was striving in vain to quiet, would have effectually prevented it. As for the two boys, they stared at me with an intensity that showed their determination to know me again.

After supper I took my lamp and was ushered into a large room on the second floor in one corner of which was a plain bedstead, which, with four chairs and a looking glass twelve inches by twelve, completed its arrangements, as far as furniture went.

"I hope you will rest quiet," said the woman as she withdrew.
Left to myself, I first bolted the door, and disarranging myself, leaped into bed, where I soon buried myself in an uneasy slumber; uneasy because I could not throw off some anxious thoughts which had brooded upon me during the day.

It might have been twelve o'clock when I awoke from my troubled slumbers and became conscious of a conference which was being held just outside my door.

One voice I at once recognized as being the farmer's wife, the other I conjectured to be her husband's.

"Have you killed him?" asked she, softly.
"Yes," said the man.
"And where did you bury him?"
"In the swamp, about a mile distant."
"Did he make any resistance?"
"No, I didn't give a chance. I raised my gun and struck him on the head with it, so that he was stunned at once."

I listened intently to these few words. I was convinced that they related to the murder of some unsuspecting person, with what purpose I could not gather, by the master of the house. My blood ran cold at the coolness with which it was detailed. I determined, if ever I got out of this den of murderers alive, I would secure his arrest.

But the conversation was resumed, and I listened once more.

"How shall we get in?" inquired the farmer.

"Not by the door, for I've tried it, and found it bolted."

I perceived that they were now speaking of entering my chamber, doubtless with the same design of murdering me, and possessing themselves of my property.

"Try the trap door."
"Yes, but if he should wake up?"
"O, no fear of that."
The steps receded.

So, thought I, there is a trap door? Well, I will be prepared for them.

I grasped my pistols convulsively determined if I gave up my life it would not be without resistance.

I waited a few moments listening intently. A length I could hear a slight rustling beneath the floor, which was succeeded by the cautious lifting up of a trap door in the cen-

tre of the apartment, which I had not noticed. The farmer slowly emerged with a lantern in his hand.

Now, thought I, is my time. Leaping from the bed, I exclaimed, aiming a pistol at the intruder—

"Not another step, or you are a dead man."

The farmer recoiled, while, as I conjectured, the surprise of detected villainy filled him with confusion.

"Villain, your base designs are fathomed! With your hands red with a murder which you have already perpetrated this day, you would attempt another?"

"Is the man mad?" muttered my host.

"Can you deny that you have to-day committed murder? Can you deny that within the last few minutes you did it, and for which, villain that you are, you shall receive full punishment?"

To my astonishment, the farmer burst into a hearty laugh. When the fit was over, he spoke—

"You are right, sir! I have committed murder to-day. I have killed no less a personage than my dog Sack, who had lately shown signs of being mad."

At this ludicrous interpretation, my dignified sternness fell apace. I managed to paled with some severity.

"This may be true, but why do I find you entering my chamber at the dead hour of night? What is your purpose, I demand?"

"Sir, my reason for entering at the trap door is, that the room door is bolted. My reason for entering at all is, to seek some chamomile in yonder closet, to make tea for a sick child. In the surprise of your coming it was forgotten. If you will take away your pistol, I will search for it."

I began to feel sensible that I had made a fool of myself. Without a word more I jumped into bed. I rose at an early hour the next morning, and left before the family was up, first laying a piece of money on the table to pay for my entertainment.

How could I have the face to meet the family at breakfast, after what had happened?

TOASTS BY THE TRADE.—At the New England celebration at Milwaukee, the secretary read the list of professional toasts which follows, which were received with tremendous applause:—

By a baker:—"The Storm of Liberty"—it rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light till it has covered the whole world; and prepared for the last great baking.

By a hatter:—"Our Country"—may its rim be ocean bound; and its band tightly buckled, and may it never be subject to a crown, and always mindful of the glories of Genin.

By a dry goods merchant:—"Our National Flag"—may we never measure it by yards nor sell it without a reasonable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.

By a school master:—"The Old Puritan Discipline"—may its uses never be passed by nor its benefits reduced to a cypher.

By a lawyer:—"The Beach Seal"—its application to the early Yorkers by the Green Mountain Boys, dispensed with the necessity of providing a consideration for their rights.

By a printer:—"Flynn's Rock"—the imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be the type of their perpetuity.

By a tailor:—"The American Union"—But-toned by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip its seams asunder.

By a miller:—"The Mayflower"—ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no shorts.

By a forwarder:—"The Boston Tea Party"—may its memory be stored away as a warning to all who attempt to exact illegal commission.

By a banker:—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Above par in every market.

MILKING BEARS.—A friend of ours, says the New York Journal, who has recently returned from a little jaunt in the country, happening to stay at the house of an old Methodist deacon, has handed us the following specimen of that pious gentleman's commentary on a passage in the Bible. As it is quite equal to anything we have seen lately, we do not feel disposed to keep it entirely to ourselves. It appears that for many years past the deacon had observed the custom of reading daily a chapter from the sacred Scriptures to the family, and of making extemporaneous commentary upon each particular passage that seemed to require elucidation.

Coming to that part of the Bible which says, "Now these seven did Milcha bear unto Nahor," he cleared his throat and explained it thus:—

"The object of this here passage is to show how unfortunate the people used to be in old times. Then they didn't have no daifids, but was obliged to milk bears, and it took six to hold the bear, while tother milked it, and they had to go to Nahor to git the bears."

THE WRIGHT SORT.—Capt. Wright, editor of the South Boston Gazette, furnishes the following interesting item, in his paper of last Saturday:—

"We return thanks this week for the safe delivery of another little heir to our estate God speed the Wright. Master comes next week."

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Away with long faces! What's the use of looking as if you had a season ticket for a funeral? Can't you find any better name for this world than 'a vale of tears,' and 'a scene of tribulation?' If you can't, it will do no good to read a letter which a friend has just furnished us. It is from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She always looks at the bright side. She doesn't intend going through the world with an air as if

"Muffled drums were beating,
Funeral marches to the grave!"

Here is the letter!

'My dear Husband—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox; Amannad Jane has got the typhus fever, Betsy is down with the measles, Samuel got hooked with a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off seven of his fingers with the hatchet. It's a mercy that he did not chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us.

I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda cloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance and I'm glad she's got married at last. She need not have taken the trouble to clope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find this baked beans don't go off near as fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into the pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family.

The cow took it into her head to run off yesterday, which was very fortunate I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes the house would go too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive any injury.

Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit trees. I'm very glad of it for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit.

Hope that you enjoy yourself in California, as well as we do at home. I remain your affectionate wife.—N. Y. Sun.

DETAINED.—Traveling in a stage coach, Prof. V. got into an argument with a fellow traveller about dueling, the necessity of which the Professor strenuously denied. The other stoutly maintained it, and asserted that there were many cases which could be decided only by a duel.

"I deny that," said the Professor.
"Why," he again replied, "quite clear. Why, what else can you do? Here are you and I talking together, and suppose we get into a warm argument, and I should say to you, 'you lie!' what can you do then? You must fight me—there's no other remedy."

"I deny it," replied the Professor with provoking coolness.
"Poh!" he again replied, "if you say to me 'you lie,' I should say, 'prove it.' If you prove it, I do lie; but if you don't prove it, it's you that lie, and so there is an end to the matter."

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumbers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in other lands show symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the King and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem sung by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trumpet when the sea will give up its dead.

An old man, hailing from Vermont, of some other green place, &c.—*Bos. Herald.*

Yes, Vermont is green; her hills, her valleys, her forests and her fields are green, in mid summer, as they should be. The man or woman either, who can content him or herself, pent up within the brick walls of Boston or Lowell, during the scorching blaze of a July sun, without sighing for the cooling breezes and green fields of Vermont must be decidedly green. Boston is the place for microchiz—for codfish, rum and tobacco; Vermont for maple sugar, stout-hearted men and pretty women. Man made Boston; God Almighty made Vermont.

A MODEL WILL.—The following is the copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—This is the last will of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can.

N. B. If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS.

WHAT IS FORTUNE?—A capricious dame who often rejects those who are most anxious to solicit her favors, whilst others more unworthy are the recipients of her bounties.

News.—"Well Bill, what's the news?"
"Not much, Joe, since I saw you, except I have got married."

"Well, that good news, Bill."
"Not so good neither for I married a scold."

"That bad news."
"Not so bad either, for she brought me a thousand dollars."

"That good news."
"Not so good either, for I laid out the money in sheep and they died of the rot."

"That bad news."
"Not so bad either, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost."

"That good news."
"Not so bad either, for I built a house with the money and it took fire and burned down."

"That bad news."
"Not so bad either, for my wife was burned in it."

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.—The nearest fixed star has been discovered, very recently, to be Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and this star which we feel a certain degree of friendship for, because it is our nearest neighbor, is two hundred and six thousand times the distance of the sun from the earth. Light, which travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second, would require more than three years to reach us from that star.

A MILD WISH.—The Detroit Democrat has received a letter from one John P. Hall, an office-holder in Michigan, which contains the following gentle wish:—

"I wish that I could see those 3000 New England clergymen and the twenty-five Chicago ministers, and St. Clair with them, all placed in a row, and six twelve-pounders, loaded with chain and grape shot, levelled upon them, and mow them to the ground, rather than see them sending in such a petition as they did against the Nebraska bill."

FORGOTTENNESS.—Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money several times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servants to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it," said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no I forgot that."

AN OLD PILD ON THE OHIO RIVER SAYS:
"Never kill or drive off a 'skeeter; let him have his fill, expose your body so as to get bitten all over, after which no 'skeeter will bite you; for a 'skeeter was never known to place his sucker in the same place that one has been in before him, even if it were fifty years ago." We cannot vouch for the above remedy against the annoying attacks of mosquitoes, but our readers can try it.

IRISH WIT.—An Irish boy who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about hiring him, "but this I know, you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that! Suppose your old cat should have kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?" The boy got the place.

THE FORTSMOUTH CHRONICLE thinks that if the destruction of Greytown was necessary to avenge the insult to Boland, who was hit on the head with a glass bottle, the sacking of Washington would no more than compensate for the recent insult to the President. The Chronicle can only account for the different mode of dealing with the aggressors by assuming that Boland has a thinner skin than the President.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim, who was writhing under his clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If your skinning me it goes tolerable easy, but if its shaving, its goes de-evilish hard!"

AS A DANDIFIED FELLOW was wending his way through a narrow passage, he met a pretty girl, and said to her: "Pray, my dear, what do you call this passage?" "Balaam's passage," replied the girl. "Ah then," continued the fellow, "I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel." "And I," replied the girl as she pushed behind him, "am like the angel—stopped by an ass!"

"We must be unanimous," said Hall, cock, on the occasion of signing the declaration of independence, "there must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," answered Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

"Pooh! pooh!" said a wife to an expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words, "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

"Why is rheumatism like a glutton?" Because it attacks the joints.

This is the last line in the 6th column.

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

WOBURN, MASS., AUGUST 19, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 45.

\$1.50 Per Annum in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

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" " " " 6 months, \$6.00.
Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00.
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.
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Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store. **HOWARD MANFIELD.**

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by **E. Mansfield & Co.** South Woburn, April 29th 1854.
CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad St., 2d door from Main St.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of
Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 4, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Block, Woburn.
Oct 18

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY AND HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Perfumes,
Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings,
Woburn.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit.

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Ribbon Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Draw Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
M. TEARE.
Oct 15

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R.R.
EXPRESS.
TRIPS DAILY.
Offices: 10 Court Square, Boston.
R.R. Depot, Woburn Centre
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to.
Oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to.
Apr 30

Piano Fortes for Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can obtain them of the Subscribers at very low rates, and the privilege of making their selections from the rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854—16

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and **Cutlery.**
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for
UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked, to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT)
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.

O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE,
Rattans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
NO. 30 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
J. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN.
Jan 21

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
Oct 18

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let—Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854—11

D. TILSON & SON;
—DEALERS IN—
VERMONT ROOFING SLATES,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 FRIED ST., BOSTON.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. May 6

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
Nos. 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church)
F. F. Libby, BOSTON. J. S. B. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT,
Importers and Dealers in
DRUGS, PAINTS and DYES,
Manufacturers of
COPAL VARNISH,
NO. 41 INDIA STREET, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention.
Jan 7—1854—11

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for it at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are:
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Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
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Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854—3m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARPETS, TRIMMINGS, &c.)
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BOLLE & CO., PROPRIETORS, 120 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
General agents for BOSTON: (H. E. AL WASH ING POWDER, manufacturers and Dealers in choicest Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes July 9

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.
HERMAN HUNTING.
Not meat at all hours of the day. 31

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of
SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.
MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF
BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA,
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.
Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above wares.
B. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine
Oct 19

MISCELLANEOUS.

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"Can you accommodate me for to-night?" I asked. "I am wet to the skin with the rain, and it is impossible for me to go farther. My horse too, is worn out with fatigue, as he has been on his feet all day."

The woman paused, and I saw a shade of reluctance pass over her countenance. "You could be better accommodated," she said at length, "at the tavern, about four miles distant from here."

"It might as well be forty," said I, with decision. "As for accommodations, anything will suit me. A bed of straw, or rug, with a cup of tea and a piece of bread, if you have them, will strengthen me for to-morrow's ride."

Apparently this removed the woman's objections, for without further opposition she led the way into the common sitting-room, in which were seated two rough, shoddy headed youngsters, and an infant who seemed ailing. At least, so I inferred from the squalls it poured forth, with a compass of voice truly astonishing in one so young.

The master of the house, apparently was not at home. A plain repast was very speedily set before me, and partaken of with an appetite which could not by any means be called "poor." I did not attempt to engage my hostess in conversation. She appeared disinclined to it, and even if she had not been the cries of the child, which she was striving in vain to quiet, would have effectually prevented it. As for the two boys, they stared at me with an intensity that showed their determination to know me again.

After supper I took my lamp and was ushered into a large room on the second floor in one corner of which was a plain bedstead, which, with four chairs and a looking glass twelve inches by twelve, completed its arrangements, as far as furniture went.

"I hope you will rest quiet," said the woman as she withdrew.
Left to myself, I first bolted the door, and disarranging myself, leaped into bed, where I soon buried myself in an uneasy slumber; uneasy because I could not throw off some anxious thoughts which had obtruded upon me during the day.

It might have been twelve o'clock when I awoke from my troubled slumbers and became conscious of a conference which was being held just outside my door.

One voice I at once recognized as being the farmer's wife, the other I conjectured to be her husband's.
"Have you killed him?" asked she, softly.
"Yes," said the man.
"And where did you bury him?"
"In the swamp, about a mile distant."
"Did he make any resistance?"
"No, I didn't give a chance. I raised my gun and struck him on the head with it, so that he was stunned at once."

I listened intently to these few words. I was convinced that they referred to the murder of some unsuspecting person, with what purpose I could not gather, by the master of the house. My blood ran cold at the coolness with which it was detailed. I determined, if ever I got out of this den of murderers alive, I would secure her arrest.

But the conversation was resumed, and I listened once more.

"How shall we get in?" inquired the farmer.

"Not by the door, for I've tried it, and found it bolted."

I perceived that they were now speaking of entering my chamber, doubtless with the same design of murdering me, and possessing themselves of my property.

"Try the trap door."

"Yes, but if he should wake up?"

"O, no fear of that."

The steps receded.

So, thought I, there is a trap door? Well, I will be prepared for them.

I grasped my pistols convulsively determined if I gave up my life it would not be without resistance.

I waited a few moments listening intently. A length I could hear a slight rustling beneath the floor, which was succeeded by the cautious lifting up of a trap door in the cen-

tre of the apartment, which I had not noticed. The farmer slowly emerged with a lantern in his hand.

Now, thought I, is my time. Leaping from the bed, I exclaimed, aiming a pistol at the intruder—

"Not another step, or you are a dead man."

The farmer recoiled, while, as I conjectured, the surprise of detected villainy filled him with confusion.

"Villain, your base designs are fathomed! With your hands red with a murder which you have already perpetrated this day, you would attempt another."

"Is the man mad?" muttered my host.

"Can you deny that you have to-day committed murder? Can you deny that within the last few minutes you did it, and for which, villain that you are, you shall receive full punishment?"

To my astonishment, the farmer burst into a hearty laugh. When the fit was over, he spoke—

"You are right, sir. I have committed murder to-day. I have killed no less a personage than my dog Sack, who had lately shown signs of being mad."

At this ludicrous interpretation, my dignified sternness fell apace. I managed to pectebd with some severity.

"This may be true, but why do I find you entering my chamber at the dead hour of night? What is your purpose, I demand?"

"Sir, my reason for entering at the trap door is, that the room door is bolted. My reason for entering at all is, to seek some chamomile in yonder closet, to make tea for a sick child. In the surprise of your coming it was forgotten. It will take away your pistol, I will search for it."

I began to feel sensible that I had made a fool of myself. Without a word more I jumped into bed. I rose at an early hour the next morning, and left before the family was up, first laying a piece of money off the table to pay for my entertainment.

How could I have the face to meet the family at breakfast, after what had happened?

TOASTS BY THE TRADE.—At the New England celebration at Milwaukee, the secretary read the list of professional toasts which follows, which were received with tremendous applause:—

By a baker:—"The Storm of Liberty"—it rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light: till it has covered the whole world; and prepared for the last great baking.

By a hatter:—"Our Country"—may its rim be ocean bound; and its band tightly buckled, and may it never be subject to a crown, and always mindful of the glories of Genin.

By a dry goods merchant:—"Our National Flag"—may we never measure it by yards, nor sell it without a reasonable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.

By a school master:—"The Old Puritan Discipline"—may its uses never be passed by nor its benefits reduced to a cypher.

By a lawyer:—"The Beach Seal"—its application to the early Yorkers by the Green Mountain Boys, dispensed with the necessity of providing a consideration for their rights.

By a printer:—"Flymouth Rock"—the imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be the type of their perpetuity.

By a tailor:—"The American Union"—Buttoned by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip its seams asunder.

By a miller:—"The Mayflower"—ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no shorts.

By a forwarder:—"The Boston Tea Party"—may its memory be stored away as a warning to all who attempt to exact illegal commission.

By a banker:—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Above par in every market.

MILKING BEARS.—A friend of ours, says the New York Journal, who has recently returned from a little jaunt in the country, happening to stay at the house of an old Methodist deacon, has handed us the following specimen of that pious gentleman's commentary on a passage in the Bible. As it is quite equal to anything we have seen lately, we do not feel disposed to keep it entirely to ourselves. It appears that for many years past the deacon had observed the custom of reading daily a chapter from the sacred Scriptures to the family, and of making extemporaneous commentary upon each particular passage that seemed to require elucidation.

Coming to that part of the Bible which says, "Now these seven did Milcha bear unto Nahor," he cleared his throat and explained it thus:—

"The object of this here passage is to show how unfortunate the people used to be in old times. Then they didn't have no dairies, but was obliged to milk bears, and it took six to hold the bear, while tother milked it, and they had to go to Nahor to git the bears."

FIRE WRIGHT SORRY.—Capt. Wright, editor of the South Boston Gazette, furnishes the following interesting item, in his paper of last Saturday:—

"We return thanks this week for the safe delivery of another little heir to our estate God speed the Wright. Muster comes next week."

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Away with long faces! What's the use of looking as if you had a season ticket for a funeral? Can't you find any better name for this world than 'a vale of tears,' and 'a scene of tribulation?' If you can't, it will do no good to read a letter which a friend has just furnished us. It is from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She always looks at the bright side. She doesn't intend going through the world with an air as if

'Muffled drums were beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.'

Here is the letter!

'My dear Husband—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox. Amanna Jane has got the typhus fever, Hersby is down with the measles, Samuel got hooked with a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off seven of his fingers with the hatchet. It's a mercy that he did not chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us.

I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance and I'm glad she's got married at last. She need not have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find the baked beans don't go off near as fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into the pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family.

The cow took it into her head to run off yesterday, which was very fortunate I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes the house would go too, for its very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive any injury.

Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit trees. I'm very glad of it; for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit.

Hoping that you enjoy yourself in California, as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife.—N. Y. Son.

DEFENDING.—Traveling in a stage coach, Prof. V. got into an argument with a fellow traveller about dueling, the necessity of which the Professor strenuously denied. The other stoutly maintained it, and asserted that there were many cases which could be decided only by a duel.

"I deny that," said the Professor.

"Why," he again replied, "if you say to me 'you lie,' I should say, 'prove it.' If you prove it, I do lie; but if you don't prove it, it's you that lie, and so there is an end to the matter."

"I deny it," replied the Professor with provoking coolness.

"Well, but what can you do?"

"Poh!" he again replied, "if you say to me 'you lie,' I should say, 'prove it.' If you prove it, I do lie; but if you don't prove it, it's you that lie, and so there is an end to the matter."

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in other lands show symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem sung by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trumpet when the sea will give up its dead.

An old man, hailing from Vermont, of some other green place, &c.—*Bos. Herald.*

Yes, Vermont is green; her hills, her valleys, her forests and her fields are green, in mid summer, as they should be. The manor woman either, who can content him or herself, pent up within the brick walls of Boston or Lowell, during the scorching blaze of a July sun, without sighing for the cooling breezes and green fields of Vermont must be decidedly green. Boston is the place for merricandize—for codfish, rum and tobacco; Vermont for maple sugar, stout-hearted men and pretty women. Man made Boston; God Almighty made Vermont.

A MODEL WILL.—The following is the copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—This is the last will of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided amongst them the best way they can.

N. B. If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything.

Signed by me, JOHN THOMAS.

WHAT IS FORTUNE?—A capricious dame who often rejects those who are most anxious to solicit her favors, whilst others more unworthy are the recipients of her bounties.

News.—"Well Bill, what's the news?"

"Not much, Joe, since I saw you, except I have got married."

"Well, that good news, Bill."

"Not so good neither for I married a scold."

"That bad news."

"Not so bad either, for she brought me a thousand dollars."

"That good news."

"Not so good either, for I laid out the money in sheep and they died of the rot."

"That bad news."

"Not so bad either, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost."

"That good news."

"Not so bad either, for I built a house with the money and it took fire and burned down."

"That bad news."

"Not so bad either, for my wife was burned in it."

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.—The nearest fixed star has been discovered, very recently, to be Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and this star which we feel a certain degree of friendship for, because it is our nearest neighbor, is two hundred and six thousand times the distance of the sun from the earth. Light, which travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second, would require more than three years to reach us from that star.

A MILD WISH.—The Detroit Democrat has received a letter from one John P. Hall, an office-holder in Michigan, which contains the following gentle wish:—

"I wish that I could see those 3000 New England clergymen and the twenty-five Chicago ministers, and St. Clair with them, all placed in a row, and six twelve-pounders, loaded with chain and grape shot, levelled upon them, and mow them to the ground, rather than see them sending in such a petition as they did against the Nebraska bill."

FORGETFULNESS.—Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money several times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servants to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it," said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no I forgot that."

AN OLD PILOT ON THE OHIO RIVER SAYS:
"Never kill or drive off a 'skeeter; let him have his fill, expose your body so as to get bitten all over, after which no 'skeeter will bite you; for a 'skeeter was never known to place his sucker in the same place that one has been in before him, even if it were fifty years ago." We cannot vouch for the above remedy against the annoying attacks of mosquitoes, but our readers can try it.

INSULT WRITTEN.—An Irish boy who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish.

"I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about hiring him; "but this I know; you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that! Suppose your old cat should have kittens in the oven, would they be leaved of bread?" "The boy got the place."

THE FORTSMOUTH CHRONICLE thinks that if the destruction of Greytown was necessary to avenge the insult to Roland, who was hit on the head with a glass bottle, the sacking of Washington would no more than compensate for the recent insult to the President. The Chronicle can only account for the different mode of dealing with the aggressors by assuming that Roland has a thinner skin than the President.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim, who was writhing under his clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong hand.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If your skinning me it goes tolerable easy, but if its shaving, its goes de-evilish hard!"

As a dandified fellow was wending his way through a narrow passage, he met a pretty girl, and said to her: "Pray, my dear, what do you call this passage?" "Balaam's passage," replied the girl. "Ah then," continued the fellow, "I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel." "And I," replied the girl as she pushed behind him, "am like the angel

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 19 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wain & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

HOME SICK.

Of all the diseases which prey upon the human form, there are none more melancholy more drawing out the very life blood of existence than "home sickness of the heart," deep and sorrowful longing for a distant and loved home, the home of our youth, those happy days in which we frolicked and played on the green, around the old homestead, amongst the hills and valleys; the streams, fish ponds, and not the least in these remembrances, the school house, those white monuments which enrich our New England villages, and from which go forth our sons and daughters, bearing the valued and precious gems of our system of education, all these recollections cluster around the heart of the emigrant and traveller, as he sighs in a distant land for his native home.

Many a heart has been made sad in the circle of our villages, by the sudden termination of earthly connections of relatives and friends who have left their honored homes for distant California, with bright hopes and fair prospects for future life. Our imaginations may picture some of the scenes in that distant land of gold, the excitements of expected wealth, the eagerness of search, the emotions of success can be imagined, and we can almost enter into the joyous feelings which follow the acquisition of gold. But all these feelings have their time and then subside, sickness comes, with all its gloomy forebodings, and then the heart turns to "home, sweet home." The sickness of the heart, who but the possessor knows its anguish, the closing scene, the reception at home of the sorrowing death, instead of the glad tidings of happiness and joy, these we leave for those who have felt the sad reality, who will never hear of those enticing words "the golden fields of California," without feelings of sorrow as memory recalls the last resting place of a homesick wanderer from his native home.

In looking over some California papers, our eye met the following from the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It is one out of thousands we could select. The editor calls it the "Home Sick Emigrant," he says:—

"A German walked into our sanctum yesterday and called us by name. We looked at him a moment, thought we had seen him before, and then recollected where. We knew him in the eastern states. He was an honest hard working fellow, and had saved a few hundred dollars by working as a porter in a store. Some enthusiastic adventurer came along, told him a glowing story about California, and without much reflection he immediately started for New York, where he bought a ticket and sailed for this port on the 5th of June. He arrived here on the last trip of the Yankee Blade. He looked about the city a day or two for work, but not finding much encouragement he went to Sacramento, where he hired out to harvest grain. The change of labor from an in-door occupation to that of working in the sun, with the mercury at nearly 100 degrees, soon drew the tick out of our young German friend, and he became an immensely altered man. Instead of a fair complexion, his face wore a burning red, his feet were sore and his hands blistered. In addition to all this bad feeling, his garments had become rather the worse for wear, and his hat was decidedly 'shocking.' Notwithstanding all this and his pitiful story, we could do little else than laugh, because he was such a capital illustration of hundreds of others in this country.

But his chief object in calling upon us was to see if some means could not be provided for him to get home. We endeavored to persuade him from the notion, by telling him that he had not seen the country, and would like it better when he got acquainted. But this had no effect. We next told him the fare was high, and by waiting over two weeks he might go cheaper. All would not do. He declared he would give all he had in the world to go by the next steamer. He finally left, highly gratified with the assurance that we would provide some way for him to start home on Saturday.

Now what a tale this humble, honest man will tell about California, when he reaches his old companions. How they will laugh at him for his chicken heartedness, and how, as he resolves his course over in his mind, will he regret that he did not stay a little longer, and learn more. But he is 'bent' for home now, and nothing but death, or the want of a steerage ticket, can stop him. Well, go, and let those who hear your story draw this simple moral: California is the best country in the world for a man who has the power and the will to control circumstances, but a poor one for those who have no mind and will of their own."

Our correspondents "Honesty," from Stoneham, "Junius," from Boston, and "Simon," from the "Jumping off place," will be attended to next week; also the article on "Life as a Reality," and the pretty touching upon the High School question.

THE WHIG STATE CONVENTION.—This body assembled in Boston on Wednesday last. Hon. Franklin Dexter was president; and, after a series of resolves, indicative of the condition of the party and its plans, the following candidates were nominated:—For Governor, Hon. Emory Washburn; for Lieut. Governor, William C. Plunkett.

[For the Journal.]

Glen House, White Mountains, August 1854.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—I promised you another letter, giving a sketch of this mountain house, and the scenery by which it is enlivened. It was so dark on our arrival that we could pursue no investigations as to our position, with any tolerable prospect of success, we therefore, after shaking off an accumulated load of dust, installed ourselves in a large and inviting parlor of the House, to enjoy such conversation and recreations as a public room well filled with visitors from all quarters might furnish. Every one is immediately "at home," in these places of summer resort, and it is necessary to be so at once, if one expects to attain to that desirable state of feeling at all, as the stay at any one point is generally brief. There is a constant succession of visitors, which to the proprietors of a hotel of this class, must make it appear like a great human kaleidoscope, with its ever varying phases of character, dress, and manners.

The Glen House, is a large and well built structure, capable of accommodating from two hundred to three hundred persons; depending somewhat on the number to be provided for. We were fortunate in arriving at a time when there was no squeeze or jam, and accordingly had good and well appointed rooms.

The gray of the morning had passed, and sunlight was tingling the massive forests with its early beams, and playing with the tall cliffs, as they seemingly lifted themselves up to meet its coming, when we stepped from our dormitories to the broad piazza on the western side of the house see what might be revealed. And truly the sight that met our view was most glorious to behold. Right up into the blue heavens rose the majestic form of Mt. Washington, with its loftiest peak bared to the delighted vision. This is not a very "unaccustomed spectacle," although this old monarch of the mountains sits so frequently with his head covered with gray mists, or surmounted with a corol of white clouds, that in some seasons it is rare to see these appendages entirely removed. And now scarcely an hour elapsed before the white mists began to wreath the summit, and shut it out from view. But Mt. Washington was only one of the lofty group that stood before us. By its side and nearly equalling it in apparent height were the venerable and imposing forms of Adams, Jefferson and Clinton, looking sublimely into the face of heaven. No one can look upon these grand creations without emotions of the most elevated kind. It is difficult to avert the gaze from them for a moment. They have a power to enchain the beholder like a spell. The eye, for a moment wandering, instantly steals back again and continues to feast the soul with admiration, wonder and awe. And how, as the more and more we gazed at them did their hugeness and towering attitudes seem to grow upon us.

Turning the glass to the top of Mt. Washington, the Summit House and the observatory were quite distinctly seen. The latter object is just discernible when the top is clear, by the unaided eye, having the appearance of a man, whereas its real height is full forty feet. To the east of the hotel and directly upon it rises a series of lofty hills, deeply wooded to the summit. They might well be called mountains were they not in so close proximity to the "patriot group."

Southwardly the horizon is partially indented with a lower range of hills through which comes the road from Gorham, and to the north an opening is made through the mountain cordon that leads to the wild passes of the Pinkham notch. It was only the sound of the gong summoning the guests to breakfast, that could turn our attention from the grand and inspiring scenes before us. But the mountain air has such an effect upon the physical man, that whatever may be the height to which our emotional nature has been raised, the appetite for the time asserts its supremacy, and find great comfort and pleasure in the delicate mountain trout, sirloin steaks, eggs, corn bread and coffee. After breakfast, the first matter of interest is the packing off of the party for the day that is to ascend Mt. Washington. The horses are ready at the door all "saddled and bridled" and the candidates for the honor of kissing the gray beard of the "patriarch" mountain, are putting themselves in suitable array to accomplish the task. As the ascent of the mountain is no holiday affair, so the garb in which it is undertaken is by no means fanciful or dressy. Among the chief things to be attended to is to have plenty of warm clothing and that securely attached to the person. The difference in the temperature and the force of the wind at an elevation of more than 6000 feet are sufficient to chill the most hardy, even when well protected against their disturbing influence. At length the party of some twenty ladies and gentlemen (and it is sometimes extended to forty and even fifty,) are ready for a start. The avalanche as it moves from the door with the good wishes of those who remain behind, has a singularly grotesque appearance. Should one meet them in the forest road, without knowing their object and destination, he might well think he had fallen in with a company of strolling gypsies.

But off they go, with a guide as a file leader while two or three others of the same craft mingle in the line, and have an eye to those whose seats lack firmness, as well as to any loosened shoes, girths or saddles of the horses. As the writer did not undertake the "tip top" journey, he cannot speak from experience of its rapturous delights or its great fatigues. To have gone to the base of Mount Washington and yet not to have trod its summit may to many seem strange and possibly incomprehensible, nay, even stupid. But whatever may be the opinions of others as to the propriety of such omission, there are reasons that governed the case too imperative to be lightly set aside. The distance from the

Glen House to the summit is called five miles, but there are few who traverse it that seem to be reconciled to the notion that so small an integer expresses the true relation between the bottom and top of the mountain. Six, seven and even eight miles is set down as the least practical distance. For the first two miles, or thereabouts, the "bride path" leads through a thick forest; above that there is some stunted vegetation for a short distance, and then comes the region of mosses cleaving to the solid or fragmentary rocks, which reach to the apex. Some of the ledges are precipitous and difficult to clamber over, but the horses move along with careful and well considered steps, seldom falling or taking an insecure foot hold. Occasionally one of a party is suddenly dismounted; but little injury results from such accidents. A fright and a slight contusion, just as a reminder of the trip, being the most serious consequences that ensue. Arriving at the top in from three to four hours, shelter is found in the Summit House, and after suitable rest and endeavors to get warm by the stove well filled with anthracite, dinner is announced and hastily dispatched. The table is very respectably furnished, and what with the good appetite provoked by the ascent, the whole affair may be fairly pronounced a specimen of "tall eating."

To some, the view from the highest peak in New England, if not in the world, is inexpressibly grand and sublime, while to others it affords but a moderate satisfaction for the toil of "getting up." The whole compass of the vision is filled with a vast sea of mountain peaks, heaving up like immense billows and surrounding the central and greatly high point occupied by the observer. The sublimity of the scene arises probably from the idea it furnishes of space and immensity. It is like being upon the broad ocean with its waves mounting to fearful heights, supposing you could look upon it from the top of a water spout or some tall Pharos rising in the midst of the waters. There is no beauty in the prospect, there are no green meadows, no smiling fields, no nestling villages, no pleasant groves or belts of silver streams, all is a blue, and barren vastness that stretches to the utmost verge of sight.

The return of the party towards evening, is always an "event" with those who remain at the house and the new comers for the day. All assemble to greet the "mountaineers," and the loud exclamations, hurried chattering, and ringing laughs wake the echoes of the glen and create a scene of animation and excitement greatly prized. Some come in jugged and weary, and quite ready to be lifted from their horses and to disappear in their rooms with all convenient speed. While others, although sadly jaded, affect a sprightliness that they little feel, and dismount and talk away with a most provoking vivacity. Others still, have returned with only moderate fatigue and show by their placidity and firm step that the arduous trip has been to them but little more than a common day's task.

Now the party has been safely taken up and down the great mountain, I wish you to go with me about four miles down the road towards the Pinkham notch to see the Glen Ellis Falls. But this and other matters must be deferred to another number of the Journal. C.

Stoneham Department.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

GROSS MISTAKES.

Seldom have so many mis-statements, (or falsehoods perhaps they ought to be called,) been seen crowded together in so few lines as in a Boston daily paper of last week, with reference to a recent Justice trial in Stoneham, which resulted in the conviction of one of our townsmen for liquor-selling. It would have been difficult for the author to have introduced more untruths, within the same compass, had he taken special pains so to do.

Among the false statements, which need correction are the following:—

It is said there were only six complaints against the offending party. Whereas, there were not less than eight established ones from six different persons; and more similar testimony could have been secured had it been desirable.

It was gravely asserted that these were instances arising from sickness, and hence the spirit was bought merely for medicine. It might have been so in some cases, but not by any means in all.

It is said that the seller was sacrificed because of his kindness. On the contrary it was because of his violation of law; not that wicked one, the Fugitive Slave Law, but that righteous one, the Mass. Anti-Liquor Law.

It is stated that there is no place authorized where ardent spirit can be purchased. But enough of it is legally obtainable for medicinal purposes from neighboring towns, if not from our own, so that no family need be destitute of at least a bottle thereof to be placed along side of other poisons for careful use in extreme cases.

It is said that Constable Frazier, who has had so much to do in bringing various offenders to justice, is an Irishman. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The blood in his veins is a mixture of the Scotch and Anglo-Saxon, than which there is no better.

It is hinted, and "more than intimated," that said Frazier bears an unenviable reputation among the people. He has his faults, and his enemies, but the impression designed to be conveyed by this slanderous insinuation is altogether foundationless.

The article furthermore declares that he was chosen to his office accidentally. Another lie. He received about 40 majority at the annual Town Meeting in the Spring, and our voters are intelligent enough to do what they do understandingly.

It says this instance of the execution of the Maine Law is generally looked upon with disgust. This we are sure is wholly untrue, so far at least as the order-loving and law-abiding part of the community are concerned.

And to "cap the climax," making 9 "fibs" in eighteen lines, the author has for a signature at the close of his communication the word "Right;" whereas it should have been Wrong.

Judging from recent controversies, the writers for the Middlesex Journal differ in regard to obedience to that bad law of the land for the rendition of fugitives from slavery, but with regard to obedience to that good law, (though not perfect one, now on the statute books of our commonwealth, there is probably but one opinion. And "few and far between" are the readers of this paper who will wish to set such a law at defiance; or who would join in the condemnation of those who see to its being executed, whether the guilty ones who violate the same and who subject themselves to its penalties, are among the rich or poor, high or low, the kind (in other respects) or the unkind, the much esteemed or the little esteemed, the influential or the unpopular. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall;" and "let all the people say, Amen!"

"STILL THEY COME."—On one day of last week, 260 emigrants from Sweden, arrived at the port of Boston. We had the privilege of seeing them at the Fitchburg Depot, as they were about to take the cars for different parts of the West, and our advice to them was to go to Kansas and Nebraska. In that large company there were several whole families, grandparents, parents, youth and nursing children. We fancied we could detect in the pleasant countenances of a portion of them, a resemblance to their renowned country-woman, Jenny Lind, that Swedish S ngstress, and the world's greatest singer, some of whose strains of melody, to which we formerly listened in "Tremont Temple" and "Castle Garden," are even now ringing in our ears and thrilling through our soul. Welcome, welcome, to these newly arrived Swedes, perchance cousins of hers, influenced to come hither for a home by her glowing representations of the goodly lands in America.

The tide of emigration reaching N. York every week from various quarters of the old world is immense and wonderful. On Thursday morning, August 10, over 5000 arrived there between sunrise and 12 A. M. At this rate it will not be very many years before our unoccupied territories will be filled with such a heterogeneous population as has never yet been seen. Heretofore missionaries have been sent to the heathen; heretofore the heathen are coming to us. Let them be met with kindness and faithfulness, and so far as possible Americanized and Christianized.

STONEHAM BRANCH RAILROAD.—Inquiries Answered!—In the last Journal I noticed several inquiries relative to the long talked of Stoneham Branch Railroad, as to when it would be completed, with what connect, &c. First, as to the time when to be finished, it is impossible to say, it would need a pure faith and the gift of prophecy to foretell that event. One of the directors has during the past week stated publicly and in the street, that the directors of the company had a careful examination of the books and they find no fraudulent issue of the company's stock has yet been made; so that the public may now rest assured, that in this respect, if in no other, they have not been humbugged.

It will be seen by reference to the following table, that, during the general crash and sinking of other roads, the Stock of this Company has held its own. Before that period it was at "par," and since it is at "par." The Table shows. In May last the stock stood.

No. Shares, 1000, \$000,000
Aug. 1, No. Shares, 1000, \$000,000

As to what has been done with the available funds of the Co., it is said they have all been expended, save the "sinking fund," in cutting through two hills and filling up one mud-hole; the "sinking fund" is a reserved sum set aside expressly to fee lawyers and pay the eminent services of directors. I should be happy to answer further inquiries. OZARK.

IS IT TRUE?—It is said that the list of Custom House officers in the various State of our Union in this Protestant land shows 1,837 Foreigners and only 215 Americans. In addition to this, some figures, and apparently well-authenticated facts, have recently fallen under our observation, which have greatly surprised and startled us, and made us cease to wonder at the movement of the Know-Nothing and the late earnest appeals in the Winchester Department of the Journal. According to the figures referred to, the following is a list of officers in the service of the United States, with place and birth.

Washington, D. C.	Amer.	For.
State Department	12	16
Treasury	138	278
Department of the Interior	338	599
Officers and agents in the service of the House of Representatives,	10	40
Post Office Department	11	89
	510	914
Ministers and Consuls	151	106
Coast Survey	15	20
United States Mint	25	12
Light House Board, Inspectors and Keepers	31	392
United States Revenue Marine Service	35	30
	767	2484

In conclusion, we repeat the question with which we commenced, can all this be true?

LIQUOR CASE IN STONEHAM.—Several persons were last week arrested in Stoneham, on complaints for selling liquor without license. Most of the complaints were sustained and fined accordingly. Appeals were taken in all the cases. We hope that the example may effectively deter all others who may have a desire to deal out the forbidden and destroying article.

POWER OF THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—If even that moral giant of our day, the most gifted man in the present House of Representatives, is unable to stand before the Know Nothings, but because of securing the sympathies and votes of the Irish and other Catholic foreigners has been signally defeated in the recent election in his own state, it must be acknowledged that the newly organized Native American party is among "the powers that be." It is our private opinion, judging from the signs and necessities of the times, that the Know Nothing movement will control the forthcoming elections in cities, states, and the whole country. Therefore, let the old parties, who have alternately held the reins of government, make up their minds for an approaching defeat, and "while hoping for the best be prepared for the worst."

BUSINESS OF STONEHAM.—We can safely say that at no former period of the history of our town, was there ever more building and more preparation to build, than at present. Turn which way you will, new buildings are seen going up, and huge piles of lumber, bricks and stones are in many places preparatory to the erection of others. The manufacturing business of the town is mostly confined to the making of women's, misses' and children's pegged shoes. It is at present and for several months passed, been considered quite dull and hard; yet, notwithstanding, the general appearance of the village is that of thrift; proving conclusively that mechanical pursuits, steadily and industriously followed, are as sure as digging for silver or gold. Stoneham as yet has suffered but a little from the want of a railroad.

THE POOREST SOIL, long-neglected by our ancestors, may be brought into use. We have been reminded of this when noticing of late the unusually large quantities of Peat, (equal to any found in old Ireland,) which is being dug up from the meadow and boggy lands of the town. That's right, gentlemen owners; for thereby much money is saved which would otherwise be expended for wood and coal.

[For the Journal.]

THE COURSE OF TIME.

Old father Time came issuing forth,
From the dark hills of the frozen north;
A whirlwind help'd his course along,
An earthquake sang his coming song,
Tumultuous darkness moved before his sight,
A volcano was his beacon light.
With silent haste along his course he sped,
The lurid lightning flashed around his head,
A typhoon sounds his march-tone,
Tornadoes shook his heavenly throne;
The ages from his brow he cast,
And thus through chaos earth and heaven he passed.
V. W. X.
Stoneham, August, 1854.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

DR. BROWNSON AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

We would not take any further notice of the Rev. Dr. Brownson, notorious, as he has already made himself by his anti-American, recalcitrant and suicidal course, were it not that in his last great effort he has assailed the Bible and our common school system, which all who love just and equitable laws and sound morality esteem as the chief corner stone of American Liberty. Dear to every American should be these safeguards of Liberty and of Life. Failing in his first effort at the corruption of the public sentiment on this point, through his *infallible Review*; he abandons his ridicule, and very ingeniously endeavors to take the "back track," and would conciliate Romanism with the spirit of Republicanism. Yes! preposterous as it is, Brownson takes us free-Americans, men, who are, and always have been, free to do their own thinking and voting, distantly related at least to a certain long-eared animal, well known to the community by his very discordant voice. In this he is simply mistaken, as well as in the supposition that the papist would swallow this "diluted pop," which he ignorantly imagines will go down with the Catholic masses. How he and the whole Roman Catholic Press, Bishops, Priests and Fathers will become finally reconciled, we do not see; it is a point, we are to be sure interested in, and as such we shall carefully watch the battle. The Rev'd Orestes A. Brownson, says, "he would by all means have Catholics avail themselves of our common schools, where separate Catholic schools cannot be had," hence the great controversy, he is strong in the faith that the national robustness and tenacity of the Catholic faith, as held by children of the Catholic church, and of Catholic parentage, sufficient to withstand all sectarian influence; now is not this a most profound argument for a Dr. of the Catholic church to promulgate. Just analyse this specious absurdity. These Catholic children, unless they know much more than their parents, are profoundly ignorant of almost the first principles of religion, and many of them could hardly tell if asked who created them; these are the caskets, containing a well developed faith, a sturdy comprehension of the living, vital and true; and can discriminate between the "heretical" creed of the Protestant, and the one "all-saving" faith of the Romanist. Wonderful genius alone could have discerned so profound a theory, a faith so sublime! Further on he states that even in these poor miserable, godless American Common Schools, papists can see something favorable, something demanding their attention, their consideration, and recommends Catholic parents to send their children to these Schools, in the hope of making them subservient to ends and aims of the Roman Church. Now this is a little too stout a turn even for Brownson to make, not to astonish his own readers,—he should have prepared the public for his tack, and then they

would not have felt so much shocked as their contortions, and uneasy murmurings proclaim them to be. Remember, too, that this same Brownson once said (we give his very words) "we would much rather our children should grow up in ignorance of Letters, than be taught in a school that is not Catholic." Who wonders that this doctrine, promulgated by the arch-jesuit, should astonish even the Catholic "natives." The only aim of Brownson seems to be to corrupt our common schools, by indoctrinating them with Roman sentiments in religion and laxity of morals; by creating first a distaste for the Bible, and secondly, a contempt for it; so wily, so plianly, is the Jesuitical theory of "all things to all men, and all for the church" carried out. Yet it seems he is too deep a jesuit even for the heads of the church to understand, and he tamely puts forth a most piteous argument, while writhing under the lash of his adopted church, "he was not understood by Catholics themselves." Who but Brownson would make such a sorry argument? One thing is morally certain, and that is if Catholics did not understand it, the whole Protestant native American community did; and from one end of this Republic to the other, is fully known and appreciated, the contents of that infamous paper. The one universal Roman Church, wherever located, in Europe or America, has but one command to all the faithful, and that is, "to use all care, and employ all their influence, and by the most untiring effort make all the schools, public and private, in all studies and in everything, Catholic, according to the prescribed rule; and to exclude as much as possible, all books, but such as are exempt from (Catholic) suspicion of error."

Now we honestly ask, in view of this state of things, well knowing as you do, many of my respected readers, that such attempts have been made in some of your own towns. What does these systematic innovations mean? They mean, let me answer, to denationalize the country; and we are at the bidding of a few Romanists; to succumb without a word. Shame! Shame! We have done it at the solicitation of a few tools of the Pope, we have in some instances (God be praised that there are but few) removed the Bible from our American schools. Removed the great moral teacher of our youth, and laid unhalloved hands upon the only light that can guide and bless our nation. Who but a Roman Catholic, a Jesuit or a Fiend and Sympathizer with them would consent for a moment to so infamous a proposal! How very reasonable, how very democratic, the proposal, take the light of life, the star of hope, the anchor of our national glory, from thousands of our free-born American children, and cast it forever aside simply that the wishes of a handful of Roman Catholics should be gratified. Remember, that the command of the Supreme Head of the church, the Sovereign Pontiff the Pope, with all his numerous *alms*, has commanded this bull extraordinary; and that all the faithful are bound to obey. In 1852 there was held a most solemn convocation called the national council; it was composed of all the Arch-Bishops and Bishops of the United States, from among many acts and resolves for the subjugation of the world, and America in particular, to the embraces of the Mother Church, we take the following, which we commend to the readers of the *Middlesex Journal*, as especially deserving their most serious consideration.

"Encourage the establishment of Catholic schools; make every sacrifice which may be necessary for this object; spare our hearts the pain of beholding the youth whom, after the example of our master, we so much love, involved in all the evils of an untheological education; evils too multiplied and too obvious to require that we should do more than raise our voices in solemn protest against the system from which they spring. In urging on you the discharge of this duty, we are acting on the suggestions of the Sovereign Pontiff who calls on all the Bishops of the Catholic world, to provide for the religious education of youth."

In this long article of the Rev. O. A. Brownson, there is much more which we might with equal propriety review; but as this question seemed to demand a word from us at this time, we defer for the present any further remarks. Trusting that in the hands of *American Patriots*, will ever rest secure the sheet-anchor of their national prosperity and glory, the Bible, and the American Common School System. W.

MINNESOTA FOREVER.—We have before us a letter, just received from a friend in Minnesota, hear him, "go on sons of the patriots of '76, lift your banner, and if need be, leave the oxen in the furrow, and take up arms in defence of the cause of Liberty, as your forefathers did of old; all goes well here, we have just heard the joyful news, and with a hearty good will we will respond to its cheering sound." I send you this scrap as an indication of what you may expect to hear before long. It is from the St. Paul's "Democrat," an advocate of Catholic Doctrine.

"We have never known such a systematic attempt to arouse sectarian prejudices in any community, as is now adopted by a certain clique in this city. The secret political organization, styled the 'Know-Nothings,' though composed mostly of infidels, all affect to be Protestants, and the fundamental creed of their order is opposition to the Catholic Church, and the disfranchisement of our adopted citizens."

It may well be state in this connection that now the Roman Catholics outnumber all other Religious Denominations in Minnesota. They are building this season a most magnificent Cathedral which it is expected will cost \$90,000. Yet the little band are not disheartened, neither do they fear.

The Boston Pilot is in great tribulation; there must be something done for the Editor immediately, hear what he says in the Pilot of the "Know Nothings."

"The party already has its own way in all

Volume 3—Number 46.

CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854 — if

made to order at short notice. Also, Repair
all kinds of the above wares
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to
R. H. OBER, call and examine
oct 18 1 yea

the promise of wealth, favor and fortune; but in vain. The pure minded girl scorned his offer, and bade him never more insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed, but not confounded the Count retired, but only to weave

which had summoned them there. Almonte

be married when I get to town."

that one may know himself."

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 26 '54.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading—Mr. THOS. RICHARDSON.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. WELLS.

LIFE AS A REALITY.

Life is too often regarded merely as a dream. We habitually attach but slight importance to its true purpose, and sometimes wholly overlook it. Generations are born—die, and are forgotten, leaving no evidence of having existed. Take the great mass of mankind, and ask them the question—"What is the object of your existence?" and how many of the number would be able to tell? The youth, regardless of the importance of improving each moment of time, looks eagerly forward to manhood, the time when he shall be free from parental authority, or restraint of any kind; grown to manhood he becomes ambitious, and thirst for gold takes possession of him; perhaps he has a family; they must be provided for, he must live in as fine style as his neighbors, and his children must make as good an appearance as theirs; arrived at maturer years he must get a little more, so that he can retire with a competency, and enjoy in old age, the fruits of his labors.

And thus it is through life. We are constantly struggling for some happiness in the future, something beyond our reach. One is striving for superiority, another for fame. History informs us of one, who set on fire the temple at Ephesus. Being put to torture, he confessed that the motive which influenced him to such an infamous act, was to immortalize his name, by destroying so noble a structure. Some, in consequence of ill health, or depressed by misfortune, merely endure life because they must. They regard existence as an intolerable burden. Society is at fault; this one is awkward, the other is mean; this one talks too much, the other not enough; this one is extravagant, the other is untidy. The weather is too hot or too cold; it rains too often, or we are perishing with drought. Their food is not of the right kind, or if it be, it is not properly prepared. But by far the greater part of mankind live to accumulate wealth. They are always in a hurry. They have no time to devote to the pursuit of knowledge, no time for benevolent acts, no time for intellectual culture, no time for relaxation, no time to cultivate the affections, no time for religious meditation and devotion.

What a history would be revealed if each individual would keep a diary of his acts and emotions for one week, and submit it for public inspection. Let us imagine how some of these journals would read. Mr. Lovegain's journal:

"Monday. Rainy weather. Not much business doing to-day. Made up for it by buying that lot of eggs at half price. They'll sell for fresh ones. To be sure it seems some like cheating, but folks must live."

"Tuesday. Rain again. Well, there's never a disadvantage without an advantage. I promised to assist young Tracy to-day, in getting a situation, but 'every tub must stand on its own bottom.' I've business enough of my own. Sent Widow Needy some of that damaged tea. She won't complain if she knows the difference."

"Wednesday. Fair day. Wife wants to go and see her mother, who is sick. Cried two hours because I told her she was always gadding. Besides, Esq. Topknott dines with us and I want an extra good dinner got. She must learn to wait. Tucked that rank butter on to Jones. Ha, ha; the poor fellow is glad to get any kind of butter these hard times, especially if I take a cent a pound less than the running price."

"Thursday. Very warm. All nonsense for wife to go to-day, besides I've a good chance for a spec. if I'm lucky. I'll get old Unfortunate's land, provided he'll sell it for less than its value. I guess he will, as he is hard pushed for cash. Got rid of that miserable Lazarus pretty cleverly; same old story, broken bones and starving children. I never encourage beggars."

"Friday. Very comfortable day. Harriet says her mother is not expected to live, and she must see her once more. Mat! that's clear woman. But 'business before anything else,' is my motto. Folks will die, but I can't help it, besides it would cost me a dollar and a half, to say nothing of my time. By the way, I must keep back the flour a while longer. If it rises on my hands I shall make my fortune."

"Saturday. Money coming in to-day, as fast as I can take it. Wife says I'm ruining my health, by neglecting my meals and adding to her labor besides. Pshaw, what do women know about work! The old woman is dead. I suppose I shall have to go to the funeral. Wouldn't it want for making talk."

"Sunday. Wish Sunday didn't come but once a month. It is intolerably dull going to church. Have read both newspapers. No rise in stocks. The children are so troublesome there's no living. I'm glad I'm out of the racket, week-days. Ho, hum. I wish it was night."

Mr. Livefornothing's journal:
"Monday. Got up at eight o'clock. Had the blues awfully. Took a stroll around town to hear the news. Most baked to death in the sun. Had nothing for dinner but boiled beef and vegetables. Bah! In the afternoon read the Star Spangled Banner."

"Tuesday. Went a fishing. Caught a few tom-cod. Met a pretty girl walking in the grove near the pond. Wonder who she is? Replenished my cigar case."

"Wednesday. Talking politics with Jim Loafer, in Cheatem's store. Played chequers all the afternoon; billiards in the evening."

"Thursday. Went to the picnic. Saw that pretty girl again. I wonder if her daddy has got any shiners. Hooked a glass dish of spitting tobacco on it. Good fun for a month."

"Friday. Got a confounded head-ache. Drank too much lemonade yesterday. Strange that the brandy didn't prevent its hurting me. That was a capital idea of Harry's, carrying a bottle in his side pocket."

"Saturday. Played all the morning with the dog. In the afternoon played nine-pins on a wager. Beat for once. Out of cigars; those last were not well flavored."

"Sunday. Laid in bed quite late. In season for breakfast, and to church in season to hear the singing. Stood on the steps after service to watch the ladies. Guess I'll take a stroll and look into peoples windows. I may discover that pretty girl."

Miss Fidgety's journal.

"Monday. Oh dear, what is the use of living! Didn't have a wink of sleep last night. As soon as I shut my eyes saw all manner of objects and heard all sorts of noises. I do believe in spirits after all. Haven't any appetite. Sister Kate wanted me to walk out this morning, but I hadn't strength. Made my worsted lapdog's ears."

"Tuesday. Spent the forenoon in trying to braid my hair in a new style. In the afternoon went down in the town to get some confectionary."

"Wednesday. Commenced the last new novel. Looked out of the window half the time. Went to bed at 6 o'clock too tired to sit up longer."

"Thursday. In bed all day. What a sick creature I am. I wish I knew how it seemed to be well. Mother mended my stockings."

"Friday. Had company all day. Obligated to sit in the parlor, because mother was so busy. Worked my lapdog's eyes."

"Saturday. Took a ride in the cars for my health. Had a fine opportunity to see the fashions. Succeeded in obtaining a pair of gloves of the exact shade last introduced."

"Sunday. Watched the folks going to meeting. Saw Mrs. Baker's new silk dress; an extravagant mortal; what right has she to such an one; I know she can't afford it. Jane Bliss had another bonnet. I should think her father would lay up his money. Well, he'll come upon the town yet."

But we are extending our journalism too far. How much pleasure can be derived from a retrospective like this? And is it not a fair specimen of the manner in which many spend their lives? How frivolous are the acts which occupy nineteen twentieths of the life time of such persons. Life has been justly compared to a stage. All have a part to perform, and on the fact of its being well or ill performed hangs the eternal destiny of all. Is it not important then that each should diligently, and without other aim, study to act well their part in Life's great drama."

And where is true happiness to be found but with those who take right views of life; who, unmindful of their own advantage, seek for that of others; whose lives are devoted to benevolent deeds; who are unostentatious in their charities; whose leisure hours are given to the education of the heart, to visiting the sick and aiding the needy; whose minds, when unoccupied by necessary cares, are in constant communion with a higher power; and who are continually bringing from the storehouse of the heart, kind words and good deeds to benefit their fellow men. It may be that such have even more difficulties to encounter, more trials to endure, more hardships to undergo than ordinary men; but of what account are these? They know that a higher state of existence awaits them, and if the end for which they were created is accomplished that is sufficient. How delightful to such in the hour of death, must be the reflection that the world has been benefited by their existence. What is time compared to eternity? Yet who of us lives regarding this present as but preparatory to an eternal one? Living for ourselves alone, or wearying of existence, as though virtuous deeds were not worth living for."

"Wednesday. Fair day. Wife wants to go and see her mother, who is sick. Cried two hours because I told her she was always gadding. Besides, Esq. Topknott dines with us and I want an extra good dinner got. She must learn to wait. Tucked that rank butter on to Jones. Ha, ha; the poor fellow is glad to get any kind of butter these hard times, especially if I take a cent a pound less than the running price."

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[For the Journal.]

My DEAR JOURNAL—I asked you to go with me to see the Glen Ellis Falls, that is, the Glen Falls on the Ellis River. We will take an open wagon and fill it with some ten or twelve scenery hunters, several of whom are of our regular party, and others such way side acquaintances as are fallen in with at the hotel. The road we are to take is narrow and rough, although a better should hardly be expected where the travel is almost exclusively confined to the summer tourists. But there is no positive discomfort in riding over such a road, irregular and uneven as it is. There are independent and care-for-nought feeling about that disdains all thought of fault finding, and the exhilarating atmosphere and the disposition to be merry, sets all the effects of jolting at utter defiance. In an hour we have reached the distance of three miles. Let me insert here, in brackets, a caution to all persons who may travel in the New Hampshire mountain region, how they receive the pronounced distance called a mile. To save disappointment, be sure to estimate every distance at just double the amount named.

To go on. Our way has been entirely hedged in by the thick forest on either side, and has run much of the way along the margin of a small stream whose sparkling waters tumble over the smoothly worn rocks in constantly varying leaps and cascades. We have come to a little brooklet that runs across the road which is evidently charged with iron, as the ground and the rocks look brown and rusty with the deposit from the water. We stop and take a drink from a birch bark dish, and fancy ourselves much strengthened by the iron, which, like that of Stene's Captive, seems to "enter into the soul." I believe there is an attempt to be made to bring this spring into notice. We observed a small house recently at the road side preparatory to something more substantial in the future. From indications about the premises it might be judged, however, that the principal attraction presented now was a beverage which nature does not yield from her mountain brooks or her subterranean springs. Whether the water of the spring has ever been analyzed our guide could not inform us. Another mountain mile brought us to the spot we were seeking, or rather as far as we could go by carriage. As we jumped from the wagon, the driver pointed us to a path which he said led to the Falls. We hastily entered it and pursued our way, single file, as well as the rough and tangled passage through the forest would admit of. Before we reached the river the sound of falling waters greeted our ears. They seemed to be pouring into an abyss many hundred feet below. The bank of the river is at length attained after a considerable descent down the ravine. The first glance at the Falls is from a little promontory jutting out from the steep declivity, which supports the growth of a pine or spruce tree, several inches in diameter, and which in turn supports the gaze as his eyes penetrate to the depth below. The Ellis river is not a large stream as it rises not far above in one of the deep gorges that separate the white mountain group. It finds its way through the narrow and rocky defile, tumbling and roaring and foaming at almost every rod of its course, till here it is precipitated over a series of broken ledges into the chasm below. The spectator stands at the first view nearly on a level with the top of the cascade. The scene is at once intensely wild and picturesque. The leaping water breaks and foams over the shelving rocks for many yards, when it gives a headlong and perpendicular plunge of about sixty feet into a smoothly worn stone basin. Let us now carefully descend the steep sides of the ravine and get a look at the cataract from below. The way down is difficult; be sure to set your feet firmly on to the craggy and irregular stairs, and take hold of the small hemlocks that grow upon the side, and swing gently down from point to point. Ladies accomplish the descent with more celerity than could be reasonably expected, but there can be no doubt the bloomer costume would greatly facilitate these rugged clamberings.

Now we are at the foot of the principal fall. Look up and see the crystal stream as it comes rushing with such beautiful fury from the height above, and follow it in its swift descent till it lodges in foam and eddying whirls in the carved basin at your feet. It is not a Niagara, pouring its vast flood in awful majesty and with loud thunderings, although when the spring rains and melting snows fill the rocky channel it must present a greatly increased sublimity of effect. But it has a charm for the senses that even Niagara could hardly inspire. The whole scene around, the great depth and rugged nature of the ravine, the illimitable forest the jagged precipices and the dashing cascade, is sufficiently grand to create emotions of the highest kind. After our searching glances had been renewed again and again, we reluctantly took our leave and toiled up the steep ascent. As we move along the broken pathway to the stage road, the splashing sounds of the cataract echo and reverberate through the rocky gorge making a part of that grand "music of nature," which finds, perhaps a best expression among her deepest solitudes.

We have received the Sept. No. of Godey's Lady's Book; the illustrations are splendid, and hold up its former good reputation.

The United States Magazine has been received at our office; the articles are varied and good, and ought to be read by all.

Peterson's Magazine has come to hand well filled with a choice selection of reading matter. Get it.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

[For the Journal.]

WOBURN GAS COMPANY.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a Company, for the manufacture of Gas, was held on Tuesday evening last, at the vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edward's Church, for the purpose of organization under the charter granted by the Legislature at their last session. The meeting was called to order by the Hon. Charles Choate, and P. L. Converse was chosen Secretary pro tem. After accepting the charter, a committee of three consisting of Messrs. G. R. Gage, Eli Cooper and David Tilden, was appointed to inquire how many citizens would purchase gas of the Company and get other facts in relation to the matter and report at an adjourned meeting on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. Rand, superintendent of the Lowell Gas Works was present, and gave much valuable information on the subject. It was said by those competent to give information on the subject, that the same amount of light could be afforded cheaper from Gas than from Oil, but as gas is usually burnt, there is a larger amount of light at the same or a little more expense than from oil. All those present were sanguine of the success of the scheme, and a determination was shown to proceed at once to accomplish the object of the Company.

We hope all our citizens will come forward at once, and interest themselves in the matter as besides the better, more convenient, and safer light thus afforded, it is a paying and a safe business to all stockholders, and we hope soon to see old Woburn lighted up in a brilliant manner as well as the sister towns of less size.

REPORTER.

[For the Journal.]

The Howe School in Billerica.

The Annual Examination of the Howe School took place on the 11th inst., followed by an appropriate address from Reverend Mr. Thayer, Lowell. The intelligent and thorough recitations and the excellent order, gave satisfactory evidence of the ability and faithfulness of the Teachers and the improvement of the pupils. The Howe School Festival in the evening was made very pleasant by the tasteful decorations of the Hall, the literary sentiments and addresses, and the rich collation. The same teachers are reappointed by the Trustees for the ensuing year. The next term commences Sept. 11th, and the prospects of the School are encouraging.

The Woburn Thelax, Capt. Winn, accompanied by Bond's Cornet Band, passed up State street on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, en route for the camp ground at Winter Island. They presented a very soldierly appearance with full ranks. Capt. Winn will "go in and win"—Boston Times.

Woburn has reason to be proud of this corps. Its discipline is good, and its appearance on parade is as good as any company in the State. They were out last Friday for a street drill, dressed in a very neat fatigue frock, which has recently been made for them. They partook of a collation at Lieut. Converse's at 6 o'clock, and in the evening were marched up to Capt. Winn's where a bountiful repast was spread, of which they partook, and returned to their armory at half past nine. The medley played by Smith's band as the company was returning from Captain Winn's was equal to any playing we have heard in Woburn lately.

The Unitarian Society of this town are enlarging their church, so as it will contain some twenty more pews than at present.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"R. U. P." will appear in our next. "Honesty," from Stoneham, too personal for publication. "Simon" from "Jumping-off-Place," we have been compelled again to postpone your article for want of space, but we will attend to it next week, certain! "Gentle Nellie," also next week.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

NONE BUT AMERICANS FOR OFFICE.

We are every day more impressed with the sentiment that Americans only shall hold the offices, within the gift of the American people. From the very highest office in the hands of the sovereign people, to the lowest within the gift of the lowest official would we put none but Americans, and we are dictated in these remarks by no short sighted, bigoted policy, no intolerance of spirit actuates our remarks, but a deep and abiding sense of the actual necessity for such a course of action. It must come to that position of affairs sooner or later, the signs of the times at present seem to indicate it. Manifest destiny is seen in its necessity.

Principles are eternal, policies change, men change, governments change, but principles never change; they are always good or bad. The principle of the immortal Father of his Country was with him, no unmeaning sentiment, but a conclusion reached after years of study of our republican institutions, and a just conception of their lasting and untold value;—"Put none but Americans on guard!" Let this be the future watchword of the American party, let this be their rallying cry, and we fear not the result to the nation. This to you gentlemen and Brethren of the party of progress of the American party, is an all important consideration. First because it is essentially, and thoroughly American, and therefore is protective; and so long as we have native-born Americans among us living in our midst men of heart and soul of nerve, and talent, education, and principle, and in short everything that gives them a precedence over foreigners, or aliens; they are entitled to your suffrages, and to them belong your offices, as a right. And as a right I claim it for them. Gentlemen of Middlesex Voters to

you I speak, (would I could drop this single sentiment into every ear) elect to your offices none but native-born citizens of the Republic. By the soul stirring memories of Bunker's Hill, of Lexington and Concord, by Yorktown's bloody field—I conjure you to pause ere it is too late; to arouse and take a glance retrospective; it well do you good and not harm to look backwards, over the lapse of a few years, and trace our national history as it presents its changing phases upon this point. Years ago, and the now bold, braggadoecia, who insults the majesty of the laws daily and hourly who makes night hideous with his drunken and disorderly brawls was as servile, as abject, as an eastern slave was obedient and tractable; but now the mask is removed, and the movement of the machine indicates the presence of the masters hand. Not that the character of the Irish emigrant has changed markedly; but that the elements of Jesuitism require a different course of action. So long as they were willing to act, and abide by the laws of this country, so long were they received, and not only tolerated but respected, when they respected themselves; but as soon as they cast off the citizen, and became the alien, the foreigner, the roman, the cut-throat, the assassin and midnight brawler, the law met them at the door and the rebuke came not before it was merited. In the whole movement of the low, ignorant, Irish, we behold the Jesuit policy, the "tail" of the beast is not less apparent than his brazen "hoof." Who controls the Irish of America, of thousands who cannot read or write, of hundreds who do not actually know how to make their cross who directs them how to vote? His eminence the Pope, their most Holy Catholic Worship, the Parish Priests. Now we come to another essential part of our position, and this is why none but Americans should hold the offices. And if this is not a true American reason, an argument unanswerable, pray tell us what you would have. We urge upon our friends this reason that men born on this soil of all men in the world are best fitted, by education and experience to hold the important trusts conferred upon them. Men brought up in the American schools, familiar with the glorious history of this republic we believe capable of wielding the destinies of the country without the aid of any foreign suggestion, or council whatever. Put a papist in office, "Tell it not in Gath," To bring the question still closer home, are not all foreigners, and particularly Catholics, opposed to our free institutions? dare they deny it, do they not tamper with, and intermeddle with all our affairs, from the common schools, to the national and state organizations? Most certainly. It is an undeniable fact. What shall we do, say a still small voice within the breast of every true hearted son of America. Listen to the undying words of WASHINGTON: "Put none but Americans upon guard." Will you heed them sons of the Pilgrims; will ye strive yet for the mastery will ye render your lives glorious, and your memories evergreen; awake, arouse, and repledge yourselves, that as for you and your influence it shall be found ever, and only on the side of right. Let there be an organization (if one exists not already) formed in every town and village of "Old Middlesex" county, pledge yourselves to elect to office none but Americans, of the tried and true stamp; men of education, of nerve, of principle, men who will not fear to stand up fearlessly for the right, and to battle manfully for the preservation of our state and national liberty.

Gentlemen, the time is coming when we shall want just such men. See ye to it, that when the hour comes, the man shall be ready. W.

THE NATIONAL BEAR GARDEN.—Another fight came off at the capitol last Tuesday Mr. Seward of Ga. marked and bruised the face of Mike Walsh very badly with blows of his fist, cause, a "gentlemanly" quarrel between these two honorables in which Mike Walsh, used the common though unclassical senatorial epithet of "you are a d—d liar." This was a little too much for Seward, hence this little amateur set-to. Go on gentlemen, amuse yourselves for the space of two short years—but remember 1856, and the Ides of March.

South Reading Department.
Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.
Written for the Journal.
JOURNAL.
OF REV. RICHARD BROWN, MINISTER OF READING, (continued from Aug. 12.)
"Oct. 22d, he preached at the old church again, wr. he experienced God's mighty power, presence and assistance, strengthening and assisting. Mr. Payson of Rowley being sick, they came to and prevailed with him to help in their need, where for 3 weeks or a month he labored to their satisfaction, till Mr. Payson got abroad again, & this in November 12 19, 23 &c.—again he preached at Newb: O. T. Dec. 3d, where having expier: of God's goodness, he writes "Bless the Lord Oh my soul, and all ye within me, praise his holy name." Five sabbaths (sd he) did I experience God's goodness and grace, enabling me when called to preach at Exeter Dec 24, &c., when their Pastor was disabled, laboring under a dangerous illness and beyond all hopes, where being, he had a call to Rowley, which yet he refused from the greatness of the work, and the weakness of his shoulders, which he judged unable to bare such a burden. 3 times did the Lord carry him forth to the falls of Newb: to preach the everlasting gospel, which he enabled him to do, to good acceptance, and also at other times & places. Oh Lord, let me ever experience thy special presence with me, and let thy goodness rest

upon my soul, and my indebtedness be ever before my eyes, that I may be humbled & encouraged & proceed. In Feb. 21, 1699, 1700. I was called to keep the Grammar School in Newb: which I accepted willingly; designing thereby my own as well as others' benefit and all this while, tho I oftentimes preached the word to others, yet had I forgotten myself, and tho I had many reasonings in my own breast, yet I lived in the neglect of a known duty, and stood off from the Lord's supper, till God took me by the heart, in his word preached by Mr. Tappan, and shook me out of this lethargy, and made me see my own vileness in so doing: wherefore I went quickly to the elders and desired to be pronounced; and when a fortnight after was expired, I was admitted into full communion with the church at the old End of Newbury, on June 23, where I have oft found great comfort and delight.

Remember, O my soul, that on this day June 23 Anno 1700, thou hast given up thyself to God, before his angels & saints, and listed thee under the banner of thy Redeemer, engaged in his service, to fight against sin, satan, the world and the flesh, to be an enemy to his enemies and friend to his friends, to be for him and none else! Cast thy cares upon him, rouse up, Oh my soul, and rest in thy Redeemer! And now Oh Lord God, who hath put it into my heart to make this covenant, enable me to keep all thy commands and also this covenant, which I have made with thee, faithfully and truly, all the days of pilgrimage in this world; and when I shall be here no more, let thy covenant with me last, and for thy great mercy's sake in Jesus Christ, give me a part in that rest, which thou hast prepared for thine, in the world to come, Amen: Remember O my soul & never forget the 16 & 23 of June!

Jan. 19, 1700, I preached at Salisbury, and the next week I was earnestly invited to preach the word to the Falls people the next Lords day, and so on till the last of March.—But they were remote, and at that time of the year the ways there had so that few of them could come down at best, and many times scarce any. Therefore considering their circumstances, I consented and went under great difficulties of snow, and rain, wet and dirt; and there I experienced God's presence, enabling me in special, to speak from that text John 7,—37, 38,— which I have reason to hope will not be in vain.

The Lord give me grace to be humble, to trust him always for his assistance to perform his will, and his work—and let his word run and be glorified, Amen.

Feb. 21, 1700, I was called to teach the Grammar School in Newbury, which I accepted, and went on with delight to train up children in Learning, and the knowledge and fear of God, and teaching them to reverence their Superiors. When I set in my school, I oft think of Melancton's word to Bucholiza with delight: "Quantum Solatim P's Pedagogo assidentibus castis Angelis, sedere in eolu montanum junioem qui Deo pla cent & docere sonora ingenia, ut recte agnos cant et invocant Deum at deinde organa sunt ecclesie et suis animabus." Y.

While journeying with a friend, in the State of New Hampshire, we visited the town of Centerbury, a pleasant village about fourteen miles north east from Concord. A large portion of the town is owned by the Shakers, and is well known by the name of the "Shaker village." The Shakers are divided into two families of about two hundred each. Their village presents an appearance of the most perfect neatness, and is a favorite place of resort for the inhabitants of the neighboring towns. Their houses are built of wood,—excepting a few brick buildings recently erected,—and painted straw color, with red roofs. They have two thousand acres of land, which is held in common, and consecrated to the Lord. The sexes are not allowed to associate together, and marriage is unknown among them. Their families, however, are kept full by the adoption of children. "As to marriage," say they, "we are all married to one, even to Christ, who is in, and is the head of his body, the church; but external marriages we have not any. It is the children of this world who have the marriages."

They are polite to strangers, but you are not allowed, should you call with a lady, to remain together. You would receive the attention of some member of the male family, while the females would take pains to interest your lady; and should you dine there you must dine apart from each other. They consider it a religious duty to entertain strangers, therefore they never receive compensation for their kindness.

Their religious services on the Sabbath, are very singular, and usually draw together a large number of visitors from the adjacent villages. Their worship consists of a rude singing noise—which sounds more like the tones of distress than the notes of joy and thanksgiving,—accompanied by a most ludicrous dance, different from that of any other people. Some are very expert in their movement, and in their way appear to be perfect. It is not an uncommon thing for them to fall down and tumble about upon the floor, in the most disgusting manner, while engaged in their worship. They may be honest, for aught I know, but it is very difficult to believe that persons possessing common sense, and common information, can be sincere in the practice of such revolting ceremonies.

They are "keepers at home," and seldom leave their premises, except for purposes of trade. Two of the most aged among them, assured me that they had never seen the ocean! but that they intended to visit it, should their lives be spared another year. They were nearly eighty years of age.

[For the Journal.]

[To be continued.]

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS CONTINUED.

Wyman, child of Dea. Zebadiah, a 1 mo. d. Jan. 9.

Winn Ezekiah, s. Samuel, a 3 yr. d. Jan. 14.

Thompson Nancy, d. Abijah, a 2 yrs. d. Jan. 15.

Reed Sarah, w. Rowben P., towns poor, a 29 yr. d. Jan. 20.

Richardson child of Barnabas Jr. a 1 mo. d. Jan. 20.

Wyman, child of Benjamin, a 1 yr. d. Mar. 5.

Wyman Nabby, w. of Benjamin, a 22 yr. d. Mar. 6.

Richardson Mary, a 7 yr. d. Mar. 22.

Nichols, Relief of William, a 40 yr. d. Apr. 1.

Powers, child of —, a 1 yr. d. Apr. 22.

Fox Col. Jonathan, d. Apr. 17.

Dean Capt. Thomas, in the West Indies.

Richardson child of Asa, a 2 yr. d. Apr. 30.

Smith —, w. of Jonathan, d. May 10.

Carter Jonathan, a 51 yr. d. May 20.

Thompson —, w. Ebenezer, a 23 yr. d. May 30.

Parker John, a 40 yr. d. May 30.

Evans, child of Andrew Jr. a 1 yr. d. May 30.

Evans Hosea, a 7 yr. d. June 18.

Richardson Lydia, d. Oliver, a 50 yr. d. Aug. 31.

Brooks Ruben, d. wid. Esther, a 12 yr. d. Oct. 5.

Blanchard —, d. Benjamin, a 1 yr. 7 mo. d. Feb. 14.

Reed Swithin, a 77 yr. d. Feb. 19.

Burton Rebecca, a 24 yr. d. Apr. 27.

Farrington Mrs. A. 36 yr. d. May 14.

Dean, infant son of Lemuel, a 4 mo. d. Sept. 10.

Carter William, a 65 yr. d. Sept. 15.

Wyman, child of Abel, a 1 mo. d. Oct. 4.

Ditson wid. suddenly, a 79 yr. d. Oct. 13.

Blanchard —, twin son of Benjamin, a 2 weeks, d. Nov. 4.

Simonds Cyrus, d. May 23.

Baldwin Syrus Esq., drowned at Dunstable Nov. 5.

1791.

Richardson Susanna, w. Zadok, d. Feb. 19.

Porter Elizabeth, wid. of Jonathan, a 30 yr. Farmer Thomas, 48 yr. d. Aug. 31.

Blanchard Isaac, s. David Jr. and Elliot, a 2 mo. d. May 7.

Simonds Nathan, drowned at Cambridge, a 19 yr. d. June 26.

Flagg Zachary, a 59 yr. d. Feb. 17.

Hunt Symphon, a 40 yr. d. Mar. 30.

Russell —, w. Jesse, d. Apr. 19.

Kendall wid. Frances, a 73 yr. d. Apr. 25.

Baldwin Ruth, w. of James, a 77 yr. d. May 12.

Tay John Jr. a 3 yr. d. May 15.

Baldwin James, a 31 yr. d. June 23.

Symmonds Daniel, d. July —.

Russell Rebecca, wid. Samuel, a 99 yr. d. July 26.

Richardson Ralph, a 3 yr. d. Aug. 29.

Wyman Peter, a 80 yr. d. Aug. 30.

Tidd Samuel, Sen. d. Oct. 7.

Procter Jonathan, suddenly at Boston, a 68 yr. d. May 1.

Simonds James, a 79 yr. d. May 7.

Tidd, wid. Zeruvia, a 64 yr. d. May 8.

Skelton —, s. Mathew, a 9 yr. d. Aug. 7.

Pasho Andrew, a 4 yr. d. Aug. 15.

Cheever John, pauper, a 68 yr. d. Sept. 17.

Blanchard —, child Benjamin, a 4 yr. 11 mo. d. Sept. 20.

Batters —, d. Jonathan, a 6 mo. d. Nov. 4.

Cheever — Mrs. "a poor distracted creature a 74 yr. d. Dec. 24.

Bruce —, twins John, d. June 13.

Munroe Isaac "of a strange swelling over the eye &c. which then affected many," d. July —.

1792.

Wyman Abigail, wid. Zebadiah, a 83 yr. d. Oct. 9.

Brooks Zachariah, a 49 yr. d. Feb. 5.

Clap Polly w. Major Jeremiah, of small pox, a 28 yr. d. Nov. 15.

Simonds Luther, "killed by a log's rolling on him at mill a 43 yr. d. Apr. 2.

Blanchard Abigail, w. Dea. David, small pox a 87 yr. Dec. 23.

Simonds Lucy, of small pox, a 27 yr. d. Dec. 15.

Richardson Ichobad, a 50 yr. d. Feb. 5.

Richardson Amasa, s. Dea. Joshua, a 2 yr. d. Mar. 6.

Wyman —, w. John, a 40 yr. d. Mar. 14.

Johnson —, child Frederick a 2 weeks, d. Mar. 20.

Richardson Esther, "towns poor," a 25 yr. d. Mar. 30.

Reed Isreal, a 70 yr. d. July 5.

Parker Thomas, s. Ichobad, a 2 yr. d. July 22.

Fowle —, child Joseph, a 1 mo. d. Sept. 12.

Richardson Samuel, a 21 yr. d. Sept. 21.

Jewks, "a black man of old age, d. Oct. 21.

Richardson Stephen Newell of small pox, a 23 yr. d. Oct. 10.

Wright Nabby, of small pox, a 7 yr. Oct. 12.

Clap John, of small pox, a 19 yr. d. Oct. 16.

Richardson Lucinda, of small pox, a 24 yr. d. Nov. 9.

Fowle Benjamin, s. James, a 16 yr. d. Nov. 18.

Johnson Capt. John, a 36 yr. d. Nov. 22.

Loc. Thomas, suddenly, in his 70th yr. d. Feb. 21.

Latherby Thomas, a 70 yr. d. Aug. 5.

Trull Lydia, d. Soomon, a 2 yr. d. May 19.

Cutler —, w. Micha, a 31 yr. 3 mo. Nov. 29.

1793.

Fowle James Sr. a 72 yr. d. Apr. 10.

Wyman Dea. Zebadiah Esq., a 92 yr. d. Apr. 14.

Symmas Zachariah, a 87 yr. d. Apr. 19.

GENT'S

YOUTH'S and Little Children's CLOTHING.

For Purchasers will find at Oak Hall, the largest and best assorted stock in the city. The prices, which are marked upon each garment, are very low, and the quality, style and variety are well adapted to suit every class of purchasers, viz:

- \$1 1-2 to 2.** Good Pants, of various fabrics.
- \$2 1-2.** Cashmere, Doeskin and Broadcloth Pants, at this low price, for a few days to reduce stock.
- \$2 3-4.** Custom made Doeskin Pants, canvas bottoms, and made of as good materials as the Pants for which you usually pay \$5.
- \$3 to 5.** Fancy Cashmere, Doeskin and Cloth Pants, of very desirable patterns, being at least 25 per cent less than the same are usually sold.
- \$3 1-2.** For an office or business Coat, to close the stock.
- \$8 to 12.** Dress and Frock coats, from superfine Broadcloth and Doeskins, made up in good style and in a fashionable manner. All will be sold at these low prices.
- \$1 to 1 1-2.** For a nice fancy satin vest—Also, black or fancy silk do, made up in the latest styles—Gentlemen's dressing gowns, very low priced.

BOY'S DEPARTMENT.

\$1 50 to 4—Jackets,
\$1 to 2—Cassimeres, Cloth and Doeskin Pants,
 50 to 75 cents—Assorted Thin Coats,
 150 to 200 cents—Suit Jacket and Pants.

SUMMER GARMENTS.

\$1 to 2 1-2—Seersucker Stripe Sacks and Frocks,
\$1 to 2 1-2—Assorted Thin Coats,
\$2 50—White Linen Canvas Duck Frocks, Pearl Buttons—
 an article, no better, sold in the city for \$6.
\$2 50—Brown Linen Canvas Frocks, Pearl Buttons.
\$1 50—Blue Linen Sacks.
\$1 50 to \$2—Canton Grass Cloth Sacks, very nice article
\$1 50—Real India Seersucker Coats.
\$2 50—Blue Canvas Duck Coats, Pearl Buttons.
\$2 to \$3—Alpaca Coats.
\$5 50 to \$6 50—Drap D'Ete Sacks.
\$3 to \$5—Wool and Cashmere Frocks and Sacks.
 Thin Vests and Pantalons of every description of Goods, at extremely low prices.

Gentlemen's and Youth's FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.

CHOICE BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c.
 In the Custom Department, with unusual facilities for the prompt execution of orders, and every Garment warranted to suit.

OAK HALL,

No. 34, NORTH STREET, BOSTON.

A Cure For ALL

July 1, 1854.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Citizens of the Union.—You have done me the honor to send me your Ointment, and I have used it, and I can say that it is the best I ever used, and I can say that it is the best I ever used, and I can say that it is the best I ever used.

ASTONISHING CURE OF SORE LEGS, AFTER NINE YEARS STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. J. Langley, of Huntsville, Yaddin County, North Carolina, U. S., dated November 1st, 1853.

READ HIS OWN WORDS.

To Professor Holloway.—Sir,—It is not my wish to become notorious, neither is this letter written for the mere sake of writing, but I wish to state to you, that I have been cured of one of the most dreadful chronic diseases that flesh is heir to, and which was considered by all who knew me, to be entirely beyond the reach of medical cure. For nine years I was afflicted with one of the most painful and troublesome sore legs that ever fell to the lot of man, and after trying every medicine I had ever heard of, I resigned in despair all hope of being cured; but a friend brought me a couple of large pots of your Ointment, which caused the sores on my legs to heal, and I am now perfectly cured, and I can say that I am now perfectly cured, and I can say that I am now perfectly cured.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A BAD BREAST, WHEN NEARLY AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. Durant, New Orleans, Louisiana, November 8th, 1853.

To Prof. Holloway, 38, Corner of Ann & Nassau Streets, New York.

Dear Sir,—It is with heartfelt gratitude I have to inform you that the use of your Ointment and Pills, the life of my wife has been saved. For seven years she had a bad breast, with ten running sores, (not of a cancerous nature). I was told that nothing could save her, and she was induced to give up all hope of being cured; but a friend brought me a couple of large pots of your Ointment, which caused the sores on my wife's breast to heal, and she is now perfectly cured, and I can say that I am now perfectly cured.

Wright Nabby, of small pox, a 7 yr. Oct. 12.

Clap John, of small pox, a 19 yr. d. Oct. 16.

Richardson Lucinda, of small pox, a 24 yr. d. Nov. 9.

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Wyman Dea. Zebadiah Esq., a 92 yr. d. Apr. 14.

Symmas Zachariah, a 87 yr. d. Apr. 19.

PLUMBING.

COCHITUATE WATER.

LOCKWOOD & LUMB,

48 School Street, Boston,

Opposite City Hall.

MESSES. L. & L. would say, through the columns of the Journal, that they are located as above, where they will be happy to receive orders for anything in their line, which will be faithfully attended to.

ap, 1, 34/4

Saddles and Harnesses.

THE subscriber invites the attention of the public to his large assortment of SADDLES, comprising every variety of Gentlemen's, both Plain and Shafted. Ladies' and Boy's, of various styles.

Also, Mexican and Columbia Saddles, easy articles for travellers.

Riding Bittles of every description, Chaise, Buggy, Carriage and Express Harnesses.

The above mentioned articles are of his own manufacture, and purchasers may rely upon obtaining a good article at a fair price.

Also, constantly on hand, Carriage and Entry MATS, Fly Nets, Brushes, Whips, Chamois, Leather, &c., &c.

Military Horse Equipments to Let.

All orders promptly executed.

JOSEPH S. READ,

No. 56 South Street, Boston,

between Portland St. and Haymarket Square.

Boston, March 18, 1854.

AGRICULTURAL and FURNACE WAREHOUSES.

FARMERS and traders are earnestly invited to call at the Rooms of PROUTY & MEARS, and examine their new, and very extensive assortment of Agricultural Implements, among which may be found every thing in modern use for FARMING, GARDENING, HORTICULTURE, &c. The FURNACE DEPARTMENT will attend special attention, every variety of the CENTRALBOY, or

WORLD'S FAIR PRIZE PLOUGH,

being constantly on exhibition and sale, and also celebrated and much admired.

MICHIGAN DOUBLE PLOUGH,

which is the most improved and useful, and also the most perfect of any kind, and of which Messrs. Proouty & Mears, are the only and exclusive manufacturers for New England.

THE SEED DEPARTMENT

is complete, and includes FIELD, GARDEN, and FLOWER SEEDS, FERTILIZERS, &c., wholesale and retail.

HOPE AIR PURIFIERS

may be seen at the above Rooms, of a style and quality not exceeded by any in the market. Especially have they been selected for all orders since the introduction of a new method of casting, by which a large number of joints are avoided. The escape of gas rendered smoother, and greater purity of the metal is secured. Also

PORTABLE FURNACES, RANGES, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES, &c.

All orders promptly attended to, and a liberal discount to the trade.

DAVID PROUTY & CO.,

Nos. 19, 20, & 22, North Market St., Boston.

Hamilton Fire Insurance Co.,

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

CAPITAL \$150,000.

This Company continues to insure on favorable terms. It has a large amount of property insured. It is doing an extensive business, and is making large dividends to its members.

E. A. WILSON, General Agent for Woburn and vicinity.

THE HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated in 1849.

CAPITAL \$100,000.

Securely invested, as approved by the controller of Public accounts.

President, James Dixon. Treas., W. T. Hooker.

Secretary, Henry L. Miller.

Directors—James Dixon, Chester Adams, Henry Perkins, William Miller, William T. Hooker, Eliza Colt, Newton Case, Elihu T. Smith, Sheldon P. Thayer, Samuel Woodruff, Elijah C. Kellogg, William H. Gilbert, William Boardman, James B. Powell, Nathan M. Waterman, Lyman Stebbins, Horace E. Elden.

T. RICKARD M. D., of Woburn, has been appointed medical examiner for Middlesex county.

Office of the company, Post Office Building, south side State-house Square.

The subscriber has been appointed agent for Middlesex county, and filed his bonds according to law; and is prepared to receive applications for Life Insurance at Fowle's Bookstore, where written forms for application can be had.

G. M. FOWLE.

DAVIS & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

Office No. 8, Traveller Buildings,

(Entrance No. 1 Congress Street, No. 5 Congress St.)

BOSTON.

Real Estate bought and sold, Mortgages negotiated, Titles examined, Conveyances made, &c.

The attention of the citizens of Boston and vicinity is particularly called to our list of Real Estate, embracing some of the most desirable city and suburban property, desirable for business, farms, &c., now in market.

Boston, Feb. 11, 1854.

Coal!! Coal!! Coal!!!

THE SUBSCRIBER continues to keep constantly on hand an assortment of Coal suitable for domestic purposes.

Also—Lime, Cement, Hair, Laths, Sand for plastering, Beach Sand and Vermont Lumps for Skinning. Also—Ground Plaster, all which will be sold low for Cash.

N.B.—Persons indebted to the Subscriber are called upon to make immediate payment and thereby save cost.

AMOS LOCKE,

near the Depot, Woburn Centres.

July 29th, 1854.

K. H. SPALDING,

SOLE MANUFACTURER OF

PORTER'S PATENT COMPOSITION

BURNING FLUID.

—ALSO—

Superior camphene and alcohol.

MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN

Fluid and Oil Chandeliers,

ASTRAL HANGING AND SIDE LAMPS,

Portable Lamps of every description, Gasolines, Candelabras, and Hall Lanterns.

China and Terra-Cotta Vases, Colognes, Card-Refrigerators, &c. Also,

Globes, Shades, Glass Prisms, and every article pertaining to the Lamp Department.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NOS. 8 AND 9 TREMONT ROW,

(Opposite the Head of Hanover St.)

BOSTON.

STRAW MATTINGS, all widths, at W. WOODBERRY'S.

April 1, 1854.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S

ROSEMARY

AND CASTOR OIL

IS decidedly the nearest and best toilet article in the world for the hair. The ablest chemists who have examined this oil, testify that as an agent for preserving the hair and promoting its growth, it surpasses any other article. When combined with Castor Oil, the latter having been freed from all greasiness and its peculiar odor, it exercises a specific effect on the capillary vessels. Mr. Spalding, after a long series of experiments, has succeeded in so blending these articles as to form a hair oil, for which all who desire to preserve a good head of hair until late in life, will be grateful.

THEREFORE, USE THEM IF YOU WISH,

1st.—To beautify the hair.

2d.—To remove the dandruff effectually.

3d.—To restore the hair to bald heads.

4th.—To give to whiskers a beautiful appearance.

5th.—To prevent the hair from falling off.

6th.—To cure all diseases of the scalp.

7th.—To dress false hair elegantly.

8th.—To cure the headache.

9th.—To kill head-lice.

10th.—To dress children's hair elegantly.

All genuine will have the signature of the Manufacturer and proprietor, J. RUSSELL SPALDING, DUNSTON & APOTHECARY, 23 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Try the bottles, 25 cents only; very large bottles, 75 cents.

Sold by Agents everywhere; remarkable terms given to dealers.

Orders by mail, express, or otherwise, will receive prompt and satisfactory attention—for this or any article.

HAIR DYE, for giving a beautiful Brown, Auburn, or Black to the hair, whiskers, and false hair—to the perfect satisfaction of all who use it.

Gen. Twigg's Celebrated Restorer of Gray Hair to its natural color, without discoloring or injuring the skin in the least—made from the only true, original recipe obtained of the inventor.

Also an endless stock of Teeth, Hair, Nail and Flesh Brushes, of the best quality, French Cologne, Perfumery, Soap, Toilet Articles, &c. All of the newest description, with other articles usually found in the first class apothecary stores.

N. B. Particular attention given to putting up physicians' prescriptions and family medicines, night and day.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING, Druggist and Apothecary,

23 Tremont Row, opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass.

Sold in Woburn by E. Cooper, E. Trull, G. W. Fowle, Winchester, Dr. Youngman, &c.

BOGLE'S

ELECTRIC HAIR-DYE

OR BROWN, the most perfect and beautiful Black or Brown, the moment it is applied, literally dyes the hair without staining the skin, and leaves the hair soft and glossy, without injuring its texture in the least, a decided superiority over all other Hair Dyes.

Bogle's Hyperion Fluid.

For the Growth and Preservation of the Hair, is well known to be without a rival on this continent. It is now patronized by her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, and commands an extensive sale throughout Europe.

Bogle's Amole Shaving Compound.

Removes the usual unpleasant operation—Shaving—a decided luxury.

Bogle's Hebeolona.

Removes Freckles and Tan from the Face in the shortest possible time, and is acknowledged to be the very best article of beautifying the complexion. It may be had wholesale and retail, of all Dealers in Medicine.

BOGLE & SASSARD, 277 Washington St.

Sold, also, at the Woburn Bookstore, June 10—ly

DR. SKINNER'S

Rejuvenative Sherry Wine

BITTERS,

Made by W. C. Skinner, South Reading, Mass.

For five years the manufacturer of this unequalled, invigorating and medicinal wine, has been engaged as the principal agent for the sale of Dr. S. O. Richardson's Sherry Wine Bitters.

This medicine is a sovereign remedy for Jaundice, Headache, Constipation, Dizziness, Want of Appetite, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, and all kindred complaints. For sale wholesale and retail at all Laboratories in South Reading, Mass., and by all dealers in medicine.

For all orders addressed to Wilson, Fairbanks & Co., Nos. 43 & 45 Hanover Street, Boston, will be promptly attended to. Price 50 cents per bottle, 25 cents per package.

For Sale in Woburn by E. Cooper, A. E. Thompson, Nichols, Wins & Co.

South Reading, Mass., May 20, 1854—3m

Bay State Glass Company.

THIS company have erected extensive buildings at East Cambridge, where they are manufacturing all descriptions of

Flint Glass Ware,

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE--FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

\$1.50 Per Annum, in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

WOBURN, MASS., SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

Volume 3—Number 47.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

Published by the Proprietor, every Saturday morning, at his Office, Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS.
\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " 6 months, \$6.00
Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.

Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 50c. each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. There may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store. EDWARD MANFELD.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Manfield & Co. South Woburn, April 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,
No. 2 Railroad St. 2d door from Main St.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of

Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wellington, Concord and Frost Cakes always on hand. Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Buildings, WOBURN.

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of Millinery Goods ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description, a very large assortment of Ribbons, of splendid styles, a great variety of Sticks, for Green Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Shewing Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and ready-made Caps, always on hand.

Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction. M. TEARE.

CONVERSE & CO.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.

10 Court Square, Boston.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c. April 31st

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS.

Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Perfumery,
Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings, WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

Philip Teare,
—DEALER IN—
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit. April 1st

JOHN G. COLE,
—PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Gilding and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils, and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop next building south of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 1854.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
—LICENCED AUCTIONEER—
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
—LICENCED AUCTIONEER—
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly attended to. Oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
—NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
and Dealer in
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly attended to. April 30.

Piano Fortes For Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of superior instruments can obtain them of the subscribers at very low rates, with the privilege of making their selections from the ware rooms of four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.

Woburn, April 8, 1854—14

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of

GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for

UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in

West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.)
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
—LICENCED AUCTIONEER—
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
—ATTORNEY AT LAW—
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.

D. TILLSON & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. May 6 1854

LIBBY & BROTHERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
Nos 206 & 208 Hanover Street,
(Under Rev. Mr. Street's Church.)
F. F. Libby. BOSTON. J. S. F. Libby

HENSHAW & PRESCOTT
Importers and Dealers in

DRUGS, PAINTS AND DYES,
Manufacturers of

COPAL VARNISH,
No. 44 INDIAN STREET, BOSTON.

Orders for exportation to the British Provinces will receive prompt attention. 1857-1854—14

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents.

Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston.
123 Nassau Street, New York.

Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper, Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials, of every description, which will be furnished at the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return express, or otherwise if ordered.

Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us when in either city. They will always meet a cordial welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of the office. We shall always be ready to further their interests, or promote their welfare.

April 8, 1854—20

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in ALL KINDS OF

CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, & PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMING.)
No. 43 Washington Street, Boston. Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 120 Washington Street, Boston.

General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASH ING POWDER, manufacturers and Dealers in choicest Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9 1854

HUNTING & EATON,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 37 NORTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON.

HERMAN HUNTING, Proprietor.
Hot meals at all hours of the day. April 23

O. LAPPEN & CO.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
Wholesale Dealers in

WOODEN WARE,
Rattans, Cane, Picket, Broom, Mats, Baskets, Willow Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Sifts, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

Orders for exportation to any part of the world will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN. Jan 21

BEARS & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 130 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c. Oct 18

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.

Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let—Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854—14

SCOTCH PLAID SHAWLS.
CHANDLER & CO.
Have received a handsome assortment of SCOTCH LONG & SQUARE SHAWLS.
Of fine texture, and in new and beautiful patterns. For Sale at
Nos. 6 & 8 Summer Street, Boston.

MOREY & OBER,
(Successors to Smith, Ober & Co.)
MANUFACTURERS OF

BLOCK TIN AND BRITANNIA
AND DEALERS IN GLASS & JAPAN WARE,
Nos. 2 & 3 Haverhill St., Boston.

Manufacture and have on hand at Wholesale and Retail, a full assortment of the above articles, or made to order at short notice. Also, Repair all kinds of the above ware.
D. B. MOREY, Dealers are invited to call and examine. Oct 18 1854

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. QUINCY'S SPEECH AT CAPE COD.

Mr. President, the gentlemen who have preceded me have said they were not descended from the fathers of Cape Cod. Neither am I, but I am proud to say that I am, what is a great deal better—I am descended from the Mothers of Cape Cod. (Loud applause.) His Honor the Chief Justice here, has raised a point of law as to the right of persons to be here. Now, I happen to be exactly in this position. I have a decision of the Supreme Court—not of Massachusetts, but of the President of Massachusetts Bay—given a hundred and thirty years ago, which proves my right to be here. It so happened that a hundred and thirty years ago, the gentleman who held the office of Chief Justice was my great-grandfather. Now, whether he was a judge of law, I know not; but he was a judge of what is far better—he was a judge of ladies. (Laughter.) Being Chief Justice, he came down here to hold a court in this part of the world, and I suppose, like his Excellency the Governor, having no criminal or civil business to do, he looks after the young ladies. (Renewed merriment.) The result was (and this is a literal fact,) that when he got home to Braintree—Quincy, that now is—he called his son Josiah to him, and advised him to go straightway down to Yarmouth, and inquire for the house of one John Sturges, and to make himself as agreeable as he could to Miss Hannah Sturges, who was there. Well, my ancestor was, like his descendants, a very dutiful son, particularly when his father told him to go and see the girls. (Great merriment.) So down he came to Yarmouth. Whether he succeeded in the object of his mission or not, I will not say, but—I have the honor of addressing you at this time. [Laughter and loud cheers.]

There were no revolvers at decisions in those times, and consequently the reports are not extant, and I believe that it is the only case of adjudication by my ancestor, the report of which has been preserved. We have a Chief Justice here, and it occurs to me that I would like to propound a question to his Honor. My ancestor, the Chief Justice a hundred and thirty years ago, decided that if a man wanted a good wife, he had better come down to Cape Cod. I had some thought of asking the present Chief Justice, whether, if that question was brought before him, he would overrule the decision of my ancestor?

Chief Justice Shaw—I have given the same opinion myself. [Applause.]

Mr. Quincy—the Chief Justice has not only given a similar opinion, but, as acts speak louder than words, he has gone and done it. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

There are, Mr. President, a great many very pleasant associations always connected with these meetings, and we have heard a great deal about the advantages and pleasures of railroad communication, as affording facilities for these pleasant gatherings. There is, however, one great objection to railroads, they make all people alike. We all become as though we were ground in one mill, and when one now comes down to the Cape or to Nantucket, he meets very much the same sort of people as he would if he had remained in Boston. It so happened that some thirty years ago I had the honor, with his Excellency the Governor, of being aid-de-camp to Governor Lincoln, and the first duty he imposed was to go down and review the troops at Nantucket. I assure you it was a delightful duty. Our principal business was to establish a friendship with the pretty little Quakeresses upon that island. They had one charm about them that I never met with since. At that day, before we had attained to higher titles, we were rather proud of being called "Colonel," but they had found a much prettier fashion. I was introduced to a charming young Quakeress, and she called me "Josiah." [Laughter.] Now, I suppose a great many of you, particularly the young ladies who read modern novels and romances, would think Josiah was not a very romantic name; but I assure you, it sounds very well from the lips of a beautiful young lady. Besides that, although in modern novels and romances, it seems to be rather neglected, still, those stern old fathers who landed upon these shores knew what name to recommend, and upon the first page of their catechism you read:—

"Hezekias, Moses and Josias,
All were pious. (Laughter.)

And I should like to know of what other romantic names as much can be said.

It so happened that after we had been some time at Nantucket, having exhausted all excuses for delay, we were upon the eve of departure at last. When we were together in the evening, we were expressing our regrets that the wind was fair, and that we should certainly have to go on the morrow; an old Quaker said to me "if you really wish to remain and can persuade a young maiden to put a black cat under a tub, you will have a head wind in the morning." We had of course, a great desire to try so philosophical an experiment, and we besought all the young ladies, if they were "seized and possessed" of a black cat, to try the experiment in our favor. There was, however, one great difficulty. They had all either been smothered under tubs, or else had emigrated to avoid that fate.

At last, one young lady declared that she was "seized and possessed," not exactly of a black cat, but a black kitten; and as she thought its size would better represent the interest she was in detaining us than a full grown cat, she supposed it might answer. Willing the experiment should be tried, but without much faith as to the result, with only a kitten, we took our leave. The next morning we rose early, and the wind was dead ahead, (laughter) and for three days there it blew. Of course, all who believed in that particular virtue of a black cat, had full faith that the young lady had put her kitten under the tub, though she maintained she never did. But I believe that I believed, and I believe that the good citizens of Nantucket believe to this day unless steam has altered their opinion, that this is a never failing receipt for obtaining a head wind. (Laughter.)

I have been struck, Mr. President, with the great difference between this section of country and the great West, which I have recently visited, not so much in the fertility of the soil, which is striking to every one, as in the character of the population. I went one sabbath to a church in Chicago. It was crowded, but there was only one white head in the building, and that, I am sorry to say, was on my own shoulders. There was another peculiarity: the great majority of young men there. There were but few sparse sprinkling of young ladies. Indeed, so scarce are they, that it is said that on the arrival of a steamboat from the East, the gentlemen offer themselves through speaking trumpets before they land. (Great laughter.)

But I will not occupy your attention any longer. I have stated to you, Sir, and to the audience, that in the opinion of two Chief Justices of Massachusetts, if a man wants a good wife, he had better come down to Cape Cod; and now Sir, I mean to appeal to a still higher authority, and I will propose to you:

The Memory of the Patriarch Abraham—No wonder that he should have been the "father of the faithful," who had the wisdom, when his son wanted a wife, to send Down East and get one. [Laughter and cheers.]

Don't Worry.—When Blustro White-lock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said—

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you live?"

To this question White-lock had nothing to reply, but turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

A country dentist offers to insert "natural artificial teeth." He's probably brother to the man who described the water of a pond as being very wet.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

[For the Journal.]

MR. EDITOR:—I do not intend to pursue one, who after being beaten in argument, takes refuge in calling hard names, in order to cover his defeat; but I thought it might serve the object I have all along had in view to give in a few words, the manner in which I took care to prepare my first article in order to prevent and chance for mistake or misunderstanding. It was submitted to a clergyman of a neighboring town, who bears a high reputation as a scholar, and was by him compared with the authorities quoted. Still further trusting my own and his political feelings, I submitted it to another clergyman, who was educated a lawyer—who is opposed to me in politics—and was by him assured that my quotations were all of them correct and used in the same sense intended by their authors; and the Editor of the Journal for whose opinion I have a high regard, did me the favor to examine it and call the attention of his readers to it. It will be seen by this how much of fairness my opponent has used the gross names he has been pleased to call me. In his second article it will be remembered that I am charged, with misquoting Calvin and others. Upon showing this to my legal friend mentioned above I hazarded the conjecture that my Stoneham opponent might be a lawyer, who had not, like him, deserted the profession. His reply was that no man educated a lawyer "could by any possibility make such stupid mistakes," for mistakes they must be as no one would dare so to misrepresent when the quotations themselves are so plain.

"Take for instance," said he, "the one from

Calvin, the very form of expression, 'obedience to the authority of Governors,' shows its limitation," and besides where in any of his writings, did the sturdy reformer show that "obedience was due to religious superiors," or indeed did he acknowledge any human being as a religious superior? What, says the Rev. Ed. of the Stoneham department to this?

Again, I am "wanting in common courtesy," etc. This does not come with very good grace from one who commences with calling those opposed to him in political sentiment by such names as "fanatics," "intolerant minority partisans," etc; and because he finds his cause a bad one, himself unskillful in defending it, turns upon his opponent and calls him bad names and heaps upon him epithets like the following: "falsome contributor," "crack brained and frothy rantings," etc., etc. But even here I may be mistaken in this thing that he means to say anything hard of me, for he says, he "respectfully declines any further controversy; and if this is according to his idea a respectful leave-taking, I surely ought not to complain. But I must say that I do not understand it any more than, 'the majority when found is law,' or to what new 'species' in natural history his 'quite a species' belongs.

In my early school boy days I was obliged to pass, upon my way to school, by the house of one who for long years had kept a venerable patriarch goose, who was a direct descendant from, if not indeed one of those that saved "upon a time" a mighty city. This animal had a great antipathy to all school boys and used of course to have a daily battle with us, and no matter how severely beaten, he would retire from the contest cackling and hissing notes of victory, retreating upon the principle that "he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." This used to provoke us more than anything else—that he would never allow himself beaten, but always answer in the same language.

Many a discussion was held on the subject to determine what should be done in the case, until one day our teacher understanding our dilemma said to us that this was goose nature, and goose language, and that it was a very good language for a goose, and no doubt thought by them to be much better than ours. But that when we imitated them by calling hard names when talking upon a subject, we "not only showed ourselves beaten but showed our nature and education. Since then, when I have been called hard names, I have felt but very little troubled as it regarded myself but have pitied their user.

R. U. P.

[For the Journal.]

CONSTITUTIONAL OBLIGATIONS.

In this age of unlimited speculation, many persons who undertake to speak, or write, on political subjects, seem to put forth their theories, and propose their modes of action without regard to present "constitutional obligations." Indeed some are so bold and reckless as to despise all such obligations, and not only so, but also to ridicule the idea of being under any obligation to obey or fulfill any parts of the constitution under which they live, which do not tally with their peculiar notions and theories, while they at the same time claim all its privileges and advantages which they think will promote their own views and interest. It seems to be a favorite dogma with some, that "every man's conscience, is the only constitution he is obliged to obey." But it may be seen at once, that these dogmatists must first invent a machine to make consciences jump alike, or they can have no constitution at all. For what is a constitution but a rule or rules which shall control private opinion? Men associate for certain purposes. Each agrees with all the rest, that all shall be governed by certain rules for the general good, each of course giving up some rights and privileges, (which he would be entitled if he were alone in the world,) for the benefits arising from associating with his fellow men. Now, suppose one man in such a community should say to the rest, "I have become dissatisfied with some of our rules, because they (the rules) leave it to each one's conscience to hold a certain species of property or not, and my conscience will not permit to consent that the consciences of others shall be left free on that point. I therefore request that the rules be altered." What shall he do if the majority refuse to alter the rules? Shall he do all he can to obstruct the operation of such of the rules as do not suit him? Shall he arm himself, and fight publicly, or assassinate privately to effect his purpose? Or, shall he rather "come out from among them and be separate," retire to some unoccupied corner of the earth, isolate himself completely from the rest of his kind, and thus relieve his pure conscience?

He who claims the rights and privileges secured by a constitution, acknowledges the validity of that constitution, not a part of it only, but the whole, and he who accepts an office under it, or deposits his ballot for an officer to serve under it, acknowledges thereby his obligation to sustain the whole. Let all tender consciences, nice consciences, capricious consciences, look carefully into this subject, and then act conscientiously.

North Woburn, August 26, 1854.

"What sort of a man does a lady most prefer? D'y'e give it up?" "A husband man!"

[For the Journal.]

Jumping-off Place, August 15, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—I arrived at my destination last evening, about 3 o'clock past 6 o'clock, via Telegraph. It was my intention, when I left your village, to take the leap without delay, but after going through the preliminaries, and given the customary three cheers for Nantucket, the thought struck me just like a brick, "hadn't you better look first?" I did so, and wa'n't sorry, I assure you. And now, for the benefit of those of your readers who contemplate visiting these parts, I would like to give you an idea of the place.

I have hardly had time to reconnoitre the city yet, and as it is a land of total darkness, I consider myself quite excusable, in fact, it is dark here, that you can slice it, and if you will believe me, as I doubt not you will, the only way we have of telling day from night, is, the day is the shorter.

The air is very impure; a sort of combination of gasses, minus the oxygen. Cholera, with other kindred diseases, hold their levees here. As for the water, it is not to be mentioned, suffice it to say, no respectable fish will live in it, snakes not excepted. The soil has no bottom, consequently vegetation is rather scarce, though by the way, I'm credibly informed, they are unable to raise anything. As for provisions, they are almost as high as with you; fastidious persons might even grumble at the want of variety to be obtained, but "when we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do." The inhabitants of this place live without eating, and strange as it may seem to you, one soon gets accustomed to this cheap method.

There is neither hotel nor private dwelling here, and weary pilgrims, like your humble servant, are obliged to crawl under the wings of the winds, which have their rendezvous here. I will send you a bag of their feathers when they will remain quiet long enough for me to obtain them. Take my word for it, more people can be accommodated with board and lodging in this place, notwithstanding the difficulties than in your own far-famed Hotel, which none will dispute is a model in its way.

In conclusion, I would suggest to some of your shrewd townsmen, who like to have things pay, to contract with some one to come on and build some stairs down the precipice, to save the necessity of leaping, as there is so much danger of a poor fellow's becoming crippled for life, if he should chance to save his neck. For myself, I have concluded to postpone the feat till the next time.

SIMON.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—In these days of book-making, news-publishing and letter writing; in "these last days," can one eighty miles in the country, fresh from the noisy whirl, brisk activity and artificial life of the city, excuse himself from a dash with his pen, or the readers of the Journal, from a dash with a few of the spontaneous thoughts, that flash, magic-like with every glance of the eye; radiating from every turn, tree-top and hill-side, as we wend our way mid the thought making scenery of New Hampshire? I throw not.

Therefore I write. I said miles; miles are but a relic of days gone by. Hours and minutes we have to deal with. Distance we count not on, but time; and woe be to him that lags.

So thought we, after leaving the mighty locomotive with his lightning train and moped over the latter eighth part of the distance, in nearly the same time in which we had passed the other seven from the city. After rising over continuous hills in rapid succession for nearly two hours, with our vision confined mostly to the limits of the road side, and not having for passengers a company the most brilliant, social, laughter and mirth loving that ever was; we finally ventured to call the "driver" to our succor, and inquired if the summit were not somewhere within thinking distance, and found in his reply a solace for our consolation in knowing that in ascending, the foot was but reached. Really, we thought the quotation never more in place:—

"Faster go my larks, 'tis the very soul of peace."

Well, here we are, amid the hills of the Old Granite State—New Hampshire's hills—beautifully bold, broken and grand. I love them, and forests, rocks and rills, her

"Flocks and herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze, Attune the heart to melody and love.

There is a creative power rests with them all, creative of thought, and reflection, expanding the soul, giving it capacity, and acuteness of perception, thus heightening its capability, and multiplying our sources of enjoyment.

Her rocks especially have an interest that lays hold on all time past and to come. Upon their stony page we read the history of the world. And above all amid such boundless grandeur, we feel a perfect freedom, unlimited but by creation's bound, giving the largest liberty and widest possible latitude for the range of powers that claim companionship with angels.

Contrast with this the puny, insignificant, artificial town, with artificial walls piled up to heaven, and streets of stone and brick, and men and things in thick confusion, and shall we not truly feel that

"God made the country, and man made the town, What wonder then that health and virtue gifts That gods make sweet, the bitter cup, that Life holds out to all, should most abound, and Least be threatened mid the fields and groves?"

True the contrast hardly holds good with the suburbs, but being of near kin, it is nearly the same.

I find that when old Foggy made the tour of these parts, he almost invariably left his dagger-pointed with every thing he met, and also "his mark" which is still readable wherever there was a place sufficiently large in which to jot down a black spot. And he not only strove to build up a sympathy, and interest among New Hampshire's sturdy yeomanry but fortifications behind which his benighted friends might ever find refuge. But his bulwarks are now somewhat shaken and tottering. Young America came this way one day, and immediately there commenced such a shaking among the dry bones, and their loose, lifeless, withered and time marked covering of the old, foggy, "sham democracy" of the region, as really to bring the old fellow to the gasping point of life. And temperance, as a result, has obtained quite an advantage over her despicable and loathsome foe. Though New Hampshire still tenaciously brings up the rear, while other States form the van and wings of her New England army.

Common Schools, too, are lifting their heads far above the mists and clouds with which they have been so long enveloped by foggyism, and claiming a rivalry with Massachusetts, even while being nourished by the disposition that is disposed to lavish thousands in the erection of beautiful and commodious houses, and to appropriate the gala day of our nation; the anniversary of her independence, to their dedication; and to which thousands flock with enthusiastic and joyous pride.

But this is not all. Other than this, Young A— has reconnoitered all the ground and left an enduring impress, and an embossed expression of his sentiments, in a flourishing body, of which we "know nothing." Great stories, indeed, are told of the doings of this same body; but whenever a man is questioned down to the point, he is invariably found to "know nothing." You cannot even "know" that he is a "know nothing," where the body meets, or indeed whether there be such a body at all, and I have given it all up. I do not even get an invitation to join them, and suspect it must be that they suspect me, or my principles, and therefore am not eligible. And as we in fact "know nothing," we know not but by this same body of "know nothings," which we think must exist, as there must be some source for all the vague rumors and avowed exposures, whigs, democrats, hunkers, freesoilers, abolitionists, fusionists, and all else that loveth and maketh a party, shall eventually get such a "shaking down" as shall astonish all mankind, and Old Foggy in particular.

And here arises a question touching conscientious scruples, and am often asked, viz: are we justified in countenancing secret societies? To this a quietus is ever ready in the fact, that many of the best men of our country do countenance in the fullest manner possible by joining and acting with them. Ministers and mechanics, lawyers and laymen, deacons and doctors, publishers, ploughboys and farmers, having no scruples whatever. But this fact, merely, will not satisfy many who are sincerely conscientious, and at a stand as to the right and wrong of the matter. Popularity, with them, can never make a wrong thing right. A good end, neither, will justify evil means. Is it wrong then to sustain secret societies, merely because they are secret?

And first let us consider what constitutes a secret society. Simply any number of persons concerted withholding from others that which may be familiar with them. And can this in itself be radically wrong? where is the violation of any law of ethics or religion? to make it wrong there must be some such violation. David Hume has asked, where is the wrong of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural course. We see at once, that it consists there, not in the simple act itself, but in the thought that is the origin of it. He that has the thought, has already committed murder in his heart. And in that thought lies the violation of that eternal principle, which our Creator, the giver of all life, hath laid down, that life is sacred to whomsoever possesses it. Until there be then some such law to be violated, there can be no sin in sustaining secret societies. If there were, then there is no man in the community who is not culpable.

The argument is an old one, but none the more refutable; where is there a family which has not its secrets; what circle of young acquaintances that has not matter in common with its individuals, and with them alone; and what church that has not that between its members, which is sacred with them, and withheld from the world? These all are secret societies, the family, the social circle and the church, and if they are wrong, who, or what, is right? The very principle upon which the church is founded, must then be wrong, and the great I Am arraigned before the tribunal of the world. He having instituted a society, to which members, on being admitted, receive a "white stone," and in the stone a new name written, which no man can read, saving he that receiveth it. Say not then that secret societies, merely because they are secret, are wrong.

If then any are justifiable, certainly those are which have for their object the protection and greatest possible advancement of our national republican principles and interests, against the influence of a bigoted and priest-ridden foreign population, which has yet, not only to learn it's A. B. C. of republican government, but first uproot and eradicate, all that makes it alive in sentiment and feeling, and all which clings to it, of that which has been seething for centuries 'mid the hot-beds of European despotism. Its individuals must first divest themselves of all foreign and superfluous appendages, that would tend to sink them beneath the waters of our political and social arena, and then learn to swim, ere they

are permitted to launch out recklessly upon its, to them unknown, depths. Let the people require then, that ere foreigners, who are descending upon our shores like clouds of locusts, at the rate of half-a-million a year, be permitted to exercise their suffrages as Americans: they become American, (as they inevitably will, by a residence as long as that of native citizens), ere they can act as citizens. Call it proscription if you will, but first let Americans understand that they are included within in the pale.

But there is another influence against which it is understood, this secret society, about which we "know nothing," is laboring, and that is the catholic; aside from the foreign. The two are not identical.

The struggle with the latter has limits, with the former none. Romanism is the avowed enemy of all that is republican, progressive or liberal; and therefore all that is American. It is avowed by all its leading organs in the country, boldly and fearlessly avowed, that the liberties of America must, and shall be crushed. And to accomplish this, they are organized, and thoroughly leagued, secretly and publicly. And America must meet the issue on both these grounds.

Let Young America, then, have his way. Dow with the mists and false prejudices which have so long hung between the idea of secret societies and the people, and come forward, all who can find their ranks, and join them, who would see our country the foremost among the nations of the earth in religion, morality, influence and power.

Y— A—

Peterboro, N. H., Aug. 26, 1854.

* At East Jaffrey, has just been completed, a superb brick house, at a cost probably of six or seven thousand dollars, and which was dedicated the 4th of July last.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. E. J. Kimball, Woburn North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wins & Co. Winchester—Dr. David Youngman. Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier. Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson. South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Wells.

THE DROUGHT.

The great drought of the present season, is a subject which is occupying the minds of all men in every part of the country. This is the greatest drought in the month of August on record, for forty years. Only one-eighth of an inch of water has fallen, being less than a fortieth of the average for the month. The New York Tribune estimates the total Corn Crop of the United States for this year, at less than two-thirds of an average; on net, above fifteen bushels per acre.

There are thousands on thousands of acres that will not yield five bushels; many, in fact, that will never be harvested at all. One heavy, general, soaking rain on the 1st Aug., would have added at least one hundred millions of dollars to the aggregate value of our crop for the current year. The total deficiency of the corn crop cannot fall below two hundred millions of bushels, worth one hundred millions of dollars—for much of our corn is usually worth seventy-five cents to a dollar per bushel, on the farm where it is grown; and the loss on roots, grass and vegetables cannot fall below another equal amount. In other words the harvest of this year will be worth to the country two hundred millions of dollars less than we had reason to suppose it would be one little month ago. This loss will not fall on the farmers; they will be partially compensated for deficiency of yield by enhancement of price; but that merely shifts a part of the burden from their shoulders to others. The aggregate loss is quite as severe as if fire, flood, or some other terrible calamity had swept property worth two hundred millions of dollars completely out of existence.

[For the Journal.]

WANDERINGS.

Bear's Den, August 1st, 1854.

Many tales there are of adventures both by sea and land, over mountains, through ravines, across lakes, of dark, deep, sombre forests, amid whose solemn silence, the traveller slowly treads his mossy path, or as "night spreads her sable curtain," lays him down, 'mid the low murmurs of the mountain breeze, mourning through the nodding pine groves. Now his drowsy senses are startled with the inimitable hoots of the owl tribes, or the low snuff of the prowling bear, growling everlasting enmity to all who lucklessly fall within the precincts of her lordly brunnish. After all these adventures have spun liberally the warp of discovery the narration as it is, "the real transaction" remains to the reader a mere picture, a semblance of the truth. None can feel the real spirit of the adventurer. A party of eight sons of Interior Vermont left their "home roofs" with many kind wishes from friends at home, well stocked with the substantial things of this life, such as salt pork, brown leaves as large as a "full moon" taken from brick ovens, heated *serva* times hotter than usual, tea, coffee, sugar, drinking cups, stew-pans, sleeping blankets, in fine everything which we might need for such a tramp. We are bound for the extreme North Eastern boundary of New Hampshire. We must continue our march two days, when we hope to pitch our tents upon the wild, uninhabited shores of Lake Connecticut.

This body of water supplies the river of the same name, which stream forth as it flows south, the boundary between Vermont and New Hampshire.

There are three lakes of the same name, designated only by the first, second or middle lake, and third or last. After serious journeyings for miles, through forests as black as

night, fording streams, leaping chasams, climbing fallen trees, at last we are encamped upon the rocky shore of the Middle Lake, after bidding farewell to civilization, threading an unbroken wilderness, guided only by spotted trees, used previously by moose hunters as a winter road to a market for their "dried moose meat." Like upright dromedaries we jog on, with our baggage lashed to our backs. Our Camp is rudely constructed of boughs from spruce and hemlock trees, the chief production of this unbroken wilderness.

Our camp floor is thickly spread with small sprigs of hemlock, a rare couch for such homeless wanderers. We have no fear of taking cold from lying upon the "cold, cold ground," for no man ever took cold, sleeping upon hemlock boughs. Now in front of our camp a nice fire burns briskly from huge logs plentifully scattered all about us "free of charge."

Each sits gazing into the glowing embers, a powerful source of mental concentration. We are here for trout and we expect to take them in abundance, as we have been told they swim in these lonely waters in vast quantities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Democratic State Central Committee have called a convention for the nomination of Governor, Lieut. Governor &c., at Lowell, on Tuesday the 26th of September.

We learn that the interest taken in the "Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank" continues to attract the attention of the public that there are three hundred depositors, and that all the money of the depositor is safely and profitably invested in stocks and Loans.

THE PHALANX AGAIN.—We are always pleased to hear our town or anything pertaining to it praised by strangers. The Phalanx meets with a favorable notice from the press in all directions. Major Wright of the South Boston Gazette, says of this corps:

"This is the 'biggest' infantry company in the state, when we regard the size of the men as well as number. Lieut. Bates, at the head of his mammoth section, looked like a colonel. South Boston knocks under to Woburn in the number of her soldiers; Woburn wins the race."

The Sunday Dispatch, speaking of their appearance at muster, says:

"It was the observed of all observers, and numbered were the compliments that were showered upon them. 'What a large company!' 'What large men they are!' 'Don't they look neat!' and 'See how steady they march!' were exclamations that burst involuntarily forth from the lips of all who saw them. And yet this is a corps of modest pretensions; in the language of one of their officers, they 'claim only to be a fair country company.' We wish there were more such companies in the State, they would bear a most favorable comparison, in all respects, with any of our city companies. We have seen them on all occasions and under all circumstances; in camp, in the ball room, in sunshine, and in storm, and they are always the same good soldiers and thorough gentlemen. This is no fulsome panegyric, but our candid opinion of a corps, which better military judges than we are, have proudly pointed to as a model corps of citizen soldiery. They deserve everything in the way of honest praise, but require nothing in the shape of puffing or flattery."

WOBURN GAS LIGHT COMPANY.—At an adjourned meeting of this company held on Tuesday eve last, the following officers were chosen, viz: Clerk, P. L. Converse. Directors, Abijah Thompson, Charles Choate, B. W. Winn, David Tillson, Joshua P. Converse. The capital stock was fixed at \$2000, and the par value of the shares at \$50. The Directors were instructed to open books forthwith for subscribers to the capital stock. The meeting was much larger than the preceding one, and was composed of men who know no such word as fail, and the matter may be considered as on the road to a successful termination. We hope our citizens will all come forward and subscribe for the stock, and notify the committee that they intend to purchase gas, and thus aid in completing an improvement which has long been wanted. REPORTER.

AMPUTATION.—Mr. — Piper, a nephew of Rev. Luther Wright, of this town, has suffered much during the last two or three years from a scrofulous disease of the left ankle-joint, affecting the bones of the leg, ankle and heel, and producing caries of the lower end of the tibia, and of the os astragalus and os calcis. The cartilages covering the articulating surfaces of the two last mentioned bones, were entirely destroyed, followed by caries of these bones to a considerable extent. About an inch of the lower end of the tibia was destroyed by the disease, rendering all further use of the joint in walking entirely out of the question. A long continued exhausting discharge from the joint, attended with considerable pain a portion of the time, had so reduced the strength of the patient, that he decided to resort to the only effectual remedy—amputation. At his request the operation was performed by Dr. Cutter of this town, on Monday of the present week, in the presence, and with the assistance of the other physicians in town. The patient was put under the influence of Ether, and remained entirely unconscious during the whole operation. Up to the present time he has continued in a very comfortable condition, and the amputated limb appears well. Any one desirous of seeing the precise nature and amount of disease in the affected joint, can do so by calling upon Dr. Cutter, who has caused a careful dissection of the diseased bones to be made. R—

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—The "American Citizen," the "Know Nothing" paper in this city, has been disposed of to Mr. John T. Chesley, the proprietor of the Vox Populi. The "Citizen" it is said, is to be discontinued, and a daily paper issued in its stead. It will be a "Know Nothing" paper. The first No. will appear on Monday, the 4th of September.—[Lowell Advertiser.]

Stoneham Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

A DAY AT ANDOVER.

The town of Andover is one of the most interesting in our Commonwealth, whether we regard the natural scenery, the healthy location, the costly buildings, or the literary atmosphere of the place. Peculiarly pleasant are our own associations, and reminiscences connected therewith, having spent on "Andover Hill," within sight of those noble and towering elms, some of the happiest and most useful years of life. Since then the several eminently distinguished men with whose countenances and published works we had become familiar, have gone the way of all the earth; but their mantles have fallen on worthy successors, who are occupying and adorning higher stations than those of Congress members or United States Presidents. There is to be found Philip's Academy, more flourishing than almost any other; a Female Seminary, one of the best in the country, and the "School of the Prophets," the "bright particular star" of which is Prof. Park, joined with whom, as associates in instruction, are such men as Stowe, and Phelps, and Shedd, and Barrows. Connected with this institution there is much more of the reformatory and progressive spirit than formerly. The Andover Advertiser is a new paper devoted principally to matters of local interest, while in the place it is supposed that from 2 to 300 weekly papers are taken, devoted to the advocacy of the principles of the large and increasing party of Know Nothings, including many co. ies of the "Home Review," published in the adjoining city of Lawrence. Connected with the young men's Academy the past year there have been 390 students, 161 in the English department, and 229 in the Classical department.

In different numbers of the Journal we have described schools, primary, grammar, academical and collegiate, now let us go up a step higher and describe a school Theological, with some references to our recent attendance upon the 46th anniversary of the same.

The number of students connected with Andover Theological Seminary the past year has been 84. Of these, 15 delivered orations, and 23 graduated on the second of August. Whole number educated here, 1177, of whom 943 are now living, 106 have been or are Foreign Missionaries, and 78 Presidents and Professors of other seminaries and colleges. Those who have studied for the ministry at this Institution graduated from 32 different colleges, and 62 from no college, most of whom however have had that success in their calling which is better by far than any written diploma, signed by human hands. The anniversary exercises this year were of a superior order, some of the graduates exhibiting refined culture, brilliant talents, excellent scholarship and a thorough consecration to the work for which they are designed. Would that their numbers had been four fold, and even then the supply for opening fields, home and foreign, would be far less than the demand. Mingled with services of the day, 5 hymns were sung after the congregational style of ancient Puritanic times, Lowell Mason being present to tune the hymns and lead the singing. At the close, the Senior class stood upon the platform, and sang an original parting song of which the following was the last six verses:

"Living and dead" we hope to meet
Where death is d'parting come no more;
To cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And there recount our conquests o'er."

After dining, by special request, at Prof. Stowe's house, (a homely stone building formerly used for a gymnasium,) meeting several of the Celebrated Beecher family and the professors of at least 5 different colleges, one of whom, G. J. Chase, connected with the Brown University, a Baptist institution, had addressed the Porter Theological Society during the week, and after becoming considerably acquainted with the universally admired author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and examining some beautiful and valuable specimens of art which she brought with her from the old world, we returned home richer than ever in the imperishable treasures of memory and of heart.

* Referring to the death of two of the class since the commencement of the year.

It was stated by a writer in a recent number of the Journal, that "Stoneham as yet has suffered but a little from the want of a railroad." This may be true in regard to a portion of the inhabitants, but others have "suffered" a good deal in their feelings and pecuniary interests for the "want" thereof, and we know of at least one of the stockholders who will double his investment if the needed road can thereby be secured. We are bound to have one eventually, for 'tis part of our "manifest destiny." The question is chiefly one of time. It has been said that "patient waiters are no losers," and we hope it will prove so in the present instance.

INTERESTING PICNIC OF THE "MAIDS OF THE FOUNTAIN."—A few weeks since, about the time of the commencement of the school vacation, quite a number of the young misses of the place formed themselves into a Temperance Association, pledging themselves to abstain from tea and coffee, at least for a year, and taking to themselves the appropriate name of "Maids of the Fountain." Their object has been a truly praiseworthy one, and we wish that all, both young and old, would confine themselves to this drink for their beverage through life.

On Thursday, Aug. 24, this juvenile society had a social gathering, called by some a levee, by others an exhibition, in one of our village groves, and a pleasant time indeed they had of it in company with a few of their parents and friends. We noticed two deaf

and dumb children mingling with the rest, and among the most smiling of the whole.

Excellent refreshments were handsomely and abundantly dealt to young and old present, and the best of order prevailed throughout. The exercises were interspersed with toasts, spoken pieces, and beautiful songs beautifully sung, after which they marched through some of our principal streets, the girls with neat and uniform head-dresses made of tissue paper, and the boys bringing up the rear. All honor to the "Maids of the Fountain," whose suggestive title we were pleased to see inscribed on their waving banner. God bless those dear youth and children say we, may they always be as happy as they were that day, and may they find a home at last amid the sweet "groves of bliss" in the everlasting paradise of the saints.

We noticed a few days since, on the premises of our friend Amasa Farrier, what seems to us an extraordinary specimen of that common plant known by the name of Sunflower. The trunk of this tree, as we choose to call it, we found to be 13 inches in circumference, by actual measurement. There are 47 blossoms on it, from as many projecting branches, and about 200 buds.

Sunflowers are said by some to be very homely, and to be found only on poor men's grounds, neither of which statements are exactly correct. As to their appearance, we think there is no little beauty about them, and one of our nearest and richest neighbors has a large number of them looking over the fence into our garden when the sun does not succeed in attracting their faces to himself. But among the most interesting and wonderful of specimens is that of Mr. Farrier's.

Have you noticed the Autumn-like appearance of a portion of yonder piece of woods? Here and there you'll perceive a tree whose leaves, so green and flourishing a few weeks ago, are prematurely withering and dropping to the ground, not because of being touched by the frost or the fire, but because of the recent excessive drought. The poet tells us that "Leaves have their time to fall," and the "time" referred to by him is during the months of October and November, but this year we have the rare phenomenon of the Fall season commencing the middle of August.

Dr. Woods.—Having just returned from the funeral at Andover of this venerable man, we cannot forbear penning a few words with reference to his long public career of usefulness to the church and the world. We never regarded him as a person of very brilliant talents and striking original genius, but as a profound theologian and possessed of solid worth. He was born of Puritanic parents, the year previous to the Declaration of Independence, and was baptised on the day of his birth. In 1808 he was elected the first Professor of Andover Seminary, and continued in that responsible office the remarkable period of 38 years.

But Leonard Woods, that learned Divine, and much esteemed friend of ours, has gone at the advanced age of four score, and we shall look upon the noble countenance of his no more on earth. And while walking in the Cemetery on Andover Hill, in rear of the Seminary chapel, where his precious dust reposes, a cemetery enriched also by the bodies of two sainted ones as Porter and Stuart and the two Edwards and Mrs. Phelps, author of "Sunny Side," we felt somewhat like taking our shoes from off our feet, regarding the ground as holy. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yes, saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them."

UNION MUSICAL EXHIBITION.—We were exceedingly well entertained at the closing exhibition which those "200 singers" gave at Reading the other evening. Although Mr. Root, the leader, is a native of North Reading, and several of the best voices were from that place, yet the chief beauty of the whole affair consisted in its being a union of so many choirs of the different towns in this vicinity. Cannot the same performance be repeated in South Reading, Stoneham and Woburn? It would be adapted to inspire in the breasts of the people more of love than ever for sacred music and the Pilgrim fathers.

[For the Journal.]

A RIDE TO THE BEACH.

The morn was soft, the dewy hills were bright,
The golden sun ascended the boundless fields of light.
We started in the morning towards the Ocean's side,
Along the flowery valleys and pleasant fields we ride;
At length we reach the rocky shore and the bright waters reach,
And ride on the smooth surface of the hard sandy beach.
We feel with joy required, we breathe the beautiful breeze,
We see the waves delighted come dancing o'er the sea,
We see the boundless waters surrounded by the skies,
And view the misty islands that from the ocean rise.
We think what mighty monsters swim in the watery main,
And think what lofty navies ride on the wavy plain.
We gather the bright pebbles on Ocean's sandy floor,
And hear the murmuring billows with heavenly music roar.
On creation's first bright morning the lofty anthem rung,
And joined the choral symphonies which stars and angels sung.
We ceased the rolling ocean music to prolong,
For still the heaving billows peal forth the eternal song.
We pass the time in pleasure, swift glide the hours away,
And still the breaking surges dash on their rocky way.
At last we hasten homeward, just at the close of day,
When night spreads out the shadows of evening twilight gray.
A million golden sunlight the west with radiance leaves,
A flood of moonlight glory lights up the silvery waves.
Stoneham, August 1854. V. W. X.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of John G. & Co., in another column. Their stock of ready made clothing is one of the largest and best in the city, and persons in want of any article in their line will do well to give them a call.

Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

[For the Journal.]

GENTLE NELLIE.

BY HARRIET HURTON.

One year ago when the breezes stirred,
The larch trees grim and olden,
And the sun's bright fingers made
The crimson clover golden;
And the dark plumes of the pine-tree
Threw a shadow long and deep,
I like the trailing robes of sorrow,
Whose presence makes us weep,
Minnie and I kept weary vigils,
Round the couch where Nellie lay,
Waiting for the sun, whose rising,
Gave to her, Eternal Day.
An hour went by; then we knew for her,
Had ended the earthly night;
She had shaken the dust from her feet,
And stood in the fields of light.
Then we made a bed for her Nellie,
Where the crocus buds of snow
And the tulips fragrant cups,
Went nodding to and fro.
Now her white brow growth radiant,
In the light of his pure eyes,
We mourn no more that she dwelleth,
In the land beyond the skies.

Music.—The citizens of Reading and others have been highly pleased the last two weeks by rehearsals of a musical Convention at the Old South Church under the direction of Professor F. P. Root of New York composed the singing part of the towns of the three Readings, Woburn, Stoneham and Lynfield.

At a Meeting of the Choirs of Reading and the adjoining Towns, for the final Exhibition of the Cantata of the Pilgrim Fathers, the following resolutions were offered by Geo. Minot, Esq., and adopted by a very cordial vote.

1. Resolved, That this convention of singers, from the choirs of this and the adjoining towns, has been highly successful in improving our taste, increasing our scientific knowledge and skill, and in promoting a deeper interest in sacred music generally.

2. Resolved, That we have been highly gratified with the instructions of Mr. Root as original, scientific, tasteful and kind; giving a new impulse to our musical progress and appreciation; and especially have we found, in the practice of the cantata of the Pilgrim Fathers, great advantage and enjoyment.

3. Resolved, That we recommend the annual reassembling of this convention.

4. Resolved, That the thanks of this convention be given to Rev. Mr. Whiting for his excellent address, and also to the Old South Society for the use of their church, so cheerfully awarded to us by the Assessors.

Fire.—On Saturday eve at about half past seven the cry of fire was raised which roused the whole village. The fire originated in the building owned by Warren Davis, and rented by the Protective Union as a stable and was used in part for storing. The fire originated in a pile of straw which was laying on the floor, whether intentionally or accidentally is not known. The fire spread with fearful rapidity through the building, so that in less than five minutes the whole building was in one sheet of flame threatening to destroy a good portion of our village but was timely stayed by the great energy of the firemen, assisted by the citizens generally and still further assisted by a delightful shower which did not damp the ardor of the firemen but did damp the buildings and ground. The stable was a total loss and the building nearest which was also owned by Mr. Davis and rented for tenants was considerably damaged. The property was insured at the Haverhill Mutual, and the loss on the house has been settled for less than one hundred dollars. P.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

It is quite important that our attention should be directed to aspirants for high political offices, and more especially members of Congress. In every place from which new members are to be elected examine well the claims of each individual, it is not sufficient that the person who aspires to represent us in our national congress should have a "leaning" towards the American party—but that he should be of that party for in these matters of all others we do not wish to be misrepresented. Take none but the tried and true. Men who are not unwilling to define their position.

Never give your offices to men who belonging to the Native American Party who will not come out boldly and aver that they have done with old party trammels forever. It would be very pleasant doubtless for such men to use our influence to "boost" themselves into office, and quite as convenient for them not to "know" us after they are fairly seated. Be not deceived upon a point of such consequence to the existence of the American Party. We have heard men reason very plausibly, yet not to our mind sufficiently explicit. We have heard men stand up and say "I am a native American, and I go for the organization, yet upon matters which do not pertain to the Native American organization, I do not give my opinion. I do not say how I should act or vote; I should I think act as I saw fit."

This is a convenient doctrine to hold, and a man may belong to the Native American party, and should just such views; but such an individual should be *into you a marked man*: you have reason to doubt him; at least it would not be safe to give him even the office of a town representative, much more the responsible position of U. S. Senator. He is not to be trusted at the helm of the native American affairs, who is not willing to, and does not unqualifiedly take the pledge of the American platform and forever disclaim from now and henceforth all old party ties and allegiance. Native Americans, you can not, you

Warren Academy.

The Fall term of this Institution will commence Wednesday, August 23d, with the following board of Instruction—

JOHN J. LADD, A. B., Principal.
MISS MARTHA DUDLEY, Preceptress.
MISS LUVIA LINT, Teacher of Modern Languages and the Romanticals.
MISS JOHAN J. LADD, Teacher of Piano Forte.

n, and bounded Southerly by land of Ezra Hackett,
 easterly by land of said Hackett and Gilson, Northerly
 by Fuit n Street, and easterly by land of William Rich-
 dson and others.

SAMUEL CLOON,
 Deputy Sheriff.

Stoneham, Aug. 21, 1854.

ED.—Barley, Bedford Oats and Buckwheat, at
May 13—4w A. E. THOMPSON'S.

of very superior Red and White ash coal, prepared expressly for family use, and are ready to furnish families at Winchester and vicinity, at the lowest market price. Also, about 900 tons of White ash broken coal, for steam engines and large furnaces.

BAYLEY & CO
Winchester, Sept. 1, 1853

Stoneham, April 11, 1854—tt

JUST Received a new lot of Kenedy's Medical Dis-
cover, price 20 cents per bottle. Russia Salve per
box 20 cents. by **D. N. STEVENS,**
Stoneham, May 27—*

The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPI,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

Volume 3—Number 48.

\$1.50 Per Annum, in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

Published by the Proprietor, every Saturday morning, at his Office, Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS.

\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:

For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " 6 months, \$6.00
" " " 3 months, \$4.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.

Special Notices, not exceeding 3 lines, 50c. each.
Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with NEW AND SUPERIOR TYPE, and the PROPRIETOR is PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 59
Court Street, Scollay's Building.
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY,
Mch. 8, 1853, Passenger Trains will run as follows:—

Upper Railroad Trains.

Leave Boston for Lowell at 7.30, and 9.30 A.M., 12 M.,
2.30, 5.30 and 6.30 P.M.
Leave Lowell at 7.00, 7.50 and 10 A.M., 12.00 P.M.,
and 5.30 P.M.

Woburn Branch Trains.

Leave Woburn Centre at 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, and 9.05
A.M., 1.15, 4.05 and 8.15 P.M.
Leave Boston at 7.30, 8.30, 11.30, A.M., 12.45, 3.45, 6.45,
and 9.45 P.M.
The train from Woburn at 6.00, and from Boston at
7.00 A.M., carry freight.

On Wednesday this train leaves at 11 P.M. and on
Saturdays at 11.00, instead of 11.30 P.M.

WM. PARKER,
Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

North Woburn Omnibus.

Summer Arrangement.

Leave Nichols, Winn & Co's Store
North Woburn, at 7.30, 8.30, 11.30, A.M., 12.45, 3.45, 6.45,
and 9.45 P.M.

Returning, Leaves Railroad Depot.

Woburn Centre, at 8.30, 9.30, 12 M., 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, P.M.
Single fare, 8 cents. Four Cents 25 cts. Tickets
from North Woburn to Boston, 30 cts.

CLARKES TAY, Agent
at Woburn, April 29th, 1854.

To the Public.

The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main
Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms
as will benefit both parties. There may be found a gen-
eral assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are
made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by
himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants
and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work
cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large
experience and personal application. For further par-
ticulars call at the store.
EDWARD MANFELD.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be
found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by
H. Mansfield & Co.
South Woburn, April 29th 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE.

No. 2 Railroad st., 2d floor from Main st.
Still continue to supply their customers with all
the various kinds of

off Bread, Crackers & Cakes.

Usualy baked, such as—
Waffles, Cakes, and other goods always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,

—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wacker's Buildings,
WOBURN.

M. TEARE,

MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of
Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store,
and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most
splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this
place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets,
of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet
Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for
Travelling Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wreathed Collars, Gloves,
Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to
mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and
ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and
Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfac-
tion.
M. TEARE.

CONVERSE & Co.,

WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.

10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes,
Drafts, Bills, &c.
April 29th

A. E. THOMPSON,

Dealer in American & Foreign
DRUGS & CHEMICALS

West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,

dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,

—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines, Perfumery,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wade's Buildings,
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

O. LAPPEN & CO.,

(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE,
Battens, Cane Poles, Broom, Mats, Buckets, Willow
Ware, Riddles, Flaves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world
will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, J. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDMAN.
[sig] 24

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVER WARE
and CUTLERY.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders thankfully received and punctually attended
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for
UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING and GLAZING.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Gilding and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 11.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to.
Oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
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WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
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JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stonham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Willis.

TOBACCO CHEWING AND SMOKING IN PUBLIC.

This filthy practice of chewing and smoking in ones own private dwelling or in the street is bad enough, but to see a man or boy (for it is very common for boys now-a-days as soon as they are strong enough to hold a long nine up to their mouths, and breath enough to draw the smoke, to exercise their skill in this filthy practice. We don't know as they are so much to blame, for in most cases they have the example of their parents,) come into public places of business or amusement, and fill the room with filthy smoke and squirt tobacco spittle all over the floor is not according to our notion of good breeding. The following article from the Baltimore Patriot expresses our opinion upon this subject.

"The private mastication of tobacco, in ones own home, parlor, bed-room or kitchen as the case may be, is an affair to be settled between ones wife and ones self. We do not intend to interfere with the police regulations of the home—they are in abler hands than ours. If indulgent wives choose to have their door-steps and balcony floor discolored their carpets ruined, and their parlors and bed-rooms irrevocably defiled with tobacco juice—if they relish the contact with their own mouths, of lips that have been all day saturated with yellow saliva—if they like the smell of tobacco scented breaths, coming from between dirty and disgusting teeth,—we have nothing to say. But we have a right to protest, and we do protest, against the outrageous public nuisance of tobacco chewing. No man has a right to go to a theatre, or any other public gathering, and, seating himself in the midst of cleanly christians, squirt out at random, streams of tobacco juice, around him. To do this in those parts of the house where only men are placed, is in the last degree rude and thoughtless; but to carry the revolting practice into the presence of ladies,—into the and dress circle of the theatre, the concert saloon, the church pew,—and it is habitually done in all these places—is little short of blackguardism.

This is harsh language—but it is true, and we mean it. The solemn fact is, that our national manners sadly want looking to. Dickens, and all the rest of them, have been more than half right, notwithstanding the absurd malignity with which some of their criticisms have been served up. We are, we fear, on the whole, an uncleanly nation, having a morbid abhorrence of water. We let our beards and hair get ragged and unkempt, and we do not trim our nails. Our teeth are horribly neglected, notwithstanding that there is a dentist at every corner, and of course this, together with the onions we eat, and the tobacco we chew, makes the breath unendurable. We are uncivil, even savage, in our manner of speaking to each other—of not getting out of one another's way on the sidewalk—in our shops, our counting houses and offices—in the habitual contacts of every day life.

This is true and there is no use in denying it, nor attempting to bully about it, by saying that democrats have no time to attend to such insignificant affairs,—that in a republican country we do not estimate men by their manners, and all the usual trash of this kind. If republicanism and democracy consist in a boorish want of personal cleanliness and neatness—in the neglect of all the delicate offices and refined courtesies of personal intercourse—in a contempt for the convenience, the feelings, and the rights of others—then we do not hesitate to say that no gentleman can be a democrat.

But it is no such thing—far, far from it. The more entirely all restraint is removed from the soul, the more beautiful and harmonious ought to be its action. To deny this, would be an insult to the Creator. And when we see or hear of people who justify their rudeness or their dirtiness on the ground of democracy, we feel it our duty to regard them and treat them as the worst enemies that real democracy and social liberty have to contend against. Democracy will have discovered its true mission, only when it teaches mankind the beautiful and sacred obligations of gentleness and refinement, which, self-imposed, in obedience to the fine and exacting spirit that lives within every human breast, are more binding and more sacred than all the laws that mere intellect can invent, or force attempt to execute.

On Monday morning last, a servant girl employed in the family of Mr. Charles Howe, of Milford, in order to quicken the fire which she was lighting, took up a can containing about two quarts of burning fluid, to pour some upon the flames, when it exploded, saturating her garments, which took fire, and burned her in such a shocking manner as to cause her death in the afternoon.

The Norfolk County Journal says a petition for a charter for an Irish military company in Roxbury, is now before the Commander-in-Chief. It is signed by Michael Delan and 49 others.

Rev. Wm. A. Stearns, of Cambridgeport, has accepted the appointment of President of Amherst College.

We have received the Sept. number of the West American Monthly. It is well filled with a choice selection of reading matter.

TAXPAYERS OF WOBURN.

The following is a list of persons and firms who pay a tax of fifty dollars and upwards. There are eighty who pay less than fifty and more than twenty-five, six hundred and sixty-two who pay less than twenty-five and more than a poll tax.

Whole number of polls, 1,470
Valuation of real and pers'l estate, 3,124,000
Valuation of personal estate, 1,124,000
Valuation of real estate, 2,000,000
Whole amount raised by taxation, 20,900
State tax, 1,005
County tax, 1,962
Schools, 4,800
Highways and bridges, 2,000
Incidental expenditures, 8,000
School district taxes, 3,100
Rate of taxation on town tax, five dollars on a thousand.

Abbot, Samuel 91
Alley, Choate & Cummings 225
Allen, George W. 57
Buckman, Bowen 229
Bracket, John C. 53
Bond & Tidd 158
Bacon, John & Co. 85
Choate, Charles 136
Converse, Luther 61
Cutter, Benjamin 61
Conn, Horace 57
Cragin, F. K. 57
Cummings, John 57
Cummings, John Jr. 140
Cummings, Cyrus, 70
Dow, Stephen 116
Edgell, John 92
Eaton, Hill & Callender 92
Flagg, George 138
Fowler, John 2d 91
Flanders, John 92
Flagg, Sewall 92
Fowler, Jeduthan 119
Fowler, Leonard 72
Fowler, Luke 50
Flagg, John G. 121
Fowler, George W. 61
Duren, Samuel R. 80
Duren, Abraham & William 82
Gage, Gawin R. 56
Grammer & Brother 57
Hart, Dexter D. 121
Holden, George 122
Horton, Sparrow heirs of 122
Hill, Jotham 57
Jones, Eli 196
Kendall, Joseph R. 58
Kelly, Joseph 68
Loring, Caleb G. 218
Littlefield, Joshua E. 68
Manning, Uriah & Son 105
Nichols, Stephen 65
Nichols, Winn & Co. 270
Plympton, Augustus estate of 102
Parker, John F. & A. J. 51
Pierce, Jacob 128
Rogers, Oliver C. 50
Richardson, Daniel 60
Richardson, Thomas 67
Richardson, Thomas guardian for Colcord estate 58
Richardson, Josiah 63
Roundy, Augustus 66
Richardson, Bartholomew heirs of 52
Richardson, Stephen & Son 60
Sturges, William 1,475
Shaw, Lewis 70
Thompson, Leonard 94
Thompson, Abijah 548
Thompson, Abijah & Co. 530
Tidd, John & Son 50
Trull, Elbridge 50
Tidd, Charles & Co. 50
Tweed & Reed 66
Winn, Timothy 50
Winn, J. B. 238
Winn, J. B. & Co. 372
Wade, John 321
Wright, Luther 58
Winn, Joseph 52
Wood, Sylvanus 62

NON RESIDENTS.

Baldwin, James F. 50
Baldwin, George R. 109
Ballard, Joseph guardian for Frederick May 205
Draper, Daniel 94
Boston & Lowell R. R. Co. 63

A HOME FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—The Gazette states that after the addresses at the Spiritualists' pic-nic at South Framingham, on Thursday last, a plan was proposed for forming a company, with a capital of \$4,000, for the purpose of buying out the lessee of the Fountain House, corner of Beach street and Harrison avenue, and converting the hotel into a house for the preachers and professors of the new faith.

CHOLERA.—Fifty-eight deaths from cholera had occurred in Fall River, up to yesterday. In most cases, those who had died were addicted to the immoderate use of ardent spirits. A chemical analysis of the liquors sold at the low groceries in Fall River, showed them to be in several cases adulterated with sulphuric acid, a virulent poison. One paper thinks that some of the children reported to have died of cholera, died of actual starvation, having been deserted by their parent in the general panic which prevailed.

A specimen of paper manufactured from the plant called gnapthidum, or life-everlasting, which grows abundantly & spontaneously from Canada to California, has been sent to the New York Tribune. The paper is fine, smooth and strong, and costs 12½ per cent. less than paper made of rags.

A temperance daily paper is to be started in Boston the present month. The present editor of the Life Boat, and Chas. W. Slack, Esq., are spoken of as editors. It is to be supported, if necessary, by the "Million Fund."

[For the Journal.]

Connecticut Lake, August 3d 1854.

Trout fishing and Moose hunting.

The Angler's life is the life for me. To be sure there are many crooks, and turns, sharp corners, so that it is, after all, an angular life. But there are supreme felicities, (temporary to be sure) in the sports of fishing. Some pronounce it "very cruel," others inhuman and immoral to use such open deception, to hold out inducements you never expect to see realized. Many a man has bitten at a baited hook and unless by some turn of fortune "he broke his hold" has been taken in. It is pleasing to watch an eager fisherman, sitting upon some high rock overlooking the whirlpool, or eddy, "throwing his fly" here and there in the most tempting manner, holding the rod in one hand while with the other, he now and then unmercifully hammers his cheeks in pursuit of other "bites," looking all the while as though he had lost a box of gold beneath the water, and must search for nothing else. Here the black flies are abundant. They live in colonies each colony consisting of the same number as were the descendants of an ancient Patriarch: "As the sand of the sea shore." You see the cloud coming towards you, and instinctively like the pilgrim on the desert, throw yourself upon your face and trust to providence for strength to rise. It is smaller than the little Ant who builds its house in our path, but their bite is to most, violent poison. Could you see some of our party at this moment you would exclaim—"sure the measles are among you." These flies are like dogs in one particular, that is they "have their day" and even in several respects they resemble the canines. They bark—the skin wherever they alight, and bite awfully when they "bark." During the months of July, June and May, these animals are in their full strength, after this time they seem to grow weak, and fall and die. They are an annoyance to moose and deer, (who as we all have read are somewhat "abridged" that is little or no tail) these animals in total desperation run to the lakes and stand up to their eyes in water for days together.

There are no boats in this lake save now and then a bark canoe which the hunter wisely has shouldered, and buried among the oak bushes at some distance from the shore. These canoes are made from the freshly peeled bark of the spruce fastened at the ends with strong roots, used as cords, while the top or side is made tight with the gum of the pine or spruce. These are light, and the experienced oarsmen will dart from the shore, surprise a flock of ducks, shoot as many as they like and return in the twinkling of an eye, while our "land lubber" crew in attempting to get aboard, each caught a duck without going far from the land. We of course must build rafts; accordingly we search for dry trees; cut them down, roll them into the water. No shirking here my boys, each man must put his shoulder to the huge log. We now place them side by side four in number, binding them together with withes of young birch. Each must hew out his paddle, and shape it according to his own taste. Now a squadron of three huge full rigged scows, covered with "men and things," every thing was flat aboard except "high hopes" for each paddler must sit down, wet, or dry, in order to get the purchase of his Indian paddle.

Now we are off. Our camp fire slowly recedes from our view. We only see its smoke curling above the lofty trees, winding its way far off amid those lonely skies. We are far out upon the broad lake, the sheet of water looks like a huge mirror of irregular form, border trimmed with the richest evergreens. Here and there we drop anchor, put out hooks and the eager trout rise as for a real morsel. We fish, and explore, row, sit still and then row again. The more sentimental ones, now and then, break forth in ecstatic delight from some new portion in the ever changing scenery for one vast ocean of leaved were spread out with here and there a cloud cap mount, or a quiet stream gurgling among its solitary wanderers, here a smaller lake sleeping upon the bosom of its undisturbed domain. We are taken while upon the open lake with one of those North West gales which come in fitful squalls, and what a craft for a gale! the white caps are smashing over our old creaking logs, wetting legs high up, and damping the spirits of some not so strong in courage. We at length out ride the billows, make port and lie down in our humble camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Journal.]

To my Naturalist.

MR. EDITOR:—A few weeks ago, I noticed in the Reading department of the Journal, some suggestions to those who desire to become Naturalists. Of the writer of that article, or of some other one, I would seek a little information.

During this, and the preceding season, I have collected nearly one hundred specimens of New Hampshire birds, and I find that the bills and legs of many of them have undergone a change in color.—yellow and green turn to black. Can this change be prevented?—if so, how?

What is the best method of preparing the skins of birds, if one desires to preserve them for months before mounting them? There is an easy method of doing this, but the dried skins, in my hands, though I stuff them with moist cotton, are unsuceptible of the graceful attitudes I would have them assume.

What good, thorough, systematic treatise has been published on American insects?

Answers to the foregoing queries, through the columns of your paper, would be gratefully received.

Alton, N. H., Sept. 4, 1854.

An Irish funeral passed our office, on Wednesday, containing 34 carriages.

[For the Journal.]

MR. EDITOR:—In the last No. of the "Journal," your correspondent "T," remarks, with reference to certain individuals, who either happen or are providentially so unfortunate as to have that moral sense—a conscience by which they discern between an obtuse, be dimmed and befogged conservatism, and an active, vigorous, enlightened moral progression—the relations of man to his fellow—right and wrong—and by which they read their obligations to a sacred compact, into which they have solemnly entered with an other party, and an after provision, at variance with all their principles of humanity, honor and religion, botched on to it; not by superior numbers, not by the majority, but by the huckstering trickery of pandering politicians.

We beg leave to appear in behalf of these same unfortunates, who seem to be so haplessly labouring under the workings of "nice" and "tender" (but not "captious," that word has no place here) consciences.

This seems to be their trouble then; "nice," "tender," consciences; consciences that are not yet "seared as with a hot iron;" consciences that are at length so alive to "constitutional obligations," as not to admit of the least deviation from the conscience or interests of any individual or body of individuals, that shall deviate in the least from those same "obligations;" consciences that though they have for years nestled in deep, well lined pockets, whipped down in the lap of pecuniary interest, ro smothered "mid a luxurious commercial gain; are now aroused, brought to life, and carried back to their culminating point, from whence commenced their degeneracy; by this last great move of a system of graceless frontier, which has been bourne and fore-bourne, until "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue."

A serious malady and deep-rooted, no doubt, though of recent date. Would that it had originated years since, ere its victims had been left to fall into their long lethargic sleep. For now having slept, passively, weakly, for long years, in listless inaction, until their consciences have nearly rusted out: why they must abide their state or be at variance with all the obtuse conservatism of the country. If they have grovelled long at the beck of the slavists; why they must continue to do so, or violate the sense of national courtesy and etiquette. If they have made compromises once and again with slave-doms, and come out from them, not only emaciated and lean, but basely and ignominiously dishonored before the world, why they must continue to do so or take the consequences. No, these men with consciences rendered not only "nice" and "tender," but peculiarly sensitive, are now fully alive to all their relations to their country, and to their fellow men; the oppressed and the oppressor. These relations the latter shall not violate; and by them, the former shall find succor. They are alive to what is right, and what is wrong in the matter!—what is right, for one section of the country to ask and the other to withhold. What it is wrong to concede and what to claim. Neither do they need to be told their "obligations" to the constitution. They can read them just as plainly and intelligibly as they can be read to them. They find nothing there, the "operation" of which they wish to obstruct, and nothing for which they will "arm themselves and fight publicly, or assassinate privately" to oppose. To them there is a difference between the terms of the constitution, and all the hatched up patchwork of more modern compromises, now rendered obsolete by the treachery and guilt of those who were ambitiously seeking the highest places of honor and trust, in the gift of the nation.

It is this class of men, the great majority of the freeborn citizens of America, the noble high-minded, whole-souled of her population—men who take exalted views not only of the immortal destiny of the race, but of the "manifest destiny" of the nation who now spurn at the corrupting thought of any alliances of whatever name or nature, with slavery, other than what they find in the first great principles of the Federal Constitution. This they adopt as their platform, broad enough, and strong enough upon which to raise all their hopes and all their aspirations;—its "obligations" they cheerfully and proudly acknowledge;—its "rules" they yield to; and its privileges they claim and expect. And standing here they proclaim to the world with reference to slavery, "thus far, but no farther shalt thou go. Here shall thine unhallowed ambition be stayed; the Territory of the country, yet unpolyped by its blighting curse; the light of heaven shall never look upon as changed in that respect. And furthermore no more slave states shall be admitted to the Union. This will we bequeath as a legacy to the coming generations or die in the attempt to achieve it."

And now, Mr. Editor, if this is the class of persons, your correspondent refers to, we trust he will find their case fairly stated, leave his lumbering conservatism and act with Young America in the coming contest, the death grapple of Freedom and Slavery. If not, if we have misread him, we regret it, as we would shrink from nothing, more than from a newspaper contention.

If it is altogether a different class of persons, he refers to, the Parker-ites, Burleigh-ites, and others of their clan, (which we hardly think can be, as we cannot conceive of their influence being weighty enough with men of intelligent common sense, about which to waste even a newspaper article why we heartily agree with him; that they are not only "nice" and "tender," but "captious" too.

N.

At the Republican Convention held at Worcester, on Thursday, Henry Wilson was nominated for Governor, and Increase Sumner for Lieut. Governor.

[For the Journal.]

Boston, Sept. 8, 1854.

THE WEATHER.—The weather is always a legitimate subject to write upon. It fills a letter, a speech, a sermon, a song or what not. Quotations in Boston just now are of the cool sort. The air is refrigerative, just as though it came from the sea shore, and the mountain peak, so that in this case we are just as well off as those who are out of town seeking for shady places. With the best of air to breathe, and the best of provisions to eat, both from the country, there is no reason why all of us may not be comfortable. Fools if we are not, that's all.

BARRACONS.—We have "Barraccons" in Boston. Do you ask what they are? This: a class of houses cheaply built, miserably planned, unhealthy and mean, put up for the Irish, in the main, there are some half dozen in the city, and each locality is the center of filth, vice, disease of all sorts. One in particular in Lincoln street is somewhat notorious, and houses, or rather packs away about one hundred and fifty families. It has no yards, rear or front, and is altogether as unfit a place for human habitation as a hog pen, which it much resembles. A very large Barraccon is nearly erected at East Boston. This is for full one hundred and seventy-five families. These buildings are golden ones for those who own them. That at East Boston is to cost about \$3,000. Its rent per year will be some \$4,500. Every room contains a family, and each tenant must "pay up" once a week. The profits of these Barraccons is only surpassed by the shiftless manner in which they are built, or the wretchedness, pollution and dirt of those who occupy them. No doubt it's a fast way to make money,—whether a good one is for the reader to judge. The fewer such Barraccons, or architecture we have, the better. Barraccons are not a sign of progress, civilization or humanity.

ORGAN GRINDERS.—We suppose there are not less than 300 organ grinders who habitually perigrate our city. They grind, grind, grind out what is termed their music, every where and at almost all times. Their notes greet the rising, and linger on the setting rays of the sun, while often at midnight we hear them still at work. They are curious race and live—with monkeys, cats, very homely women and children, and generally in a most filthy manner. In North street there is a large building, where some one hundred are domiciled in a most miscellaneous manner. They are generally Italians, and though their food is poor, and the "family arrangements" wretched, they all have money. One man in this same nasty building has \$10,000, which he has collected by his incessant industry and economy. In some respects his example is worthy of study. The moral is, that directed effort, even in the humblest walk of life rarely goes ashore for reward.

BUSINESS DOWN TOWN.—Fall trade "down town" has fairly opened, and our merchants are up to their hats in business. There are an unusual number of Southerners in our city, who after all, like "old Boston" as a market. The dry goods, boot and shoe, and hard ware trade is driving. There are dozens of stores on Pearl, Broad, Water, Kilby and other "heavy streets" which are selling from \$500 to \$10,000 worth of goods each day. This is not bad, as the saying is. We see no reason why a very large and profitable season is not with and before us; and as goes Boston, so goes all New England.

UNSAFE BUILDINGS.—Our city authorities are looking up all unsafe buildings in the city. When found they "make a note of it" send to the owner of the fact, with certain hints additional. If he does not take them, the authorities in due time, take the matter into their own hands, and at his expense. There is about a dozen at present in this fix.

BITS AND ENDS.—Rev. E. Chappin is at present in this city.—The cholera has almost entirely disappeared from Boston.—The Boston "Know Nothing" is said to have a circulation of 80,000 weekly.—Capt. Hollins of the U. S. ship Cyane, of Greytown notoriety, is in town.—Many of C. F. M. are still out of town. The new Theatre opens on the 11th of Sept.—All the liquor dealers in the city are to be prosecuted, if found dispensing the article.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The feeling abroad towards the native American organization is anything but conciliatory and pleasant. Tarrying for a short season at the city of Brooklyn in New York State, I had occasion to visit quite a number of the Literary Depots and Periodical stores. On my asking for any native American paper, of whatever name or character; whether I made the enquiry of men or women, I was sure to receive a very short and impudent answer to my civil and gentlemanly question; and in five cases out of six, an insulting remark, as indecent as it was gratuitous. In most cases the women principally Irish, were more indecent, impudent and vulgar than the men. In one store, on my asking for the native American papers, the woman who kept it hollowed out in a loud tone of voice, "and sure we don't kape any of them blaguard papers, they are not fit to be seen, they are heretics papers intirely, and here's the Pilot, if ye want a good paper." Upon our remarking we did not care to purchase a Pilot, but would like the Crusader, her eyes flashed with passion as she exclaimed, "dam'd know-nothing paper. Oh! indeed and do I not wish the pralst was here." Leaving her to recover herself as soon as possible from the great provocation, and that right speedily. It is in vain for the Irish press to deny that any secret societies exist among the Irish; when almost

every person who reads any of their weekly papers is assured of their existence by the numerous notices and calls for the same. Dare the great gun of popery itself, the Boston "Pilot," deny, that there exists societies in this country formed of Irish Catholics, aided by their Priests, composed even of day-laborers and servant girls, waiters in Hotels and children even?

For the information of the interested and more particularly for those Americans who are Irish sympathisers, I would relate a fact which was stated to me by the most unquestionable authority. In Brooklyn, N.Y., there is a secret association formed by the Irish patriots, and called "the iron sons of Hibernia;" it is an anti-American association, entirely at variance with every principle of true republicanism. The only object of this association is to watch the movements and doings of the "know nothings" and all "Protestant Associations." They meet weekly and oftener, and their places of meeting are well known, and their members are of papists and the off-scouring and dregs of Europe. And further, among the foreign population of the Irish character may be found, many other secret societies whose end and aim is to establish the Roman Catholic Religion upon a firm basis on these shores. If not, gentlemen, let me ask you, what need is there of such associations existing in America as the "Ribbon Men," "United Irishmen," &c., of the Old Country,—of what need is there of organizing an Irish Military company in these United States? What do we want of them,—can we not do our own voting and our own fighting without their aid?

Let these facts, which are undeniable, have a resting place in every American bosom, let every American patriot ponder them well in his heart, and then ask himself the question, what am I expected to do as an American citizen? W.

AMERICAN DOMESTICS.

If the "Know Nothing" principles ever obtain in this country, there will be one good result thereof that has been little thought of. American girls must be substituted in the kitchen for Irish help. Pianos must be played less, and pots and kettles looked after more; fewer siks will be needed, and more calico used; less walking in the streets will be seen, and more walking in the suds about wash tubs;—and then, when a man marries, he will marry a wife; one that can cook his dinner, wash his shirts and mend his clothes, and not an overgrown baby to set in the parlor, spend money without thinking that it must be earned, and play lily till husbands are bankrupt. Most men will get the native movement thus far, at least; but how many mothers will approve it?—how many daughters will vote for this new era?—Newburyport Herald.

The above is unquestionably true, the good sense of every female who reads it, will approve it, and wish it was the case oftener than it is. Ladies suffer us to ask you a plain question. What can you do to bring about such a desirable state? Can you not make a small sacrifice of ease and comfort as well as the men. The time was, some ten years since, when our help was almost entirely American, let it be so again; employ any female help but Irish help. Your family affairs will then be less open to the ears of the fathers confessor of domestics, and your own ease and comfort greatly enhanced. It is a duty the mothers and daughters of New England owe to their posterity, to make at least a movement in this matter. Let every head of a family make the resolve, that she will no longer submit to this female Jesuitism, that she will no longer tolerate this system of espionage, and she will find the effort easier than she ever supposed it would be. How very pleasant it is to sit at ones own table, and be waited on by a Jesuit servant girl, whose ears are open to hear every word you utter at the social board, and whose willing lips repeat every word you have spoken at the very first season of confession. This you know is the truth, and you know also that you are often under the necessity of suppressing conversation entirely, or let the same be reported regularly to the priest. Will you not try and do something to stop this, to you grievous, evil?

Stonham Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"O ye who mourn"

When'er you vacant cradle, or the robes
That deck the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to his arms, whose changeless care
Paseth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few wasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you.

And when glad faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies
Archangel's praises, with the high response
Of cherubim and seraphim, O, think
Your child is there!"

One of the most interesting and consolatory books, next to the Bible, for parents who have been called, in the providence of God, to bury children, is a small one, published by the American Sunday School Union, entitled "Light on Little Graves," a collection of prose and poetry inculcating the cheering and Scriptural doctrine that "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," from which the foregoing lines are selected. We are glad that a society whose "Committee of Publication" is composed of members of all evangelical denominations, have issued such a volume, endorsing and sanctioning the ideas therein contained, and for years we have kept a copy of it on hand to loan to the bereaved.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist in the minds of men in regard to universal adult salvation, there can be but one opinion in regard to infant salvation, and heaven's population has been increased rapidly of late by the ascension thither of little ones from our own midst. Two in one family, and two

WOBURN RECORDS.

DEATHS CONTINUED.

Blanchard, a. Josiah, a. 5 yr. 7 mo. d. Dec. 30.
 Reed Leonard, a. Leonard and Abigail, a. 51 yr. Mar. 17.
 Richardson Noah, drowned at Concord N. H. a. 30 yr. d. Aug. 9.
 Simonds Susanna, a. 7 yr. d. June 28.
 Simonds Mary, a. 5 yr. d. June 18.
 Simonds Samuel Cummings, a. Caleb and Abigail, d. Feb. 23.
 Wood Nabby, d. John and Hannah, a. 1 yr. 8 mo. d. June 4.
 Brewster Hannah, wid. a. 66 yr. d. June 29.
 Plympton Mary, d. Dr. Sylvanus and Mary, a. 5 yr. and 7 mo. d. July 8.
 Holden Sally, w. Asa, a. 18 yr. d. Apr. 18.
 Wyman Mary, w. Joshua, a. 63 yr. d. Nov. 27.
 Steele Levi, a. 4 yr. d. Jan. 3.
 Eaton Capt. Benjamin, a. 76 yr. d. Jan. 24.
 Gould Sarah wid. a. 73 yr. d. Feb. 6.
 Fowle James, a. 53 yr. d. Feb. 18.
 Parker ———, infant child Nathan.
 Pierce, child Abel, a. 8 mo. d. Mar. 17.
 Holden, child Asa, d. Apr. 9.
 Eaton Noah, a. 67 yr. d. Apr. 10.
 Flagg Thomas, a. 1 yr. d. May 12.
 Wright, child Jacob, a. 5 mo. d. June 10.
 Rand John, native of Charlestown, a. 73 yr. d. July 29.
 Foul Mary, w. Eleazer, a. 36 yr. d. Nov. 27.
 Skelton Thomas, a. 94 yr. d. Mar. 23.
 Wood Josiah, at sea of yellow fever, a. 24 yr. 8 mo. d. Mar. 30.
 Cutler Micah, a. 33 yr. d. Sept. 2.
 Brooks Amos, a. 27 yr. d. Jan. 27.
 Johnson Dea. Joseph, a. 59 yr. d. Oct. 14.
 Center Cotton, a. 61 yr. d. Jan. 22.
 Childs Caleb, a. 50 yr. d. Feb. 15.
 Smith Jonathan, a. 78 yr. d. Feb. 18.
 Peirce, child Nathan, a. 1 yr. d. Feb. 24.
 Wyman Betsey, a. 4 yr. d. Mar. 12.
 Pierce, child of Jacob, a. 1 d. d. Apr. 2.
 Eaton Mary, wid. Capt. Benjamin, a. 71 yr. d. Apr. 12.
 Leath Samuel, a. 50 yr. d. Apr. 28.
 Fox, infant of William, d. Sept. 21.
 Knight Rebecca, w. Thomas, a. 23 yr. d. Sept. 15.
 Tay, child John, a. 6 mo. d. Sept. 25.
 Fowle James, d. Oct. 13.
 Richardson Mary, a. 84 yr. d. Nov. 1.
 Carter Sybil, wid. ———, a. 54 yr. d. Nov. 17.
 Paice Phebe, wid. ———, a. 75 yr. d. Nov. 18.
 Wyman, child of Samuel E., a. 14 yr. d. Dec. 18.
 Richardson, child of Jesse, a. 1 mo. d. Dec. 18.
 Wyman ———, w. of Paul, d. Dec. 26.
 Winn ———, w. Jeremiah, d. Dec. 30.
 Fox Betsey, a. pauper, a. 60 yr. d. Jan. 14.
 Task Mary, Lexington pauper, a. 77 yr. d. Mar. 17.
 Walker Mary, w. Edward, a. 39 yr. 4 mo. d. Sept. 13.
 Wyman Amos, of Billerica, was boarding Woburn Precinct, a. 76 yr. d. Sept. 19.
 Eames, d. Samuel, a. 14 yr. d. Oct. 20.
 Tay Capt. Jesse, at Bedford N. H. d. Nov. Richardson, old Molly, d. Dec. 1.
 Eames Samuel, a. John and Abigail, a. 3 yr. 8 mo. d. Dec. 4.
 Fowle Leonard, a. 61 yr. d. Jan. 16.
 Johnson Lieut. Joseph, a. 97 yr. d. June 29.
 Walker Capt. Joshua, a. 70 yr. d. Oct. 2.
 Wyre Lucy, w. Edward, d. Jan. 12.
 Fowle, child Samuel, d. Jan. 13.
 Richardson, child Benjamin, Feb. 23.
 Wyman Sarah, wid. ———, a. 89 yr. d. Apr. 4.
 Richardson Joel, d. June 8.
 Fowle, child Joseph, a. 7 mo. d. Sept. 3.
 Conner, ———, w. of Mr. Conner resident from Boston, d. Sept. 27.
 Dean child of Leonard, a. 1 mo. d. Oct. 20.
 Richardson Jonathan, a. 70 yr. d. Oct. 31.
 Tidd, child of Jonathan, a. 3 yr. d. Dec. 26.
 Reed, s. Jonathan, a. 14 yr. d. Jan. 3.
 Carter Abigail, wid. ———, a. 63 yr. 11 mo. d. Mar. 31.
 Burton Ruth, a. 18 yr. 1 mo. d. May 15.
 Mellwaine, wid. of Melville formerly of Ireland, a. 83 yr. d. July 3.
 Caldwell Benjamin, a. 30 yr. d. Aug. 13.
 Cummings ———, infant daughter of Samuel a. 2 mo. d. Sept. 4.
 Johnson Jeremia, a. pauper, a. 63 yr. 8 mo. d. Nov. 1.
 Johnson Elizabeth, wid. William, a. 83 yr. 3 mo. d. Dec. 3.
 1799.
 Holden Polly, w. Asa, a. 25 yr. d. Dec. 10.
 Lock Jonathan, a. 83 yr. d. Jan. 10.
 Evan Andrew, a. 65 yr. d. Jan. 20.
 Peirce, child Abel, a. 10 d. Jan. 29.
 Jourdan, child ———, a. 24 yr. d. Feb. 8.
 Richardson Hannah, wid. Asa, a. 84 yr. d. Mar. ———.
 Pierce ———, wid. Benjamin, d. April ———.
 Gardner Henry of Charlestown, a. June 20.
 Russell Jesse, a. 68 yr. d. May 8.
 Brooks Submit, wid. a. 91 yr. d. June 1.
 Skinner Abraham, d. June 30.
 Mason Aaron Sr., a. 70 or more d. July 29.
 Baldwin Margery, w. Col. Loammi, d. Aug. 8.
 Skinner, infant of Joseph, a. 2 or 3 d. d. Aug. 31.
 Watts Samuel, found dead in his bed, a. 70 or more, d. Sept. 12.
 Nevers Samuel, a. 83 yr. 6 mo. d. Jan. 9.
 Skelton, infant child of Mathew, a. 2 mo. d. Feb. 17.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

1800.
 Wyman George Washington, s. Nathan and Mary, b. Feb. 21.
 Richardson Samuel, a. Jesse and Submit, b. Feb. 20.

JOHN GOVE & CO'S CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE.



28, 30, 32, 34 & 36 Merchants' Row, and 1 Market St. (i.e. Boston Mass.)

II. For procuring everything used in our line, we feel confident in saying to all, that we can offer them in quantities *unusually* large, and at prices *unusually* low. We have one of the largest, best selected, and best manufactured stocks of

CLOTHING, CLOTHS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

AT TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, AND TEN PER CENT OFF, AT RETAIL ONLY ON FIRST FLOOR.

For the Fall of 1854 and Winter of 1855, JUST RECEIVED.

OAK HALL, 34 NORTH STREET, BOSTON.

S. C. SWEETSER,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and the adjoining towns, that he has throughly revised his well known and useful

A LARGE assortment of Woburn Ware, for sale at 100

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers would inform his customers that he has just received a large lot of Spring and Summer goods of every variety of style, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:

German Broadcloth Frock Coats, 1.00-1.50.
 Black Alpaca Frocks, 1.00-1.50.
 Fancy Linen Coats, 1.00-1.50.
 Common Brown and Striped do., 1.00-1.50.
 Also Pants of every style and quality.

Black Dressing Suits, 1.00-1.50.
 Black Alpaca Suits, 1.00-1.50.
 Fancy Linen Suits, 1.00-1.50.
 Common Brown and Striped do., 1.00-1.50.
 Also Pants of every style and quality.

White Muslins, 1.00-1.50.
 Flannel, 1.00-1.50.
 Buff, 1.00-1.50.
 Figured Silk, 1.00-1.50.
 1100 lb. Beeswax and 100 lb. Marseilles, 1.00-1.50.
 Also a very large assortment of Furnishing and Family Goods, cheap, very cheap, for cash.

WILLIAM A. MILES, No. 8 Wadsworth Block.

GREAT SALE

GENTS' Youths' and Little Children's CLOTHING.

For purchasers will find at Oak Hall, the largest and best assorted stock in the city. The prices, which are marked upon each garment, are very low, and the quality, style and variety are well adapted to suit every class of purchasers, viz:

\$1 1-2 to 2. Good Pants, of various fabrics.

\$2 1-2 to 3. Cashmere, Dressing and Broadcloth Pants, at this low price, for a few days to reduce stock.

\$2 3-4 to 3. Custom made Dressing Pants, canvas bottoms, and made of fine good materials in a short time.

\$3 to 5. Fancy Cashmere, Dressing and Cloth Pants, of very desirable patterns, being at least 25 per cent less than the same are usually sold.

\$3 1-2 to 4. For an office or business Coat, to close the stock.

\$8 to 12. Dress and Frock coats, from superfine Broadcloth and Dressing, made up in good style and in a fitted moment. All will be sold at these low prices.

\$1 to 1 1-2. Vests of the latest fashion, for the low prices.

\$2 to 3 1-2. For a fine fancy suit vest—Also, black or fancy silk do. made up in the latest styles.

\$150 to 500 cents—Suits Jacket and Pants.

SUMMER GARMENTS.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Sleeved Striped Socks and Frocks.

\$1 to 1 1-2—White Linen Cap Socks, Pearl Buttons—An article, no better, and in the city for \$6.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Brown Linen Cap Socks, Pearl Buttons.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Cotton Grass Cloth Socks, very nice article.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Real India Seal Socks, Pearl Buttons.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Cotton Grass Cloth Socks, Pearl Buttons.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Alpaca Socks.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Striped D'Ele Socks.

\$1 to 1 1-2—Wool and Cashmere Frocks and Socks.

Thin Vests and Pantalons of every description of Goods, at extremely low prices.

Gentlemen's and Youths' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c.

CHOICE Broadcloths, Dressings, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c.

In the Department, with unusual facilities for the prompt execution of orders, and every garment warranted to suit.

OAK HALL, No. 34, NORTH STREET, July 1, 1854.

BOSTON.

J. W. HAMMOND

Men and Boys Ready-Made Clothing

FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

Has a large and good assortment of Socks, Black Frocks and Dress Coats for the spring trade, manufactured in such a manner as to well recommend themselves.

Also, a large assortment of Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

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Also, a large assortment of Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Bags, Umbrellas, &c.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

JOHN GOVE would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has opened a

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

in the store lately occupied by Hiram Flagg, FOWLE'S BLOCK, Main street, and he will sell every article of his stock at the lowest prices for cash.

Please call and look before you buy.

A GOOD assortment of Ladies' Gaiter Boots, from 25c to 50c a pair, whose feet Children's Gaiter Boots and ankle ties also a great variety of Children's new priced and fancy shoes cheap for cash at A. WOODS JR. Wadsworth Building.

CASER's gent's fine French calf boots just received at 25c a pair, A. WOODS JR., Wadsworth Building.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S

ROSEMARY

AND CASTOR OIL

It is decidedly the richest and best toilet article in the world for the hair. The oldest chemists who have examined it, and who are as agents for preserving the hair and promoting its growth, it surpasses any other article.

When combined with Castor Oil, the latter has been freed from its greasiness and its peculiar odor, it exercises a specific effect on the capillary growth.

Mr. Spalding, after a long series of experiments, has succeeded in blending these articles so as to form a hair oil, or what all who desire to preserve a good head of hair until late in life, will be gratified.

THEREFORE, USE THEM IF YOU WISH, 1st—To dress the hair elegantly.

2d—To remove the dandruff effectually.

3d—To restore the hair to its natural color.

4th—To prevent the hair from falling out.

5th—To cure all diseases of the scalp.

6th—To cure the itching of the scalp.

7th—To cure the headache.

8th—To cure the hair.

9th—To cure the hair.

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46th—To cure the hair.

47th—To cure the hair.

48th—To cure the hair.

DR. ORDWAY'S HUMOR DISCOVERY

And Blood Purifier.

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The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE--FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

\$1.50 Per Annum in Advance.
Single Copies, Four Cents.

WOBURN, MASS., SEPTEMBER 16, 1854.

Volume 3--Number 49.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

Published by the Proprietor, every Saturday morning, at his Office, Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS.
\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; if paid for 6 months, terms \$1.75. No paper discontinued, till all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AS FOLLOWS:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " 6 months, \$6.00
" " " 3 months, \$4.00
Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, \$1.00 for the first insertion.

Special Notices, not exceeding 8 lines, 50c. each. Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is equipped with new and superior type, and the Proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker,
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50
Court Street, Boston, opposite the
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY
Mch. 8, 1853, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Upper Railroad Trains.
Leave Boston for Lowell at 7:30, and 9:30 A.M., 12 M.
2:30, 5:30 and 6:30 P.M.
Leave Lowell at 7:00, 7:50 and 10 A.M., 12:00 P.M., 2 and 5:30 P.M.
On arrival of train from Nashua.

Woburn Branch Trains.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, and 9:05 A.M., 1:15, 4:00 and 5:15 P.M.
Leave Boston at 7:00, 7:50 and 10 A.M., 12:00 P.M., 2 and 5:30 P.M.
The train from Woburn at 6:00, and from Boston at 7:00 A.M. carry freight.
On Wednesday this train leaves at 11 P.M. and Saturdays at 10, instead of 9 P.M.

WM. PARKER,
Agent E. & L. R. R. Co.

North Woburn Omnibus, Summer Arrangement.

Leave North Woburn at 7:30, 8:30, 11:30, A.M., 12:45, 5, and 6 P.M.
Returning, leaves Railroad Depot, Woburn Centre, at 8, 9, A.M., 12 M., 3:30, 5:30, 6:45, P.M.
Single fare, 8 cents. Four Cents 25 cts. Tickets from North Woburn to Boston, 30 cts.

CHAS. TAY, Agent.
North Woburn, April 25th, 1854.

To the Public.

The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to sell cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal attention. For further particulars call at the store. - ROW AND MANEY'S.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by E. Mansfield & Co.
South Woburn, April 25th, 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE.

No. 2 Railroad st., 2d door from Main st.
Still continue to supply their customers with all the various kinds of

Soft Bread, Crackers & Cake.

Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Fatted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,

DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Buildings,
WOBURN.

M. TEARE,

MILLINARY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINARY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Drawn Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
M. TEARE.

oct 18

CONVERSE & Co.,

WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
5 TRIPS DAILY.

10 Court Street, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.

A. E. THOMPSON,

Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS.

West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE.
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,

dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,

Druggist,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Fancy Goods,
Perfumery,
Dye Stuffs.
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

O. LAPPEN & CO.,

(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
Wholesale Dealers in
WOODEN WARE,
Baskets, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow
Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
No. 36 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world
will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN,
E. S. BRIDGMAN,
Oct 24

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of

GRANITE STONE,

Suitable for
UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb-stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or polished to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING and GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the French Railroad depot
Feb 14

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit.

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to.

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to.

Piano Fortes For Sale.

PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can
obtain them of the Subscribers at very low rates,
with the privilege of making their selections from the
ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston.
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854--11

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT).
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENCED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
OFFICE in the premises of his profession, per-
forming all operations in Dentistry in the best possi-
ble manner. Either or chloroform will be given with
care and success, to those who wish it, for the extraction
of teeth. Office in Boston, 34 Tremont street, nearly
opposite Tremont House. He may be consulted at his
house in Woburn, any evening.
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

BOSTON CARDS.

D. TILLSON & SON,
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing States,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders for shingles promptly attended to. may 6 if

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are au-
thorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for
us at the same rates as required at this office. Their
receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston.
122 Nassau Street, New York.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper,
Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials,
of every description, which will be furnished at
the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return
express, or otherwise if ordered.

Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us
when in either city. They will always meet a cordial
welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of
the office. We shall always be ready to further their
interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854--30

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETTINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fustians, Vests, Trimmings, &c.
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS).
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston.
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
DECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON & NEW ENGLAND
ING POWDER, manufacturers and dealers in choicest
Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9 if

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
AND
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Note Books, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
oct 18

C. BURNHAM,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged--Houses Let
Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854--11

POETRY.

WHERE SHALL THE SOUL FIND
REST.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar;
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest!

The low winds softened in a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as they answered--"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where a wretched man may find
The bliss for which he sighs?

Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The long waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered--"No!"

And thou, serene moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
As sleep in night's embrace--
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded--"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortal given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered--"Yes, in
Heaven!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading,
Berks county, Pennsylvania, there lived a co-
zy old farmer named Sweighoffer, of Ger-
man descent, and accent, too, as his speech
will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had
once served as a member of the Legislature,
and was "no fool." As he had long com-
manded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he
could hardly be supposed inclined to coward-
ice. His boy Peter was his only son, a strapping
lad of seventeen; and upon young Peter and
old Peter devolved the principal cares and
toils of the old gentleman's farm, now-and-
then assisted by the old lady and her two
bouncing daughters--for it was very common
in this State to see the women and girls in
the field--and, upon extra occasions by some
hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old
Peter and young Peter were hard at work in
the meadow, when the old man drops his
scythe and bawls out:--"Oh! mine Gott,
Peter!"

"Wat's de matter, fader?" answered the
son, straightening up and looking towards his
sire.

"Oh, mine Gott!" again cries the old man.
"Donder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying
to the old man. "Fader, wat's de mat-
ter?"

"Oh, mine Gott! Peter, de snake bite
mine leg!"

If anything in particular was capable of
frightening young Peter, it was snakes, for he
had once crippled himself for life by tramp-
ling upon a crooked stick, by which he broke
his ankle, and so horrified the youngster that
he liked to have fallen through himself. At
the word snake, Peter fell back nimbly as a
wire dancer, and bawled in turn:--"Where
is de snake?"

"Up mine trousers, Peter--Oh, mine Gott!"

"Oh, mine Gott!" echoes Peter junior,
"kill him, fader!"

"No-e, no-a, he'll kill me; Peter, come--
come quick!"

But the younger Peter's cowardice over-
came his filial love, while his fears gave
strength to his legs, and he started like a
scared locomotive to call the old budy Dutch-
man, who was in a distant part of the field,
to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bung-
ling along as soon as he heard the news, and
passing by the fence whereon Peter and his
boy had hung up their "linsey woolsey" vest,
Jake grabbed one of the garments, and
hurried to the old man, who still managed to
keep on his pins, although he was quaking
and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June
gale of wind.

"Oh, mine Gott! Come--come quick,
Yacob!"

"Yat you got, ch! snake?"

"Yaw, yaw. Come, come, Yacob? He
bites me all to pieces--here--up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to
fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to
alarm when a "pizen" reptile is making a levy.
Gathering up the stiff, dry stalk of a stal-
wart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand
ready; and he would at least stun the snake
by a rap or two, if he did not kill him stone-
dead; and old man Peter, less loth to have
his leg broken than be bitten to death by the
viper, designated the spot to strike, and old
Jake let him have it. The first blow broke
the weed, also knocked old Peter off his legs
on a haycock.

"Oh!" roared Peter, "you have broken
mine leg, and de tan snake has got away!"

"Vere? vere?" cried old Jake, moving

briskly about, and scanning very narrowly
the earth he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob--help me up--I'll
go home."

"Put on your vest, den; here it is," said
the old krount-eater, gathering up his boss,
and trying to get the garment upon his humpy
back. The moment old Peter made the ef-
fort, he grew livid in the face--his hair stood
on an end--"like squills upon the frightful
porkempe," as Mrs. Partington observes.
He shivered, he shook, his teeth chattered,
and his knees knocked a staccato accompani-
ment.

"Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm so dead
as nits!"

"Yat? Ish hodder snake in your trou-
sers."

"No, a--look! I'm swel' all up--mine
vest won't go on mine pack. Oh, mine Gott!"

"Tonder and blixin!" cried old Jake as he
took the same conclusion, and with might and
main lugged and carried the boss some quar-
ter of a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it for home at the
earliest shade of the dire proceedings, and so
alarmed the girls that they were in high-
strikes when they saw the approach of poor
old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to
die natural as life, when in cometh the old
lady in a great bustle, and wanted to know
what was going on. Old Peter, in the last
gasp of agony and weakness, pointed to his
leg. The old woman ripped up his pantaloons,
and out fell a small thistle-top, and at the
same time considerable of a scratch was
made visible.

"Call dish a snake? Bah!" says the old
woman.

"Oh! but I'm pizen'd to deat, Molly. See
I'm all pizen; mine vest not come over mine
body at all!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old wo-
man. "Yat a fool! You got Peter's vest on."

"Kosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off
death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping
up. "Yacob, vat an old fool you must be to
say I was snake bit! Go 'bout your piznes,
gals. Peter bring me some peet."

KOSSUTH AND HIS FAMILY.

We take the following interesting account
of the family and style of living of the great
Hungarian, from the London Correspondence
of the N. Y. Times:

Kossuth resides in Alpha-road. It is one
of a row of cottages with gardens laid out in
front. In winter, the dark houses with brick
walls around the grounds looked gloomy
enough, but now the taste and care of some
of the Hungarian officers, in cultivating a few
flower beds, give it a pleasant, rural aspect.
The situation, however, is not a healthy one,
and its dampness has much affected the health
of M. Kossuth, and has occasioned those se-
vere attacks of inflammatory rheumatism from
which you will have heard of his being a suffer-
er.

The climate of London is very trying to
most of these natives of the sunny continent.
The house inside is scarcely furnished at
all. One little parlour is made pretty by some
of the beautiful books which have been pre-
sented to him by various societies and 'indi-
viduals. There is also a portrait of Washing-
ton over the mantel.

In Kossuth's own study, or sitting-room,
are guns of various patterns, which have been
presented to him by the inventors and mak-
ers, swords, pistols, &c.

The addresses which have been made by
him in America and England, fill several
large trunks. One day, when an American
party, including the Secretary of Legation
and his family, called on him, Kossuth kindly
showed us some of the more interesting
gifts he had received, and particularly the
locket with Washington's hair, and the motto
'There is no impossibility to him who wills!'

Kossuth is not without means, but they are
sacredly devoted to political purposes, and to
such aid to his suffering countrymen as he
can bestow. And while one day find him
denying himself even a recreation which his
health demands, and while his devoted
wife adapts her life entirely, even too much
so, to the exigencies of their trying situa-
tion, wearing the plainest stuffs, (though al-
ways neat and lady like,) and giving herself
to the domestic duties for which the Hun-
garian women are indeed noted, you will next
day see Kossuth's name heading a subscrip-
tion for a bust of Batthyani by a Hungarian
artist in want.

Going to Sheffield to make his great
speech on the Austrian Alliance, the commit-
tee offered to pay his expenses out of the pro-
ceeds. Kossuth promptly replied that he
could meet his own expenses, and hoped that
the money raised at the meeting would all be
given to the Poles.

In Paris, last Spring, I had the pleasure
of meeting in an American party at the
French Opera Kossuth's two handsome and
gentlemanly little boys, Francis and Louis,
with their estimable tutor who has been with
them in all their exile--M. Karady.

They attend one of the public schools
there, and are already remarked by the ex-
amining committee for their ability. They are
about ten and thirteen years of age. A point
of history being under discussion, the boys in
the class were required to give their individ-
ual opinions. Kossuth's sons unconsciously
expressed liberal sentiments. 'Ah, ha, re-

marked the Officer in chief, 'They have al-
ready ideas.' (Its ont degades ideas.) When
these noble little fellows were in the Austrian
prison with their faithful nurse, Haynau com-
ing in one day said to Louis--'Well, Sir, are
you not afraid to be here?' 'No,' replied the
child, bravely, 'I am proud to be a prisoner
of the State at five years of age.'

'For having received a letter from Kossuth
the nurse has since been confined for life,
probably in the top of a high tower, where all
communication must be impossible.

'More recently in London I met under the
auspices of our hospitable countryman, Mr.
Peabody, at the Italian Opera, young Soule,
from Madrid, Mr. Walsh, the attache of the
American Legation, and Kossuth's gazelle-
eyed daughter, Wilma, with several American
ladies. Wilma Kossuth is eleven years old,
but looks fully thirteen; with a fine intelli-
gent face, and graceful person, she promises
to be a very handsome woman.

A KNOW NOTHING ALARM.

The Waterville Mail tells the following story
about the steady old borough of Kendall's
Mills:--

Mrs. Soberly went to bed precisely at nine
o'clock, thinking it passing strange that her
good man had not made his appearance just
ten minutes before. Of course he would be
home in a minute and a half, or two minutes
at furthest, and so Mrs. Soberly left a lamp
burning on the hall table. There it burnt and
burnt--but she must tell her own story, as
she told it next morning to about thirteen of
her most confidential friends:--

Well, there the lamp burnt and burnt, till
as near as I can guess, 'twas well nigh on to
ten o'clock, and that man hadn't come! What
to make on't I didn't know no mor'n the
dead--for he hadn't never been out so before,
since the time they had such a fuss about the
Aroostook war. Twa'n't no use to speak to
the children, for they wouldn't know, and so
after I had waited till I couldn't wait no longer,
I bounced out of bed, and down stairs I
went. I went right into the butterny and
raised the window towards Mr. Blank's, and
says I, 'Mrs. Blank!' In a minute I heard
her jump out of bed and raise the winow--
and says she:

'Why, Mrs. Soberly, what on earth's the
matter?' 'Matter?' says I--speaking loud
because I didn't want anybody to hear--'mat-
ter! Mrs. Blank, do tell me if you have seen
anything of my husband?'

'Your husband?' says she, 'you didn't
speak I'd got him, did you?' and then
speaking almost in a whisper, says she--

'Look here--what on earth does this mean?
have you seen anything of my husband?'

Then we both began to think something had
happened, certainly, and in about two min-
utes I was dressed and over to Mrs. Blank's.
Well, we concluded to step over to Mr. Qui-
et's, and start him out for a search; but we
hadn't got half way across the street, talking
along, when we heard the window shove up,
and Mrs. Quiet, says she, 'Who's there?'

Says I, 'It's me.' 'Well,' says she, 'do
for pity's sake, tell me if you have seen any-
thing of my husband?'

Now wasn't here a pretty pickle? Well, to
make a long matter short, we went up that
street clear to the school-house, and back on
t'other side, and not a woman did we find but
what was wondering what had become of her
husband!

Well, just as we got to our gate, who
should we see there but my husband and Mr.
Blank! 'Mr. Soberly,' says I, a little spunky,
'will you just tell me what all this means?'

'What it means,' says he, just as cool as
if nothing had happened--'well, Mrs. Soberly--
ahem--I should be very glad to gratify you,
if I could, but the truth is--ahem--that I
don't know Nothing 'bout it!'

Well, from that time to this, I go to bed
when I get ready, without asking any ques-
tions; and if I find Mr. Soberly there in the
morning, that's all I care for--for I'd just
give him to know that I'm as good a Know
Nothing as he is.

FRENCH COOKERY.

In July a trial before the Correctional Po-
lice of Paris, revealing the following inter-
esting facts to those who dine upon three dishes
for five sous. The case was between the Cook
and Customer, the former advertising the fol-
lowing 'Bill of Fare':--

Plate of Meat, 3 sous. | Vegetables, 2 sous.
Half-a-plate, 2 sous. | Soup, 1 sou.

This was read to the court, and the plain-
tiff was instructed to tell his story.

Plaintiff--I hadn't done nothing to him,
when he came to where I was and battered me
on the head, and then on the antipodes, with a
whang! a whack! and a bang! so that I
saw stars before and behind.

President--Where did this take place?
Plaintiff--In the Kitchen, where I work.

Defendant--will your honor ask him what
he was doing, and whether any one would
not have served him as I did?

Plaintiff--I was giving eyes to the soup.</

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wicks & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Youngman.
Stonham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Willis.

VERMONT ELECTION.

Judge Royce and Gen. Fletcher, the candidates of the Whigs, Republicans and Know-nothings for Governor and Lieut. Gov. have been elected by 10,000 majority. The Whig candidates for congress are all probably elected. Sabin and Meacham, by a large majority. The Green Mountain Freeman gives the following returns for representatives and senators.

HOUSE.

Whigs, 80
Free Democrats, (heretofore known as such), 46
Republicans, (mostly heretofore known as Whigs), 41
Democrats, 41

SENATE.

Free Democrats, (heretofore known as such), 10
Whigs and Republicans, (known as Whigs), 10
Democrats, (Wadsworth of Grand Isle), 1

This makes the Anti-Nebraska and Anti-Administration strength in the House and Senate 237; while the Administration strength in both Senate and House, is but 42—leaving a majority of 195 on joint ballot against the Nebraska plotters.

This is certainly a very great political overturn in the state. But it is not a Whig victory, nor is it a Free Democratic victory, considered as such distinctively; but, in view of the fact that the aggressions of Slavery through the instrumentalities of the Administration and otherwise, were the only issues made use of in the contest, may not the friends of freedom safely claim it as an Anti-Slavery victory, and the greatest one ever achieved by the liberty loving people of Vermont?

THE MAINE ELECTION.—The election in Maine has resulted, as is pretty clearly indicated by the return in an entire discomfiture of Nebraskism. Mr. Morrill, who was nominated by Free-Soilers, Maine Law men, and Anti-Nebraska and Anti-Administration Democrats, and who was likewise largely supported by the whigs, is presumed to be elected by the people in 170 towns so far as heard from he has 3679 majority. In the first Congressional district, (McDonald's) a whig or Fusionist is elected—John M. Wood. Samuel Wells, a popular Democrat, was his opponent, and the District has heretofore been strongly democratic.

In the 2d district, J. J. Perry, Fusionist and Whig, is elected.

In the 4th district, Benson, Fusionist, is no doubt chosen; so also is Washburn, Fusionist, in the 5th, and Milliken, Fusionist and Know Nothing, in the 6th.

All the Senators elected are Fusionists or Whigs.

In the first and 6th districts, the Know Nothings voted for Wood and Milliken, and probably decided the election in their favor.

The State of Maine speaks of the rout of the Administration as overwhelming, and says the result is mainly attributable to that new order of things in political warfare—the Know Nothings.

¶ We learn that Warren Academy has opened with about fifty pupils. Several have recently been admitted into the High School all who applied save one; some of these from the youngest members of the English Department. It was thought by many that after the establishment of the High School in town that the Academy would run down, but we are happy to know that this old Academy still retains the confidence of the people. It has an excellent board of trustees and teachers and is in a very flourishing condition.

¶ Dr. Ira Warren of Boston who has redressed himself famous by his cures of diseases of the throat and lungs, has been so fortunate as to combine Phosphate of lime and sugar of milk with Cod-liver Oil, almost a sure cure in cases of consumption. We think even doctors will not differ much on this subject.

FEAT OF THE TURF.

A few nights since a squad of hearty specimens of young America in some way by hook or by crook, having elevated their depressed spirits by spiritual manifestation took a stroll by the silvery light of the moon, either to arouse sleeping beauties or by merry serenade to make more extatic the delights of nuptial bliss, or some errand of love or hate, they seemed bound to make night hideous. About midnight a trial of speed came off between a fast nag from the stable on Main St. and a celebrated racer from one on Hovey St., and other racers well known about town, around the common, affording much pleasure in that neighborhood, to those who wish to lay awake at nights.

The first trial much time was lost by both by not keeping a straight path; they seemed to have a fit of blind staggers a disease common to fast animals. Here in the heart of our quiet town these creatures abused and cursed all who came within their reach.

Porter would have been called for had they not preferred, as they said "ale" by some order loving citizens, these tip-tops were summoned to appear before Justice Nelson for exhibiting their skill in racing without applying to the selectmen for a licence. They all plead guilty to the charge, paid fines and costs amounting to seven dollars and seventy-four cents, each declaring that they had a real good time, and that money spent in that way should never be regretted; but

that we must make much of this entertainment as their next performance will come at a higher price. Should we not congratulate ourselves on enjoying so much music and squally, and racing at so cheap a rate. Price of single tickets hereafter raised.

Sportsmen we would advise you to bring out your fast horses by daylight.

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."

The funeral service of Mrs. Elizabeth Kendall, widow of the late Mr. John Kendall, who died in 1843, was attended last sabbath from the 1st Congregational Church in this town, of one remarkable for her age, for her piety, for the length of her connection with the church, and for the tokens of her Saviors presence vouchsafed to her in her last days. Her age was ninety years and something over five months, so that she was born when Washington was about thirty years old; was a young lady while the Revolutionary war was in progress; and had arrived at a mature age when our national constitution was adopted; her life extending over more than a third of the last century and more than half of the present.

For more than sixty-seven years she had been in connection with the church from whose house she was carried to her "long home," and had been conspicuous for the constancy of her interest in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. None were left to doubt what were her sentiments, or what the sources of her chief joy. In her earlier life she had committed to her memory very many passages of scripture and religious hymns which continued up to the last hours to serve for her entertainment and comfort. Her final illness presented a fine illustration of the truth that God honors those who honor him and does not forsake those who put their trust in him.

On the sabbath before her death she remarked "I shall soon cross the dark river" and to a friend replying "I hope Christ will lighten the way," she said "we are allowed to hope, my soul is in a sinful body but I do love my Savior, I know I do. I am going a long journey now to return, yes I am going home." On Monday morn, while setting up in bed to take a little nourishment, she exclaimed "Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits." Receiving some cold water she had asked for, she repeated

"There is a fountain in Jesus
Which always runs free.

Christ says whosoever will, may take of the water of life freely. O what a precious promise! He says come unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth."

The next day she said "I am going. I must go. I am a poor, dying creature. But

"When I lie buried deep in dust
My dust shall be thy care,
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them bright and fair."

To a friend she said "I love my friends dearly but I must leave you. I desire to be obedient to God's will. I can see the dark river but there is a way through it. Soon after she repeated the lines

"Bright King of Glory, dreadful God
Our spirits how before thy seat
To the we lift a trembling thought
And worship at thy feet."

On Wednesday she said "I am going home to join with saints and angels and sing redeeming love. Heaven, heaven, my happy home," and then added.

"Were I in heaven without my God
'Twould be no joy to me
And while this earth is mine abode
I long for none but thee."

When so faint that she could not speak aloud she whispered "free forgiveness, free forgiveness in his name: I pray for it." The day before her death she spoke of "heaven that holy, that happy place," and repeated

"While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

In the evening, although in distress she said very plainly

"Sleep down from heaven immortal Dove
Sleep down and take me on thy wings
And mount and bear me far above
The reach of these inferior things"

On Friday morn she died, calmly, trustfully resigning her soul to the long-tried Savior who she felt had died for her redemption and risen for her justification. Her last word was "Yes" in reply to the question if she was happy.

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Written for the Journal.

JOC KNIGHT, vs. MOOSE HUNTING.

While we were all sitting beneath the dark shadow of maples, partaking of a noonday morsel at some distance from the camp-ground all in a moment at some distance in the thick-
et, we were startled by a wild whoop a savage yelp every way inhuman leading us to suppose it to be a wild animal. The sound resembled that of a moose, being composed of equal proportions of hoarse whistle, stifled scream, and a roar. At the sound each became restive, eager, curious to know the true cause of this singular disturbance. We listen, soon the distant echo is followed by another sound less inhuman than the former, now we hear break of bushes beneath the tread of something, now we are not alone a man comes up, bids us good morning, and declares in earnest, that he is glad to see us. With us it is welcome, for we had not seen human shape for many days. The peculiar sound he uttered is the one by which he is known of all who wander away into these gloomy forests.

"Joe Knight" (for this is the name of the stranger) is an old hunter who has roved through these deep thickets for the last twenty and five years immured to all dangers and hardships, "one of Nature's own noblemen, a man with his heart in his hand." We took him along with us, and many were the tales of bold daring, and hair bredd escapes, which his native simplicity discoursed to us. He has no home except in the "wide wide world." His wife has separated from him for some unknown reason, the only surviving

children are many hundreds of miles away. He is a true lover of gaming, meets a huge bear in his track as coolly as would we a woodcock. His only companion is a little yellow dog apparently knowing but little, yet I think might put some large village curs to blush for want of courage. This dog follows immediately behind his feet always unless otherwise directed by his master, eats, drinks, and sleeps with him.

After some conversation had passed, the old hunter drew from his frock a green bottle, he took a draught, and then invited us to take some; says he, "Its no rot gut, its pure Medford it cant hurt you." We were a little surprised that Medford should have sustained such a friendly acquaintance with this hardy son of border life. His harvest days for moose hunting are in winter, when with snow shoes he can run them down in deep snows and shoot them. They have in winter, yards, where they feed, and travel about until the snow becomes hard and more feasible for travelling. But should they be compelled to leave the yard, the snow being six or eight feet in depth, they are easily taken. In summer they are often taken by "shining" as the hunters term it. It is thus, the sportsman takes his canoe in the night-time places a torch high in the bow, rows gently up to the animal, (which stands in water to avoid flies) and shoot him dead on the spot, should he happen to wound only, the moose gives an enormous leap for the light, accordingly the light is extinguished simultaneously with the explosion of the gun.

The moose is a very large animal of the deer kind. Their flesh is delicious, and particularly after it is dried and cured by the hunters. This old hunter who is with us went into the forest early last spring, while snow was deep intending to remain but a few days, on the contrary he was out nine weeks and three days with no one to keep him company save his little dog. Most of this time he subsisted upon moose meat eating no bread or salt. When he has taken a moose he flays him cuts up the carcass, dries it upon a slow fire, and it is ready for market. We have eaten some of this meat and pronounce it very fine.

SINE QUA NON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Journal.]

MR. EDITOR:—When I began to read the article of your correspondent N., in to-days paper, I supposed he was going to controvert some of the positions in my communication of the previous week, but before I had gone through his first sentence, I was gratified to find him as great an enemy to the "hustling trickery of pandering politicians" as a good patriot should be. It was delightful to have reason to believe that, if the Massachusetts Statehouse, should ever again ring with the clamors of "hustling politicians," saying, "we have sold and delivered you the goods, now hand over the consideration," he (N.) would surely lend a hand in clearing the Augean Stable. Or if the halls of Congress, should be again disgraced by "pandering politicians" seeking to destroy long tried and wholesome compromises, he will be on the side of constitutional resistance to their nefarious "trickery."

N. may have interpreted one or two ironical expressions of mine literally; and he says something about an "obtuse, bedimmed and befogged conservatism," which I do not exactly understand, but presume he does not mean the good old fashioned method of acting conscientiously and constitutionally. But as we seem to be agreed on the main points, let all minor things pass. As I have no desire to be captious, they shall be "bourne and foreborne," nay, they shall be considered entirely "absolute" if N. so wishes. T.
Sept. 9th 1854.

¶ About half past three o'clock, on Monday morning last, a fire was discovered in one of the buildings attached to the Woburn Machine Shop. Engines Nos. 1 and 3, were promptly on the ground and extinguished the flames before much damage was done.

¶ Owing to the depression in the bread-stuffs market, caused by recent advices from Europe, and the South, the best brands of flour sold in our market, yesterday, at a decline of from 75 cents to \$1.

¶ The Rev. G. E. Ellis, of Charlestown, will deliver the annual Address before the Middlesex Ag. Society, on the occasion of its annual festival at Concord, on the 4th of Oct.

Winchester Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

[For the Journal.]

LADIES OF WINCHESTER:—Who would visit "Wedge Pond" unless told of its beauty? And who discovering it by accident at the end of a ramble (for the ramble would end there) could believe it to possess "such a name?" Let us say as little about that name as possible. Possibly we can find a better.

The name "Clearwater" suggests itself most naturally to a Scotchman, whose thoughts (troubled now) contain Dewent water, while his eyes are fixed upon (Ugh!) Wedge Pond, which is so much like it, (saying the name.)

Then Winchesterians will have no inharmonious cognomens to torture their minds as if through the upper and nether millstones, but Wildwood Cemetery, Willow Walk, Clearwater, Winchester, will mingle among the graceful names who ruralize in their neighborhood.

Let these cheering clouds christen it Clearwater, and I will end with my beginning altered for the better. Who would not visit Clearwater though its beauty be left untold.

CALEDONIAN.

Winchester, September, 1854.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

ANOTHER MOVE.—Owing to the high price of building material or some other cause, the present season has witnessed among us an unusual number of removals of old buildings to be refitted for various uses, supplying the places of new. By such arrangements the purchasers frequently realize a saving in expense, and benefit the public by improvements.

Mr. James E. Parker, provision dealer, has purchased of Mr. Yale, the large unoccupied building on the corner of Main and Lafayette streets, and during the past week has placed it upon his own lot of land on Main Street, nearly opposite the site of the removed Quana Powett. In the younger days of Mr. Yale this was used by him as a store, but many years ago he abandoned that business for the more profitable one of the manufacture of Tin ware. Having a competency and "feeling not the wants that oppress the poor," Mr. Y. has suffered it to remain almost unoccupied these many years. And it may not be improper to suggest that this same gentleman has other buildings similarly situated, which might receive like attention to advantage. The building which has just changed hands, is 46 x 23, feet, 2 stories high, and of the heaviest and most durable materials. Mr. Parker has long needed such a place as the lower room of this will furnish, and we hope to see it well fitted up, well supplied with good meat and vegetables, and well patronized with paying customers. Success to Mr. P. in catering for the public. M.

Journal.

OF REV. RICHARD BROWN, 5TH MINISTER OF READING, (NOW SO. READING.)
(Continued from August 26, 1854.)

"I continued in the school (at Newbury) and preached sometimes as occasions presented, for helping one or another until August 1701, at we time Providence withdrew Mr. Tappan (the Newbury Minister) for a time, and laid up at home under a burning fever. And then he himself desired me, as also the Deacons, who, other the principal of the church to supply his place till such time as he himself should be able to come abroad, ye we, I could not do & tend my school, therefore was unwilling to engage. But they having prevailed with Mr. Hale to assist in one half of the work, I consented and preached for some days, and it happened yt a fast was deservedly called for, we fell upon the 25th of the ensuing September, we Mr. Hale & I were to carry on.

I was much concerned for the work of that day, how I should address myself to the people, wn. I considered the abounding of sin yt, provok'd God's anger against us, and highly merited or deep humiliation. I was much pressed for plainness, yet considering yt, some might reproach me for it; I urged Mr. (Hale) and for we, fell upon the 25th of the ensuing September, we Mr. Hale & I were to carry on.

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The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

\$1.50 Per Annum in Advance.
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BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.
COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50
Court Street, Boston, Mass.
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY,
Sept. 19, 1854, Passenger Trains will run as follows:—

Upper Railroad Trains.
Leave Boston for Lowell at 7:30, and 9:30 A. M., 12 M., 2:30, 5:30 and 6:30 P. M.
Leave Lowell at 7:00, 7:50 and 10 A. M., 12:00 P. M., and 3:30 P. M.
On arrival of train from Nashua.

Woburn Branch Trains.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, and 9:02 A. M., 1:15, 4:00, 6:15 and 8:15 P. M.
Leave Boston at 7:30 and 11:30 A. M., 3:15, 6:15, 7:30, and 9:30 P. M.
The Train from Woburn at 6:00, and from Boston at 7:00 A. M., carry freight.
On Wednesday the Train leaves at 11 P. M. and on Saturdays at 10, instead of 9 P. M.
W. M. PARKER,
Agent B. & L. R. R. Co.

North Woburn Omnibus.
Summer Arrangement.
Leave Nichols, Winn & Co's Store
North Woburn, at 7:30, 8:35, 11:30, A. M., 12:45, 5, and 6 P. M.
Returning, leaves Railroad Depot,
Woburn Centre, at 8, 9 A. M., 12 M., 3:30, 5:30, 6:45, P. M.
Single fare 8 cents. Four checks 25 cts. Tickets from North Woburn to Boston, 20 cts.
C. F. TAY, Agent
North Woburn, April 29, 1854.

To the Public.
The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main Street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms as will benefit both parties. There may be found a general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additions are made almost daily to the stock, and always selected by himself with special care, and a desire to meet the wants and tastes of the community. He is disposed to work cheap and give to the purchaser the advantage of a large experience and personal application. For further particulars call at the store.
EDWARD MANSFIELD.

CARTER & CONVERSE.
No. 2 Railroad St., 2d door from Main St.
Still continue to open, and have on hand all the various kinds of
Soft Bread, Crackers & Cake.
Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cake always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Buildings,
Woburn.
oct 18 tf

M. TEARE,
MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.
—HE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Ribbon Ribbons of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Draw Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
M. TEARE, tf
oct 18

CONVERSE & Co.,
WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.
5 TRIPS DAILY.
Offices, 10 Court Square, Boston,
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes, Drafts, Bills, &c.
A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARD WARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854. ly

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854. tf

EDWARD E. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines, Perfumery,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs
Nos. 5 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings,
Woburn.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

O. LAPPEN & Co.,
(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE,
Baltans, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow
Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Scales, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world
will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, A. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN,
Sept 21. tf

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN

Watches Clocks, Silver Ware
and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders promptly received and punctually attended to.
Reading, April 1, 1854. ly

K. W. BAKER,
Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for

UNDERPINNING,
Fence Posts, Curb Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854. tf

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTING and GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oils and Glazes, of the best quality.
Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 tf. MAIN ST., WOBURN.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit. decl 17

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms. Jan 31

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
All orders left at this OFFICE, will be promptly at-
tended to. oct 18

JOHN MILLER,
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN
WEATHER STUFS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to. sept 16

Piano Fortes For Sale.
PURCHASERS in want of Superior Instruments can
obtain them of the Subscriber at very low rates,
with the privilege of making their selections from the
ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854—tf

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.)
Winchester, April 1, 1854. tf

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER R.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854. tf

J. C. CROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(CONTINUED in the practice of his profession, per-
forming all operations in Dentistry in the best pos-
sible manner. Office or consultation will be given with
care and success, to those who wish it, for the extrac-
tion of teeth. Office in Boston, 93 Tremont street, nearly
opposite Fremont House. He may be consulted at his
house in Woburn, any evening.
Woburn, N. H. 1, 1854. 3m

BOSTON CARDS.
D. TILLSON & SON,
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. may 6

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are au-
thorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions
for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their
receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are
10 State Street, Boston,
122 Nassau Street, New York.

Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper,
Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Ma-
chines, of every description, which will be furnished at
the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return
express, or otherwise if ordered.
Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us
when in either city. They will always accept a cordial
welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of
the office. We shall always be ready to further their
interests or to promote their welfare. BOSTON.
April 8, 1854—3m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &
FLUSHES, DRAP CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMING.)
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated
TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
POCKET & CO. PROPRIETORS
No. 130 Washington Street, Boston.
General agents for BOSTON & CHEMICAL WASH-
ING MACHINE, manufacturing and Dealers in choice
Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9

STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Instruments, &c.
oct 18

C. BURNHAM,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let
Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854—12

POETRY.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
The curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble,
The outside lookers on?

Is it anybody's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?

Is a person on the side walk
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated would be this—
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We should really like to know,
For we are certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part,
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who through the public mart,
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future,
To mind their own concerns.

MISCELLANEOUS.
TIT FOR TAT.
O, The Liberally Educated Dog.
Some seventy or seventy-five years, when
the towns of Haverhill and Piemont, N. H.,
were but thinly settled, there lived in that
part of the former place known as "the Cor-
ner," one Esq. Sprague, who, so far as con-
cerned law affairs, was the chief spoke in the
wheel, the cock of the walk, none to dispute
his right, the sole reliance of all such, for
many miles round, as were victims to outrage
real or imaginary, and meditated legal ven-
geance in return.

A better neighbor, a kinder, more accom-
modating man than was the Squire in general
matters, never need to be: but whoever wish-
ed to set him to work professionally, might
with the privilege of making their selections from
the ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston
CHURCH & LANE.
Winchester, April 8, 1854—tf

TAYLOR & MERRILL,
dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.)
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April 8, 1854—3m

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Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let
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April 8, 1854—12

The non-paying client was confounded.
What could his friend mean! There was no
believing this repeated interruption accident-
al. No, there must be some design in it all,
and what in the name of wonder, was that
design? Suddenly his memory served him
up dish after dish of the Squire's proceedings
on certain other occasions, as furnished by re-
port, and he saw through it all without the
aid of spectacles.

"The Squire wants his dollar," thought
he, "there's no friendship in law."
So with a smile he took from his pocket a
millrae, tossed it upon the desk near him, and
again put the question. The Squire smiled
too, and this time did not interrupt, but, on
hearing the case, answered promptly, deciding
in his client's favor. The latter, highly grati-
fied, rose to go. The Squire followed as far
as the door, and said, apologetically—
"I don't know but you think me rather
small in the way of dealing, neighbor, but
you see how it is, a liberal education can't go
for nothing, in these days."

"O, all right, all perfectly right," returned
the other, and the two parties parted the best
of friends.

Not long after, as Taylor was busy pruning
trees in his yard one day, the Squire drove up
Jehu-like. Before the wheels had fairly
stopped rolling, he jumped from his carriage,
at the same time asking—
"Has neighbor Webster been here this
morning?"

"No; I haven't seen him," was the reply.
"Good!" cried the Squire, clapping his
hands and laughing immoderately. "Good!
I've outwitted him!"

"What's the case?" inquired the farmer.
"Why, you see, Webster came over to the
Corner, and he and I got to talking and jok-
ing, and finally laid a bet of twenty dollars,
as to which of us could shoot the most par-
tridges on a given day. Next Friday is fixed
upon, and I, knowing you owned the best
partridge dog in the country, ran my horse
over to engage him before Webster."

"Yes, Beaver understands the business tol-
erably well," remarked the farmer, patting
his favorite; "you can have him."
"Right! and I shall want you too, we
agreed to take records—to prevent fraud, you
know. You shall be well paid for your
time."

The whole being satisfactorily arranged,
Squire Sprague took his departure, with the
understanding that he should spend the night
previous to the hunt, with Tyler, as his
neighborhood was to be the starting point,
and he wished to be on hand as early as his
opponent.

Things took place accordingly. Friday
morning, the Squire paid the farmer for his
entertainment, and also for his day's services
in advance. Then the two, with Beaver,
which made three, sallied out into the woods.

The animal was well trained, he not only
knew his own business, but his master's like-
wise. For some hours he kept close to his
master, refusing to hunt, or even to bark
when they happened to start up one of the
fowls of which they were in search. He
merely cocked his eye slyly now and then,
to catch a look from his master; and all the
Squire's hissing and stobbing went for
nothing. The Squire looked dark, began to
mutter, and at length broke forth with—
"What in thunder ails your dog, Tyler?"

"Remarkably backward spring," says the
farmer, breaking a twig, and without appear-
ing to hear the question.

The Squire muttered to himself again, and
they went on as before till he made two or
three more unsuccessful attempts to "set him
on." Then he began berating the dog again.
"Smart pup that; I'd rather have a boot-
jack to hunt partridges with. What in fury
ails him to-day?"

"Saw the eclipse of the moon last evening,
I presume," said the other quietly.
"No, didn't know there was one."
"Nor I," said Tyler to himself, and again
he went on. It was all the worse for the
Squire's patience, that he could hear the echoes
of Webster's gun almost without cessa-
tion. He grew outrageous, and declared that
as Beaver wouldn't work, he might just as
well give up and go home.

"Seven o'clock," said he, consulting his
watch. "Did you ever know the brute to
act so before?"

"How did you like the sermon last Sunday
afternoon?"

"Don't remember about it, in particular,
and don't care now. I only wish to know
what under heaven ails that infernal dog?"
and gave the dog a look that said plainly—
"Confound me, if I shouldn't like to try a
charge of shot on you."

"Excuse me, Squire, for saying it," says
Tyler, "but I do think you Squires are rather
duller than we farmers. However, since 'tis
so, that you can't comprehend what makes
the dog so loth to serve you, and since the
critter can't speak for himself, I'll be his
spokesman, and tell you what I think about
the matter." Here the speaker stopped to
take a chew.

"Well," exclaimed the Squire impatiently.
"Well," resumed the other, speaking very
deliberately, and pausing at the end of every
two or three words to roll over the tobacco in
his mouth, "you see the trouble is just here,
as I understand it. Beaver has got a good
liberal education and means to make use of
it. He's waiting for his dollar!"

The Squire looked blank firstly, angry sec-
ondly, and—bait the farmer couldn't be cer-
tain how he did look thirdly, for he turned
away his face; the way his sides shook, how-
ever, was a caution to earthquakes. As soon
as he could conveniently, he turned back,
pulled his purse, and the identical millrae
found its way back to the pocket of Beaver's
master. The dog commenced work at once,
and in good earnest. During the remainder
of the day, he acquitted himself to the entire
admiration of the Squire, who, after all, won
the stake.

Spunk—If the saying is true, that whatever
is accomplished under difficulties is likely to
be appreciated, we will guarantee that the par-
ties in the following transaction will prove de-
cidedly a "happy couple." The statement is
upon the authority of the "Christian Times,"
published in Chicago:—

A young man of Dubuque, Iowa, not a mem-
ber of the Church, had engaged to marry a
young lady belonging to a respectable Catholic
family in that place. She, as was natural,
when the appointed time for their union was
near, intimated her wish that the ceremony
might be performed by his Right Reverence
"the Bishop of Dubuque." Her lover ex-
pressed his willingness it should be so, pro-
vided nothing be required of him in connec-
tion with the marriage service to which he
could not conscientiously assent. He subse-
quently visited the Bishop, asked to be made
acquainted with the form of marriage used in
the Catholic Church, giving at the same time
his reason for the request. The Bishop read
to him the service appointed for the sacrament
of matrimony. The young man found nothing
in it to which he could make any serious
objections, and consented that the ceremony
should be performed by the Bishop in the
Catholic Church. The day for marriage hav-
ing arrived, the bridegroom and bride, and
their numerous friends, repaired to the church.
The ceremony commenced, and had not pro-
ceeded far, when a manuscript was handed to
the groom with the request that he should
sign it. The expectation, doubtless, was that
he would sign it without reading it. But he
was not so to be caught. He read the paper
and found it to be a solemn obligation to train
up his children, in case any should be given
him, in the faith and order of the Catholic
Church; whereupon he refused to set his
name to it. The Bishop informed him that
unless he should do so, the marriage could
not take place. He then turned to the bride,
and asked her if they should "henceforth be
two?" She said "No." He then asked her
if she would go to Galena (some fifteen miles
below) and be married? She said "Yes."
He then turned to the spectators present and
told them he regretted to disappoint them, but
was compelled to do so; and then directly the
bridal party left the house, took a carriage,
and started for Galena. Having reached there
they applied to a Catholic priest for his ser-
vices, and found that the Bishop had headed
them off by a telegraphic dispatch, directing
the priest at Galena not to marry them. The
young man then asked the lady if she would
be married by a Justice of the Peace? She
answered "Yes;" and straightway to a Justice's
office they went, and the knot was tied as her
brother rode up in hot haste to prevent; if he
could, such a consummation.

HEADING AN AUCTIONEER.—It is known to
all who are in the habit of attending auction
sales, that when the auctioneer is trying to
get bids from a dull crowd, he will sometimes
say "The first man that opens his mouth to
bid shall have the goods." This he does
sometimes with the intention of creeping out
of the bargain, if the bid should be too insigni-
ficant. As, upon receiving a bid of three
cents, he replies, "Oh, you ain't a man, you
are a boy!" or, "Your mouth was open al-
ready." An auctioneer was headed on this
dodge at Pittsburg, not long since, as follows:

Auctioneer—The first man who bids on
this shall have.
Countryman—1 bids tree cents, dat ish my
knife.

Auctioneer—Your knife for three cents?
Are you the man?
Countryman—Yaw, Mann, dat is my name.
Auctioneer—Mann—eh—well—but you
are not the first man. I thought that Adam
was the first man.

Countryman—Yaw, dat ish it, Adam, dat
ish my name too, Adam Mann. Now you gif
me my knife, I gif you tree cents.

The knife was handed over, and the sale
adjourned for that evening.

For hardening the heart, politics are
nearly as bad as law. We saw, the other day,
a member of the General Committee figuring
up the effect of the cholera on the autumnal
election. He struck a large balance in favor
of the whigs—thus: Out of every hundred
who die, eighty-five are Irish; now, eighty-
five of the Irish are democrats—therefore,
every time an hundred men die of the cholera,
the whig party makes a clear gain of seventy-
five votes. Who but a politician could have
entered into such a calculation?

A queer genius being asked why he
did not go to the funeral of his wife, replied
that he could not leave his shop, and that it
is always best to attend to business before
pleasure.

POTIRITS.—He who takes no interest in pol-
itics, and who holds himself altogether aloof
from them, boasting that he is but a looker-
on, deserves not the name of citizen. One
may justly refuse to neglect his business, and
become a bar-room orator, without being
chargeable with any great crime; yet, when a
sane, reasoning man determines to become
entirely neutral in political affairs, he com-
mits a great dereliction of duty. In a coun-
try like ours, free and enlightened, the study
of politics should be as much a part of a
man's duties as religious devotions. It is
much better to boast of one's abject slavery,
than to boast of one's ignorance relative to
political affairs. When we hear a foolish brag-
ging of his lack of wit and education, we al-
ways institute a comparison between him and
the man who knows nothing of political sub-
jects.—Newark Mercury.

A POLITICAL PRAYER.—A staunch Demo-
crat, during the Mexican war, was called up-
on to pray at a regular church meeting,
whereupon he perpetrated the following:
"Oh, Lord, be with our army in Mexico.
Whether it be right or whether it be wrong,
bless it. We of the Democratic party are
charged with making a war of Conquest; but
we believe it to be a war of defence. But, O
Lord, we would not enter into an argument
on the subject before you—but, for further
particulars would refer you to the President's
message!"

The following lines are posted up in
one of the pews of a church in Worcester,
Mass. They would not be out of place in
many of our churches here:

Ye clergymen of that noxious weed
Which grows on earth's most cursed sod,
Be pleased to clean your dirty mouths
Outside the sacred House of God.
Throw out your "plug and cavendish,"
Your "pigtail," "twist," and "honey-dew,"
And ne presume to spit upon
The pulpit, ashes—or in this pew.

A FLYING GUESS.—An Irish bricklayer
was one day brought to the Edinburgh Infir-
mary, severely injured by a fall from a house-
top. The medical man in attendance asked
the sufferer at what time the accident occur-
ed. "Two o'clock, yet hotter," was the re-
ply. On being asked how he came to fix the
hour so accurately, he answered, "Because I
saw the people at dinner, through a window,
as I was coming down!"

A traveller on one of the western steam-
boats recently, was landed near his home, and
as the boat was about to leave, he bawled out,
"Hallo, captain, there's something missing
here?"

"What is it?" asked the captain.
"Hang me if I can recollect now," said the
traveller, let me see, here's all my trunks,
boxes, two dogs, gun, and—oh, thunder! it's
my wife and little gal, that are asleep in the
cabin! I knew there was something else?"

At one time Daniel Webster had a dif-
ficult cause to plead, and a verdict was ren-
dered against his client. One of

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. B. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wess & Co.
Winchester—Dr. David Younkin.
Stonham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. Willis.

We dislike apologies, but for once must succumb, make a humble bow and present an apology in most approved form to the readers of the Journal for our long absence from the editorial chair assigned to us by our much respected friend, the late editor, some months since. Pressing business engagements must bear the blame of detaining us since we made our debut in June last. Full many a time we longed to be in the beautiful town now spread before us in all the quiet loveliness of an autumn evening, but fate said "nay," and we had to "bide our time." For the deficiencies and short comings of the Journal during our absence we shall endeavor to make ample recompense to its indulgent readers. Circumstances which we could not control may have been productive of some annoyance to its readers and more especially to its correspondents, for which we can only express our regret and apply the proper remedy. We have it in contemplation to enlarge the size of the Journal and make other improvements which we see required, so soon as we get breathing time to arrange plans for the future.

MILITARY.—The National Lancers had a grand turn out, target practice and dinner, at Spy Pond on Wednesday last. The day was fine, the targets well riddled, and the dinner, which was served up in magnificent style, partaken of with appetites that would do credit to old campaigners. We hope the Woburn Phalanx will not allow the season to pass off without "plugging the bulls eye." Proficiency in the use of arms is a noble and manly accomplishment in time of peace, and a safeguard and protection in time of war.

FIRES.—There was an alarm of fire given on Sunday evening last, about 8 o'clock; the light appeared in the direction of Winchester, where Engines Nos. 1 and 3, proceeded to, but it appeared then as far away as before they started, and both returned to town after having had a good run for it.

There was another alarm on Monday night, about 10 o'clock, from East Woburn, which proved to be a new house belonging to Mr. E. Burbank, and was unoccupied at the time of the fire. The fire departments from Stonham and Woburn were quickly on the ground, but too late to save any part of the building.

THE CHOLERA AT ST. JOHN N.B.

We passed through the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick, a few days since, and noticed with much sorrow the devastating traces left by death's prime agent, Asiatic Cholera. The stranger could see at a glance that disease and death had been here among the people of that city. As we threaded our way through the streets or entered the ever hospitable houses of the citizens, the drapery of mourning met our eye. In the churches, where the bereaved sought that consolation and soothing of their grief-stricken minds which a faith that abideth all things only can experience—almost every pew contained its mourners. We had heard and read frequent reports of the ravages of Cholera, at St. John, but had no previous idea of its devastating extent. In one district of the town, we were informed, not a family had escaped. The dead carts had sole possession of some of the streets for days in succession, and were kept continually going day and night with the earthly remains of the victims of the destroyer, hastily deposited in rough coffins and despatched to their final resting place. Fear took possession of many of the people;—men fled from their dying wives, wives from their husbands and children from their parents; whilst great numbers hurried from the city. A gentleman of the medical profession informed us that he had no doubt the grave had closed over some before life had become extinct, and had instanced the case of a man who was being conveyed to the place of burial for interment, but who manifested symptoms of life as he was lifted from the dead cart; the coffin being broken open he arose, and after a short time walked to his home and eventually recovered. There was another actual and somewhat similar case of a female who had been deserted by her friends, after they had supposed her dead, but revived when being removed by the hospital attendants, and is now alive and well. Such scenes as St. John has witnessed are truly lamentable, and it is well the will of Providence has permitted them to be of unfrequent occurrence and short duration.

When we were in St. John cholera had nearly disappeared—a few isolated cases occurring in the back purlieus and most unhealthy localities. Families were returning from the country—schools were being reopened, and business was reviving; the axe, the axe and the caulking mallet were again heard resounding throughout the extensive shipyards on the banks of the St. John river—most of which had been deserted by the operatives—and everything appeared active and prosperous; gloomy grief and mourning weeds alone indicating that many who were in the full enjoyment of life and hope a few short weeks before were now numbered with the dead. Such is life.

We understand that Mr. E. A. Crawford of Stonham, is about to open the extensive stables formerly occupied by Mr. W. D. Warren, on Main street in this town, as a livery stable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship Atlantic arrived at New York on the morning of Tuesday last, after a very boisterous passage. A tremendous hurricane struck her on the 10th and continued three days without abatement, carrying away starboard paddle box, cutwater, &c.

There has been a grand military display at Boulogne. The camp is now completely organized and consists of 100,000 men under arms. It is called the "Army of the North." It will remain in camp until the spring and then be drafted into active service, as may be required to oppose the enemy. Louis Napoleon in person commands the manoeuvres. His Royal Highness Prince Albert is on a visit to the camp at Boulogne. He is accompanied by a brilliant staff, including the Duke of Newcastle, and is the guest of Louis Napoleon.

The British Board of Trade returns for the month ending August 5th, indicate a general activity of business. The value of exports show an increase of £377,105 sterling over the favorable accounts of the corresponding period last year.

A paper transcribed from the transactions of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, shows that during fifty years past the average date of the closing of the Neva by ice is the 13th of November. This allows two months less for operations in the Baltic.

Constantinople, Aug. 25th.—The siege artillery of the French Army has arrived. All the Turkish men-of-war on the coast of Asia had been put in requisition for Varna. The Russians had captured another vessel and carried her into Sebastopol.

Gen. Guxon has taken command of the Turkish army in Asia. Artillery has been embarked at Varna, and troops were being actively prepared.

Schamyl will support the Turks in Asia with 8000 men. Admiral Stopro has gone in the English squadron in the Black Sea. The Turkish government contemplate taking from the Greek clergy their judicial jurisdiction.

Bucharest, Aug. 28.—Turkish forces are concentrating behind the Kalmazul. Gen. Luliers has received orders to remain on the defence at Galatz and Ibraila. Russian commanders have ordered the withdrawal of their troops on the line of the Sereth, where Gortschakoff was on a tour of inspection.

Berlin, Tuesday.—The Russian note demands that Prussia shall act as mediator for the renewal of the Western Powers, as interpreted and modified by Russia.

A cabinet council was held at Kenna, on the reception of the reply. The Austrian and Swedish Ministers are expected to leave St. Petersburg.

The unconditional refusal of the Czar to accept the peace proposals of the four powers is confirmed.

It is reported that Christina, Ex-Queen of Spain, is now insane from the effects of the intense excitement consequent upon the recent revolution in Spain, and the dangers through which she passed in making her escape.

Cotton is easier, but not notably lower; the sales for three days previous to the sailing of the Atlantic were 20,000 bales.

Breadstuffs closed rather firmer but McHenry's Circular quotes a decline.

NEW RECIPES FOR COOKING.—by Miss Leslie. T. B. Peterson Philadelphia. Of the really useful books recently issued, the above is one of the most prominent. Cooking is a science which requires careful study and no small amount of practice. Miss Leslie's work is a hand-book to this important science, and every American woman should possess a copy.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. October.—We find this number on our table. It contains several well executed illustrations, and its miscellaneous matter cleverly is written.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The October number of this favorite Magazine is a gem indeed. Its contents, like the subject of its leading article, are pure, bright and sparkling.

ORDINATION.—The Rev. N. A. Staples was ordained over the First Congregational Society in Lexington, on the 20th instant.

The Boston Courier states that during the week ending on Friday last, there arrived in Boston from the country, by the railroads, alone, no less than three hundred and fifty-six tons of butter.

THE KANE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Nothing has been heard from the American Expedition which left New York for the Arctic seas, in search of traces of Sir John Franklin, for over a year. It is expected that the expedition will reach New York on its return before winter is out.

The packet ship Yorktown, was detained below New York, 19th instant, at quarantine, having lost 21 of her passengers by cholera.

The schr. Clara Burgess from Porto Cabello to New York reports every description of produce very scarce. The revolution had been entirely quelled, and a large number of prisoners were confined in the castle.

Ship St. Petersburg from Havre at New York Tuesday evening last, had 45 deaths by cholera among her passengers.

Ship Isaac Bell from Liverpool had 19 deaths from same disease.

Mr. Holbrook, employed by the New Haven Railroad Company, has traced every fraudulently issued certificate of stock to its present possessor. The services of this gentleman have been, we learn secured by the Committee of Investigation now sitting on inquiry into the affairs of the Erie Railroad Co.

The deaths from fever in Charleston on Monday were 17, and for the week 127.

The body of Mr. Nathan Batchelder, of Londonderry, N. H., was found on Thursday last week in an open field, half a mile east of his residence. He had been out gunning, and died suddenly, it is supposed, from disease of the heart.

Reorganization of "Jacob Webster" Engine Company, No. 2.

At a meeting held on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of forming an Engine Company to work the "Jacob Webster" Engine, No. 2, the company was duly organized by the choice of the following officers:—I. S. Alley, Foreman. W. R. Bennett, 1st Assistant Foreman. Jas. T. Jenner, 2nd do. do. O. S. Hösmer, Clerk. J. W. Harris, Assistant do. W. Jones, Steward. Suction Hosemen—Albert Gleson, W. H. Crosby, S. R. French. Leading Hosemen—Chas. A. McDonald, Chas. H. Pool, Asa T. French, Geo. H. Leslie, J. M. Graves. North Woburn, Sept. 20, '54.

A DANGEROUS ROAD TO RIDE UPON.—The Directors of the Great Western (Canada) Railroad have stationed eight day and night watchmen on the track of their road wherever it is not fenced, for the purpose of keeping off cattle and hogs. The Hamilton Spectator, speaking in reference to the necessity of this movement, says:—"Scarcely an engine comes in, but the cow-catcher appears as if it had been cleaning up the offal of a slaughter house, and one day last week, being at the depot when a train arrived, we heard the engine driver boast that this had been a good trip—he had killed three cows near London on the downward trip, and a sow and ten pigs on returning from the Falls."

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The St. Louis Intelligencer says that on the 13th inst., a freight train from Chicago to St. Louis, was crossing the bridge over the river Des Plaines, near Joliet, when a freight car jumped the rails, and in quick succession eight cars were piled on top of each other, in the river bed below. The loss of goods—boots, shoes, hats, silks, jewelry, clothes, wines and oils—is estimated to be from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

The present population of Texas is estimated at near 500,000, and the annual increase at 150,000.

In the Newburyport Police Court, Monday afternoon, a gentleman was arraigned and fined \$5.00, for kissing a buxom Irish lass without permission.

Mr. Hezekiah Boyd, of Seabrook, N. H., fell while attempting to get into the rail cars when in motion, at Newburyport, on Wednesday morning of last week, and was run over and instantly killed.

A fatal accident occurred at the Boot Mills, in Lowell, on Tuesday. An Irish boy, named Lawrence Gray, not employed on the premises, was caught in the machinery, and instantly killed.

[For the Journal.]

AARON BURR.

I have sometimes thought that individuals have been born and educated for some high destiny, suited to the times in which they lived, for purposes we are not allowed to fathom, but yet, standing forth as prominent actors in life's varied scenes, for us to point at as models of virtue and greatness, or characters as changeable and unstable as the winds. We admire the true statesman; we mark his disinterested acts for the good of the people; his honest opinions; and we reward him with office because he will perform his duty. How very rare the instance of a strong and inflexible mind,—one which can bear the reverses of fortune,—without discovering traits which bring down its possessor from the lofty eminence to which he has been raised by popular favor, when all went prosperous and fair. Every age presents us with subjects for reflection.

The early history of our country is filled with exciting incidents and glowing descriptions of men whose actions and characters are only known to the present generation by name. There is a thrilling interest in these narratives, which excite the human mind to reflection while perusing the history of some prominent character, which causes the young reader to ask himself,—What a gratification it would be if I could have been the original!

Perhaps some few of my readers may have seen the remarkable man whose name I have placed at the head of this communication. All who study the history of our country, cannot forget the rise and fall of one of the most talented and gigantic intellects, coupled with the most aspiring ambition that ever existed in the character of one individual. The earth covers his frail body at Princeton College, but the history of this wonderful man will live forever.

I knew Aaron Burr, and often have I paused in the streets of New York, to view him as he passed, "solitary and alone." I was familiar with his history, and I never met him without a deep feeling of interest in the strange and eventful life of the walking substance before me.

I think it was in the year 1817, on my return from South Carolina, I remained a few days in New York, and in company with a Boston friend,—Washington Irving,—and an individual as a guide, embarked in a small boat from "White Hall," to visit the spot at Hoboken where that fatal duel was fought between Burr and Hamilton. The world knows its sad history. At that time the shores of New Jersey were in the rough state of nature, overgrown with bushes and briars, which made it extremely difficult to approach the fatal spot. I remember it well; it was in the midst of tall alders, wild rose bushes, and running briars. A narrow spot had been cleared, the exact distance measured and staked, where, it was said, Burr regularly came some days before the duel for practice, for he avowed his determination to kill Hamilton. I cannot describe my feelings. I was young, full of curiosity to view all the noted spots, and scenes of public interest. I re-

member the glowing description given by Washington Irving, of the fatal duel. I had heard of his literary fame, just coming out of its chrysalis, and I took in his words, which together with the scene then before me, made an impression on my mind which in after years comes fresh in memory, when I find a touching incident relating to it.

Aaron Burr had an only daughter, the only being perhaps on earth in which his affections were ever centered. She was a very accomplished and beautiful woman. Her father had educated her in the highest degree of learning and accomplishment. She married Col. Allston, of Charleston, S. C., a descendant of an old and honored family in that State. She was a devoted daughter, and through all the troubles and trials of her father she was his only true and faithful friend. She shared his prison at Richmond when he was arrested for high treason, and after years of banishment to Europe he returned almost a beggar, to New York. She was hastening to meet him, embarked at Charleston, S. C., in a pilot boat for New York, 40 years ago, and has never been heard of since. A sad picture, but a true one.

Burr passed his latter years in New York, poor, neglected and unnoticed, except by the eye of the curious observer. His superior talents as a lawyer were sometimes brought in requisition, but his influence was never restored to him. I remember once while on a jury in that city, that Burr appeared as counsel. The case was a small affair. He said but little, but his eye I shall never forget. It was brilliant, it was eloquent with bursting talent while he spoke. But it carried with it the guilt of meditated crime, and discovered that wandering look which indicates the guilty conscience while it wishes to enforce a truth. It was Aaron Burr, and the jury passed against his client.

The last time I saw this remarkable man was in Broadway, New York. He was bent with age, and seemed very near his grave. A short time after, he died and was privately buried. Of all the men who have acted on the stage of life during the past 50 years, the character of Aaron Burr is the most remarkable, the most varied, the most rapid rise, the most rapid fall, the most honored in his progress, and the most unhonored in his fall. Yet his commanding mind, his brilliant career in prosperity, will always be remembered, while his dark and fatal errors will cover whatever was admired in his early years, and forever preclude a monument to his memory. Read his history; it reveals the vast distance between the mind in its meridian splendor of honest aims, and the degrading depths to which it falls when governed by jealousy and rash and ungoverned passions.

I shall give you other recollections of men and measures. Perhaps I shall find that "honest politician." We shall see.

Boston, Sept. 20, 1854.

[For the Journal.]

HOME SWEET HOME!

CONK. LAKE, AUG. 14.
Last night, oh what a night! What a direful conflagration was ours. As the owl had lazily called the hour of one, while the wolf had retired, and the wild cat fallen asleep upon his favorite tree, just then we are all startled, and brought upon our feet, as if by magic, by the sudden yell of "camp-a-fire!"—half asleep, half awake, each takes one mortal leap, some strike into the fire, (bootless of course,) others rise up too suddenly and are held fast by some protruding knot, directly over head. Moral fellows! Our camp had taken fire, it was well under way. No bell rung the call; no "tubs" were there to play upon the devouring element, except one solitary tub of bread and pork; our anxiety becomes intense; shall we lose our faithful shanty; this last, where shall we shelter? It is confusion worse confounded, all wish to do something to stay the element, and there is too little room for all. One stumbles over his fellow. We pull off the boughs, and soon the fire is stayed. We sit down with congratulations for our escape from such a direful end.

To-day we are to set sail in our squadron of wit-ridden logs, for the lower end of the lake. All things packed; refuse provisions, kits of pickled trout, clothing, &c., all on board. We take a lingering survey of the spot already somewhat homely, the little cluster of comforts gathered there. We are slow to leave. We are just turning the point and we have lost the curling smoke of our deserted campfire. As we pass on the wild geese seem to fly nearer than ever, cackling mournfully at our departure. The Coons cry bitterly as they fall in our wake behind and all nature seems to say "farewell forever." We are now binding our bindens for a homeward tramp; the sun has arisen clear as molten silver, a pure breeze fans from the North West forests, our spirits are free, we step quick to the tune of "home sweet home."

Now we are all at home; this our trouting sport is over; those scheming days are away among the land of dreams; each little incident becomes a bright jewel in the casket of memory; each fond association is garnered safely in the storehouse of the past, fit food for waking and sleeping dreams.

Are you a lover of Nature? go amid her native solitudes, where each leaf contains a sublime truth from the book of God!—each low murmur of the pine groves chants his praise; each wild bird chorus makes the very sunrise a worship, and every grove a temple.

Each bud blossoms is a token of promise, that has issues covering life, and reaching beyond death. The blue mountains far off with deep blue shadows gathered on their bosom, lie before you like mountains of years, over which we shall climb through shadows to the slope of age, and go down to the deeper shadows of Death. "Bale, bale, este profundi." Adieu. SINE QUA NON.

Boston, Sept. 20, 1854.

OUR POLICE STATIONS.—There are seven Police stations in Boston. Five in the city proper and one each at South and East Boston. These are all in direct communication with the chief of Police at City Hall. The Station House, is the old Watch House under a new name. The age is progressive, and names like things must advance. Have you reader, ever been in one of these Station Houses? If not the next time you "come to town" and have the time and the appetite, just step in. Go at eleven o'clock—is better at midnight. The "mill" is in the full glory. The lock-ups are inhabited and men and women, rags and rum, misery and maudlinism are before you. Your ears will be greeted with strange and painful sighs; your eyes look upon scenes that are mournful. Drunkenness, profanity, obscenity are rife. Men and women are brought in and carried out, in whom all that was once manly or womanly are blotted out. The young stained with vice and crime—the old bowed down by guilt passion and poverty—the middle aged treading the dark path of evil, each and all combine to present a sphere of life none the less interesting and instructive that it cannot be contemplated but with emotions hinged upon tears.

NEWSPAPERICEL.—The Commonwealth newspaper, Free Soil, has been sold to certain parties yet in the bush, for \$10,000. It is to appear next week under the title of the Evening Telegraph, and will be published by Williams, Morse & Co. It is to be the advocate of "Temperance, Human Freedom, and Protestantism," and is to co-operate with the State Temperance Committee. It is rumored that Richard Hildreth Esq., is to be editor in chief and Charles W. Slack assistant editor.

The libel suit brought against the Boston Bee by the Saxonville Roman Catholic priest, has been withdrawn. The "holy father" suspected that he could not "make it go," and so entered a non suit, paying costs &c., a bill of some \$800. Libel suits against publishers of newspapers are the handiest things in the world to carry to a successful issue. Those who bring them should just count the cost, and as a general thing they will conclude it is best to let matters "glide."

A new Democratic Daily is shortly to be started in this city. The precise ground it is to occupy is not known. It is thought, if acceptably conducted, it may suee ed—it appearing as an evening issue. "The Wide Awake" is the last new birthing, a weekly devoted to the "American" cause, which made its appearance on Tuesday. The "Know Nothing" American, has a circulation of 75,000 copies, and is the leading publication of the kind in the country.

ECONOMISING.—Our people are economising. It has become necessary. The wages of our mechanics, and laborers, and the salaries of our clerks and employees, generally have not increased with the "go-up" of the necessities of life. The calls upon the purse of the grocer, the market man and the householder, to say nothing of the tailor and drygoods man are severe and constant. The result is that people are living more simply and dressing more plainly. But as this will neither cause suffering, nor infringe upon comfort or taste, a little earnest economy will do no harm. The most prudent are sufficiently extravagant. The enjoyment of life, is not with those who spend the most money, but with those who spend it wisely.

GAMBLING.—There are at the present time in our city, a very large number of Gamblers "saloons" bright and gorgeous as they are alarming and destructive are to be seen here and there; and many a "hall" which is taken for a place of meeting is no other than a trap to swindle the ignorant and credulous of their money, character, conscience. There are not less than 500 professional gamblers in Boston of various grades. Some dress in the very "mirror of fashion" and display a quantity of jewelry only surpassed by the dishonesty of their calling and the deplorable condition of their victims. Of all passions—of the entire run of vices—nothing is so fearful—nothing drags down the man and chains him to ultimate ruin and misery as this game gambling. It destroys those habits of industry without which the individual is a poor shiftless tool; it ruins life of its highest and best motives and incentives to action—in a word; it completes the destruction of all who come within the maelstrom circle. Beware of these saloons.

POMOLOGICAL, HORTICULTURAL, &c.—A body of note, interest and importance met in convention in our city a few days since. It was the American Pomological Society. Representatives from seven states were present. The gathering was made up of highly intelligent gentlemen and their proceedings were characterized by dignity, knowledge and utility. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder was chosen President. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society closed its annual exhibition on the common Saturday evening. The display did not quite come up to that of last year, and the receipts fell \$200 short of expenses, still the exhibition was excellent and gratified a very numerous company of visitors. The Brigade Band was in constant attendance, flood the ear with delicious sounds, while upon the tables, in every direction were sights that made glad the eye, and eloquent and watery the tongue. AMUSEMENTS.—Boston people have amusements, so do other people,—people who can get to their homes in the suburbs, after the places of amusement are closed. As an evidence that Theaters, Concerts, exhibitions ect. ect. "take in our city" we may state that on Monday evening not less than ten thousand persons were gathered at these places. At the Boston Theater which has fairly taken a plump seat in the parlor of public favor, there was an audience of not less than 4000; at the National 2000; at the

Museum 1800; at the Howard 1000; at Perhams Panorama 1500, and so on reaching even above 16,000. All this at the expenditure of not less than \$3000; and when rents and provisions are so high that it makes one almost dizzy to get up to where they are, an amusement loving and paying people are we. Coal and Wood monopoly &c. &c. in our next.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

Written for the Journal.

Randolph, Sept. 19, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir, having occasion to make a visit to the town of Stonham, the last month, of some two or three weeks, I took rooms at the Howard House. And I would take this opportunity of saying (as I have seen nothing in your valuable Journal since its commencement, concerning the said house, although a constant reader of the same,) that, knowing as I do from experience, having travelled from place to place for some ten or twelve years, that a good public house is not only an ornament to a town, but a convenience to the traveller, that none can know but those who are obliged to travel.

Since the great temperance movement in 1842, good public houses have been scarce in the County of Middlesex. But Stonham may well be proud of her accommodations in this respect. The landlords, Messrs. Dustin & Howard, are gentlemen in every respect calculated to please, and are persevering in their efforts to provide for the wants of those who may have occasion to give them a call. The house is large and airy, the table is spread with all the viands and luxuries of the season, and everything is conducted in a manner to give satisfaction. Stonham is one of the most enterprising and industrious towns in the State, and all that seems wanting now is a railway convenience. I was told by some of the most influential citizens that, although many obstacles had been thrown in the way, there was no doubt, that ere long, cars would run on their long contemplated route. I had the pleasure of visiting some of the schools while there, and I would say that they are second to none that I have visited of late, and it has been my privilege to visit upwards of one hundred High and Grammar schools per year for the last ten or twelve years. Mr. Whitmore, of the High School, is a very popular teacher, not only where he is now laboring, but also at Plymouth, and at other places where he has taught. The other schools are taught by young ladies, most of whom are "native born."

Although there are but two churches in the place, with a population of some three thousand inhabitants, I found that they were a church going people, and their houses of worship well filled. Mr. Whitcomb, Orthodox, has much the larger congregation, although Mr. Jewell's house (Universalist) is well filled. Both clergymen are very popular, not only in their parishes, but universally beloved by the whole community.

The singing choir at Mr. Whitcomb's, under the direction of Mr. Pierce, exceeds, I think, anything that I have heard for some time; and this leads me to notice lastly the musical talent of Stonham. Few towns, I think, have taken more pains, regardless of expense, than have the people of this place, to cultivate the art of singing and of music, and that their exertions have not been in vain, it needs only a short stay in the place to prove. It was my pleasure while there, to listen, one evening, to the soul-stirring music of the Stonham Brass Band, under the direction of Mr. Nash. This band was formed, I was told, but a short time since, and is composed of some sixteen young men, mostly natives of the town, and are from some of her most respectable families. More anon. Yours truly, O. S. M.

PURLOINING FRUIT.—In the estimation of some people it is small business to complain of fruit stealers. A man devotes his money and the best of his time to planting an orchard—digs about it and prunes it; and at the time of harvest comes expecting fruit and finds none—not because it did not bear fruit, but the boys have stolen it. Why should this receive favor more than other theft? Sometimes a garden is everything to its owner. The vegetables supply his family with food, the fruit he sells or appropriates to economical use. Again we ask, why should he have his fruit, melons and vegetables stolen from his garden, more than his wood in the same yard, or corn, after it is gathered in to the barn? To pick up an apple on the side walk is one thing—to enter an enclosure daily and fill the pockets with choice fruit, is quite another thing. Beside, the product of one's garden is not to be valued by dollars and cents. The green peas and string beans, that grow in our garden, excel in richness of flavor any that can be otherwise obtained; and so with peaches, pears, &c. We have watered and matured them, and watched their growth from day to day, and expect ere long to realize our greatest pleasure in sharing them with the family. Suppose a case—it is a case that has happened, and may be again—a gentleman has a small peach tree near his house, and the only one which yields him any fruit. It produces a few quarts of most delicious nectarines. The family visit them several times a day, anxiously watching their maturity. On Monday morning they are to be gathered, for on that day visitors are expected, who must partake with the family. But Sabbath night every one is stolen!

It would not be at all surprising, at the moment of discovery, if the texts and sermons of the preceding day were forgotten. Talk not of moral young men and boys, being engaged in such business, for depend upon it if parents connive at it in their children, manhood will present a sad spectacle of depravity. The lad who steals fruit without remorse, will not be likely to be trusted with his employer's purse in mature years. M.

The Middlesex Journal.

A Family Paper, devoted to Local Interests.

OFFICE—FOWLE'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

Chas. S. Parker.
BILLS OF ALL KINDS
Circulated and Posted.
Can be found at this office.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50
Court Street, South of the City.
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after MONDAY,
Oct. 3, 1854, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Upper Railroad Trains.

Leave Boston for Lowell at 7:30, and 9:30 A.M., 12 M,
2:30, 5:30 and 6:30 P.M.
Leave Lowell at 7:30, 7:50 and 10 A.M., 12:00 P.M.,
and 3:30 P.M.
On arrival of train from Nashua.

Woburn Branch Trains.

Leave Woburn Centre at 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, and 9:00
A.M., 1:15, 4:00, 6:15 and 8:15 P.M.
Leave Boston at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M., 3:30, 6:15, 7:30,
and 9:30 P.M.
The train from Woburn at 6:00, and from Boston at
7:30 A.M., carry freight.
On Wednesdays, Train leaves at 11 P.M. and
Saturdays at 10, instead of 9 P.M.

WM. PARKER,
Agent B. & L. R. R. C.

North Woburn Omnibus.

Summer Arrangement.

Leave Nichols, Winn & Co's Store
North Woburn, at 7:30, 8:30, 11:30, A.M., 12:45, 3, and
6 P.M.

Returning, leaves Railroad Depot,
Woburn Centre, at 8, 9, A.M.; 12:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:45, P.M.

Single fare 8 cents. Four tickets 25 cents. Tickets
from North Woburn to Boston, 30 cents.
ARTHUR W. TAYLOR, Agent
North Woburn, April 29th, 1854.

To the Public.

The subscriber continues, at his old stand on Main
street, to exchange Dry Goods for money, on such terms
as will benefit both parties. Here may be found a
general assortment of Dry and Fancy Goods. Additional
made daily to the stock, and always selected by
himself in special care, and a desire to meet the wants
and tastes of the community. He is disposed to sell
cheap and give the purchase the advantage of a large
experience and personal attention. For further
particulars call at the store.
HOWARD MANSFIELD.

Also, in another building, a few rods south, may be
found an extensive assortment of Groceries, &c., kept by
E. Mansfield & Co.
South Street, April 29th, 1854.

CARTER & CONVERSE,

No. 2 Railroad st., 2d door from Main st.
Still continue to supply their customers with all
the various kinds of

Soft Bread, Crackers & Cakes.

Usually baked in such an establishment.
Wedding, Current and Frosted Cakes always on hand.
Woburn, May 6, 1854.

N. WYMAN,

—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
No. 8 Wadsworth's Buildings,
WOBURN.

M. TEARE,

MILLINERY ROOMS,
Opposite J. S. Ellis & Co's Store.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of
Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store,
and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most
splendid stock of Millinery Goods ever offered in this
place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets
of every description, a very large assortment of Bonnet
Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, of
Drawn Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wreaths, Collars, Gloves,
Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to
mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and
Ready-made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and
pressed at short notice, and warranted to give entire
satisfaction.
M. TEARE.

CONVERSE & Co.,

WOBURN AND
BOSTON R. R.
EXPRESS.

10 Court Square, Boston.
R. R. Depot, Woburn Centre
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed
Particular attention given to collecting and paying Notes,
Drafts, Bills, &c.

A. E. THOMPSON,

Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS

India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY and HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wadsworth's Block, April 1, 1854.

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,

dealer in
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,
Corner of Main and Railroad streets,
Woburn, April 1, 1854.

EDWARD E. COOPER,

—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Perfumery,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,
No. 8 & 6 Wadsworth's Buildings,
WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared.

O. LAPPEN & CO.,

(Successors to P. Dickinson & Co.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODEN WARE,
Baskets, Cane Poles, Brooms, Mats, Baskets, Willow
Ware, Riddles, Sieves, Wire Saws, &c., &c.
No. 26 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.
Orders for exportation to any part of the world
will receive prompt attention.
O. LAPPEN, E. S. BRIDGMAN,
[Sole Agents.]

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINCHESTER, STONEHAM & READING
B. E. BEARD,
DEALER IN

Watches Clocks, Silver Ware

and Cutlery.
MAIN STREET, READING.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, repaired.
Orders thankfully received and promptly attended
Reading, April 1, 1854.

K. W. BAKER,

Will supply at short notice, all kinds of
GRANITE STONE,
Suitable for

UNDERPINNING,

Fence Posts, Club Stones, Monuments, &c.
Either rough or worked to order on reasonable terms.
Winchester, April 1, 1854.

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTING AND GLAZING,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the
neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished.
Paints, Oil and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot
Feb 14 11.

Philip Teare,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and
warranted to fit.

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Woburn, Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms. (Jan 3)

WILLIAM WING, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms. Oct 18

JOHN MILLER,

NORTH WOBURN, MASS.,
BELL HANGER,
AND DEALER IN

WEATHER STRIPS, DOOR PLATES, &c.
All Orders left at Woburn Book Store, promptly at-
tended to. ap 10

Piano Fortes For Sale.

PURCHASERS in want of superior instruments can
obtain them from the Subscriber at very low rates,
with the privilege of making their selections from the
ware rooms of Four of the best Manufacturers in Boston
Church & Lane
Winchester, April 8, 1854—11

TAYLOR & MERRILL,

dealer in
West India Goods and Groceries,
(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.)
Winchester, April 1, 1854

SAMUEL TIDD,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-
sonable terms.
Stoneham, April 1, 1854.

J. C. CROOKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STONEHAM, April 15, 1854.

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,

SURGEON DENTIST,
CONTINUES in the practice of his profession, per-
forming operations in Dentistry in the best possi-
ble manner. Either or chloroform will be given with
ease and success, to those who wish it, for the extraction
of teeth. Office in Boston, 91 Tremont street, nearly
opposite Tremont House. He may be consulted at his
house in Woburn, any evening.

BOSTON CARDS.

D. TILLSON & SON,
31 N. STATE ST.
and dealers in
Vermont Roofing Slates,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Friend St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to. may 6

S. M. PITTENGILL & CO.,

Newspaper Advertising Agents,
Are the Agents for the Middlesex Journal, and are au-
thorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions
for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their
receipts are regarded as payments.
Their offices are,
10 State Street, Boston.
122 Nassau Street, New York.

Collecting and purchasing of all kinds done promptly.
Orders are solicited for all kinds of Paper,
Presses, Ink, Type and Printing Materials,
of every description, which will be furnished at
the lowest prices, warranted good, and sent by return
express, or otherwise if ordered.

Editors and Publishers are invited to call upon us
when in either city. They will always meet a cordial
welcome, and be at liberty to use the conveniences of
the office. We shall always be ready to further their
interests or promote their welfare.
April 8, 1854—3m

BATES & GOLDTHWAIT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
CARPETINGS,
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Trimmings, &
PLUSHES, DRAB CLOTHS, DAMASKS, &c.,
(FOR CARRIAGE TRIMMING.)
No. 45 Washington Street, Boston
Feb 21

Isaac Babbitt's Celebrated

TOILET SOAPS AND CREAMS
BECK & CO., PROPRIETORS
No. 120 Washington Street, Boston.

General agents for BOSTON CHEMICAL WASH-
ING POWDER, manure, and Dealers in choice
Perfumery, Hair Oils, and Hair Dyes. July 9

EATY & FAIRBANKS,

STATIONERS,
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON, 22.
Importers of English and French Writing Letter and
Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Fountains, &c.
Oct 18

C. BURNHAM,

REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 10 State Street, Boston.
Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged—Houses Let
Mortgages Negotiated, &c.
April 8, 1854—11

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

"THE CLOUD HATH A SILVER LINING"

Though the dark waves of sadness, may sullenly roll
Around thee, yet cease thy weeping;
Let hope sweetly whisper these words to thy soul,
"The cloud hath a silver lining."

Though friends may forsake thee, that once thou dost
true,
Their motive, to thee undefined,
Weep not, 'tis no loss, they are false, let them go,
For "the cloud hath a silver lining."

Should trials and troubles together unite,
And round thee their coils seem entwining,
Remember, though now it seems darker than night,
That "the cloud hath a silver lining."

Though death's icy hand from love's bosom may take
Thy treasure, still cease thy weeping;
But hope, when life's ended with them to awake,
For "the cloud hath a silver lining."

No matter what trials attend us through life;
Though no light o'er our pathway seem shining,
We'll hope for the best, and these words bear in mind,
That "the cloud hath a silver lining."
North Woburn, Sept. J. R. B.

A FARMER'S WIFE TELL ME.

I'm a wild and laughing girl, just turned of sweet six-
teen,
As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen;
And when I am a woman grown, no city beau for me—
If I'm a lady in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love a country life, I love the joyous breeze,
I love to hear the singing birds along the leafy trees;
The lowing herds and bleating flocks make music sweet
for me—
If I'm a lady in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to feed the chickens, and I love to milk the cow,
I love to hear the farmer's boy a whistling his plough;
And fields of corn and waving grain are pleasant sights
to me—
If I'm a lady in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to see the orchards where the golden apples grow,
I love to walk in meadows where the bright streamlets
flow;
And flowery banks and shady wood have many charms
for me—
If I'm a lady in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town,
Mid dusty walls and dusty streets, to ramble up and
down;
But flowery fields, and shady woods, and sunny skies
for me—
If I'm a lady in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

Mme. D——, who resided at Chilton was
a lady of the strictest character, and of a
heart proof against all allurements. She prided
herself upon her great insensibility, and her
profound indifference had repulsed all
those gallants who had ventured to offer
their addresses. The country was for her a
veritable retreat: she shunned reunions, and
was only happy in solitude. The charms of a
chosen circle, the pleasures of the world, had
for her no attraction, and her favorite recrea-
tion was that of angling—an amusement
worthy of unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day, to
station herself in the extremity of the lonely
island of Chilton and there, with a book in
one hand and her line in the other, her time
was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover, who had always been intimidated
by her coldness, and who had never ventured
on a spoken or written declaration, surprised
her at her favorite pursuit, one day, when he
had come to the island for the purpose of en-
joying a swimming-bath. He observed her
for a long time without discovery, and busied
himself with thinking how he might turn to
his advantage this lonely amusement of an-
gling. His reveries were so deep and so future-
nate, that he at last hit upon the desired plan
—a novel expedient, indeed—yet they are al-
ways most successful with such women as
pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to
the island, studied the ground, made his ar-
rangements, and when Mme. D—— had
resumed her accustomed place, he slipped
away to a remote and retired shelter, and af-
ter having divested himself of his clothing, he
entered the stream. An excellent swimmer
and skilful diver, he trusted to his aquatic
talents for the success of his enterprise. He
swam to the end of the island with the great-
est precaution, favored by the chances of the
bank and the bushes which hung their dense
foliage above the waters. In his lips was a
note folded and sealed, and on arriving near
the spot where Mme. was sitting, he made a
dive, and lightly seizing the hook, he attached
it to his letter.

Mme. D——, perceiving the movement of
her line, supposing that a fish was biting.
The young man had returned as he came;
he had doubled the cope which, extending out
into the water, separated them from each other,
and had regained his post without the least
noise in his passage under the willows. The
deed was done.

Mme. D——, pulled in her line, and
what was her surprise to observe, dangling
upon her hook, not the expected shiner, but
an unexpected letter!

This was, however, trifling, but her sur-
prise became stupefaction when, on detaching
the transcribed billet, she read upon the envel-
ope—her name!

So, then, this letter which she had fished
up was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was
afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the

surrounding space; but there was nothing to
be seen or heard; all was still and lonely,
both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the
letter. As soon as she was alone, and closet-
ed with herself, and as soon as the paper was
dry—a paper perfectly water proof, and writ-
ten upon with indelible ink—she unrolled the
letter, and commenced its perusal.

"A declaration of love!" cried she at the
first word. "What insolence!"

Still, the insolence had come to her in such
an extraordinary manner that her curiosity
would not suffer her to treat this letter as she
had so many others—pittilessly burn without
reading. No, she read it quite through. The
lover, who dated his note from the bottom of
the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory,
and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabi-
tant of the waters. The fable was gracefully
managed, and with the jesting tone which he
had adopted was mingled a free, serious, ar-
dent sentiment, expressed with beauty and
eloquence.

The next day Mme. D—— returned to
the island, not without emotion and some
traces of fear. She threw her line with a
trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment
after, she perceived the movement of the
hook.

"Is it a fish? Is it a letter?"

It was a letter.

Mme. D—— was no believer in magic;
still there was something strange and super-
natural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter
into the stream, but relinquished it. The
most stubborn and haughty woman is always
disarmed in face of that strange mystery
which captivates her imagination.

This second letter was more tender, more
passionate, more charming than the first.
Mme. D——, re-read it several times, and
could not help thinking about the delightful
merman who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day, she attached her
line to the bank, and left it swimming in the
stream, while she withdrew to a hiding-place
upon the extremity of the island. She
watched for a long time but saw nothing. She
returned to the place, withdrew the line—and
there was the letter!

This time an answer was requested. It
was, perhaps, premature, yet the audacious
request obtained a full success. The reply
was written after some hesitation, and the
hook dropped into the stream, charged with a
letter that was intended to say nothing, and
affected a sort of badinage, which was, never-
theless, a bulletin of a victory gained over
the harsh severity of a woman, until then
unapproachable.

Mme. D——, had too much shrewdness
not to see that her mysterious correspondent
employed, instead of magic, the art of a skil-
ful diver. Scruples easily understood re-
strained her from that portion of the bank
where she was sure that the diver would
emerge from the water.

But this game of letters amused her. First
it pleased her intellect, and then her heart
was interested; finally her feelings and her
curiosity became so lively that she wrote.

"Let us give up jesting, which has pleased
me for the moment, but which should con-
tinue no longer, and come with your apolo-
gies to Chilton."

The lover answered:

"Yes, if you will add, Hope!"

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only one word is necessary to decide
you, be it so."

And the word was written.

The young man appeared and was not a
loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his
person as much as to his style, and he had
made such rapid progress under water, that
it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D—— caught a husband
without wishing it, in spite of her own wish
she had taken never to marry. Holding the
line, she had been caught by the fish.

MORAL INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.

The following admirable remarks are from
Bishop Hopkins' address before the Vermont
Teachers' Association, delivered at Windsor,
Aug. 22d. We copy from the Vermont
Chronicle, which publishes the address in full.

"I have said in the commencement of my
lecture, that the reading of the Scriptures
should be a regular part of the exercises of
every school. I do not ask that the teacher
shall make any direct comment on these
Scriptures, nor even that he should open or
close his school with any public act of prayer.
But I do contend that the Bible, so read,
shall be continually referred to as the stand-
ard of all moral action, because nothing short
of this can prevent the reading of it from be-
coming an idle form, and even an act of irrever-
ence. For why should the Word of God be
read, if it be not regarded? Or why should
the divine law be recited if it be not obeyed?"

In the government of the school, there-
fore, this principle should never be forgotten.
The teacher must have rules of order, and he
must punish their infraction in some way,
both for the reformation of the offenders, and
a caution to the rest. This he may do, I
grant, as of his own authority, but if he
should take occasion to tell his pupils that
the order of the school is established not for
his own ease but for their improvement—that
their parents sent them there for the express
purpose that they should learn—that it was

the goodness of their Heavenly Father which
gave them the opportunity of learning, for
which they should be devoutly thankful—that
the teacher was responsible to their pa-
rents, but much more to God, for making
them perform their duty—that they were re-
sponsible to the same God for the right use of
their advantages, because it was their duty to
learn, as much as it was his to teach—would
not a few words of this sort kindly but se-
riously uttered as the occasion might serve,
be far more likely to secure obedience on the
right principle which should govern the whole
future conduct of life?

"Again, we will suppose that the Christian
teacher sees two or three pupils of superior
talents, struggling in the spirit of natural
ambition, to be at the head of the class; that
the successful one is puffed up with pride,
that his competitors are distressed with envy,
and that a far larger number, being hopeless
of reaching the same distinction, are idle and
careless, making no effort at all. Would it
not be a most valuable opportunity to give
them a lesson on the dealings of Providence?
Should he not tell them that God sees fit in
His own wisdom to make a great difference
in the natural powers of his creatures; that
to some He gives far more capacity to learn
than to others; but that it is a sin to be proud
of our talents on the one hand, or to be cast
down by our dullness on the other, because
we deserve no credit for what God has given us,
and it is no reproach to us if others have
a larger portion than ourselves. That all we
have to do is to use our abilities with dili-
gence and industry, in obedience to His will,
that those who have the most talent will have
a larger account to render, while those who
have the least and do the best they can accord-
ing to their means, will have the reward, since
it is not the possession of our powers, but the
pains we take to use them rightly, which has
the promise of final success, through the di-
vine blessing. Surely such a lesson would be
most likely to cure the pride of selfish ambi-
tion, to stimulate the indolence of the dull,
and to bring them all to the true standard of
individual responsibility.

DECISIONS OF JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS.

Mr. Sumner, in a recent speech, while re-
ferring to the decision pronounced by the United
States Supreme Court, that the Fugitive
Slave Act is constitutional, thus spoke of the
crimes that have been perpetrated by judicial
tribunals. The extract is worthy of attention:

"For myself let me say that I hold judges,
and especially the Supreme Court of the
country, in much respect; but I am too fa-
miliar with the history of judicial proceed-
ings to regard them with any superstitious
reverence. (Sensation.) Judges are but men,
and in all ages have shown a full share of hu-
man frailty. The worst crimes of history
have been perpetrated under their sanction.
It was a judicial tribunal which condemned
Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which
nailed the Saviour to the cross. It was a ju-
dicial tribunal, surrounded by all the forms
of law, which doomed the fair Virginia, in
ancient Rome, as a slave; which in modern
times enforced the tortures of the inquisition,
amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims,
and which compelled Galileo to declare, in
solemn denial of the great truth he had dis-
covered, that the earth did not move round the
sun.

Aye, Sir, it was a judicial tribunal, in
England, surrounded by all the forms of law,
which sanctioned every despotic caprice of
Henry VIII, from the unjust divorce of his
Queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas Moore;
which lighted the fires of persecution that
glowed at Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer,
Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after
elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny
of ship money against the opposition of
Hamden, which, in defiance of justice and
humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the
block; and which persistently enforced the
laws of conformity that our Puritan Fathers
persistently refused to obey. And it was a
judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded
by all the forms of law, which hung witches
at Salem, affirmed the constitutionality of
the stamp act, and administered 'judges and
jurors to obey,'—and which, now, in our
day, has sanctioned the atrocity of the Fugitive
Slave Bill.

The judgments of courts are of binding au-
thority upon inferior tribunals and executive
functionaries, whose virtue does not prompt
them to resign office rather than aid in the
execution of an unjust law. Over all citizens,
whether in public or private station, they will
naturally exert, as precedents, a commanding
influence; this, I admit; but no man, who is
not lost to self-respect, and ready to abandon
that manhood which is shown in the Heaven-
directed countenance, will voluntarily aid in
enforcing a judgment, which, in his con-
science, he solemnly believes to be against the
fundamental law, whether of the Constitu-
tion or of God. Not lightly, not rashly, will
he take the grave responsibility of open dis-
sent; but, if the occasion requires, he will
not hesitate. Pains and penalties may be en-
dured; but wrong must not be done. "I
cannot obey

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1854.

AGENTS.

General Agent—Mr. Benj. H. Kimball, Woburn.
North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
Winchester—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading—Mr. THOS. RICHARDS.
South Reading—Dr. Wm. H. WILKS.

The Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and the British North American Colonies, it was thought, would come into immediate operation, on the ratification of the Treaty by the several Colonial legislatures, and the decision of Secretary Marcy, that the British Parliament must first approve of the Treaty before it can come into operation, will be a source of much disappointment to the people of both countries. It was asked for by our Government and readily granted by Britain, that the United States fishermen in the bay and gulf of St. Lawrence might enjoy all the privileges of the treaty as if it had been finally ratified, and it was of course supposed that provincial exporters of products natural to the soil would in the mean time receive a like advantage. Such, however, appears not to be the case, and while we regret it, we cannot but question the wisdom and justice of the decision arrived at by our government. The non-admission of provincial products into United States Markets has the effect of making the treaty inoperative for a whole year, and the prices of coal, potatoes, flour, oats and other important articles of daily consumption may be kept up to their present exorbitant rates for another season, while colonists will experience a sad disappointment in being shut out from the expected market for their present abundant crops.

The immediate and unavoidable effect of the operation of the treaty would be the lowering in price in this market of every article of export produced by the colonies, while the colonial producers would derive the advantage of increased prices, and in no article more than Coal would the beneficial effects of the treaty be felt and appreciated. The extensive mines of Sydney, Cape Breton, producing a coal inferior to none in the world, the no less extensive mines of Pictou, N. S., and the recently discovered Asphalt mines of New Brunswick, unrivaled for the production of gas, will have the effect, when their coal is allowed to come in free of duty, of breaking up the present disgraceful Boston coal merchant monopoly, and placing a good article of fuel within the reach of every consumer at moderate and reasonable rates. The coal merchants of Boston have doubtless foreseen this effect upon their trade, and are making a last decent upon the pockets of the people by their present monopoly; which, as well we hope as all other monopolies, will evaporate before the enlightened policy of free and unrestricted commercial intercourse, at any rate, so far as respects our colonial neighbors, whose interests and prosperity are, and must continue to be, from the nature and geographical position of both countries, identical with our own. And when the silly and ridiculous barriers to trade, raised by a short sighted policy which few statesmen will now dare to acknowledge or vindicate, shall be entirely abrogated, then may we of the American Union and our brethren of the neighboring provinces be as one people, though under slightly different forms of internal government.

On Wednesday last we visited the busy and thriving city of Lawrence, beheld the cattle show and fair on the Common, with all the different varieties of living and dead animals, from a mouse, or a sucking guinea pig, to the stuffed skin of a dead calf with two heads, or a thundering big yoke of "gee wags." The numerous specimens of the feathered tribe on exhibition attracted universal attention. We saw but few cattle on the grounds, and they were not of the finest description. The entrance to the City Hall, where flowers, fruit, vegetables, &c., were exhibited, being prohibited, we could not gain admission, and so turned our back upon the show with disappointment, and visited the Atlantic Cotton Mills, which we considered far ahead of anything to be seen in Lawrence. This city can boast of several very handsome and substantial public buildings, erected in a style which exhibit much taste and public spirit on the part of her citizens. The fair and cattle show was closed on Thursday, when an oration was delivered, a dinner partaken of by a large crowd under a tent on the Common, any number of trotting matches ran on a course in the vicinity of the city, and a "good time" had all around, both by citizens and visitors.

WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.—Seth Reel, Esq., delivered the opening lecture before the above Association, on Tuesday evening last. "Knowledge and its influences," the "Dignity of Labor," the rise of working men in their profession and instances of their attainment to high and important posts of honor in the nation, were the principal topics treated of in the lecture, which was listened to with much attention. The audience was small. We hope to see the lecture room of this very useful association better filled on future like occasions.

Parker L. Converse, Esq., of Woburn, has been appointed by the Governor and Council, a Justice of the Peace in the county of Middlesex.

The potato crop, generally, in this State has turned out well, in many sections abundant in quantity, and almost everywhere excellent in quality.

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.

We learn that extensive arrangements are being made by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, for a grand parade on Wednesday, Oct. 4. The parade is to be complimentary to Capt. Winn, who we regret to learn, has signified his intention of resigning his commission this season. The order of arrangements are, to visit Boston in the quarter past one train, with Smith's Salem Band, pass up State street at half past two, and after partaking of a collation, to receive their invited guests and firemen, at the Revere House, at four o'clock precisely, and escort them to Chapman Hall, Chapman Place, where a sumptuous dinner will be provided by J. B. Smith, the celebrated caterer. We wish them a pleasant day, and trust their anticipations of pleasure may be fully realized.

A CLOCK WHICH IS NOT ALL A CLOCK.—On passing through the handsome town of Reading a day or two since, as we approached the second congregational church we involuntarily raised our eyes to the dial in the tower to ascertain the "flight of time," but to our astonishment found the clock was minus the hands. What is the matter, friends of Reading, have you sent the clock to be repaired, or have you had an equinoctial gale over there which has blown off the hands. Let us know all particulars, we feel interested.

PENMANSHIP.—It will be noticed by a reference to our advertising columns that Mr. O. S. Moulton proposes opening classes in penmanship in this place the coming week. Mr. Moulton stands high as a Teacher of his art, and comes highly recommended. We understand that the school committee of Stoneham have engaged him to give a course of lessons to each of the three Grammar and High schools of that place. We believe this to be a correct method of teaching penmanship in our schools and a course which has been adopted by a large number of cities and towns in the state. Let all those who are not satisfied with their present hand writing give him a call.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIRS OF A GRANDMOTHER. By a lady of Massachusetts. Boston, Gould & Lincoln.

A very interesting series of remembrances, in which the authoress exhibits much literary genius.

LETTERS TO LADIES, in favor of Female Physicians for their own sex. By Samuel Gregory, A. M., M. D.

This pamphlet treats of a subject which has occupied the attention not only of the medical profession, but a large portion of the people, both of this country and Europe for some years past. We cannot do better than advise every one to read it, and trust they may profit thereby.

THE MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR, and Fireside Companion. Edited by Mark Forrester, Boston.

A new monthly magazine, recently printed, and sold for one dollar a year. The design of the publishers is to furnish the younger portion of our population with a collection of articles upon the various branches of useful knowledge. Specimen numbers can be seen at the Woburn Book Store.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL for this week is a capital number.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of Blanchard's and Lea's catalogue of Medical, Surgical, and Scientific publications, Philadelphia. It can be seen at the Book Store.

ACCIDENT ON THE LOWELL RAILROAD.—On returning from the Convention in Lowell, Tuesday evening, the train containing the Boston delegation passed, about two miles from Lowell, the wreck of several freight cars, a passenger car and one engine. Two trains had run together, late in the afternoon, but only one man was injured, and he was a brakeman. The wrecked cars presented the appearance of a severe collision, they being piled one above the other, and the engine was thrown completely off the track and overturned.

CURIOUS SURGICAL OPERATION.—A child two and one half years old, whom benighted Nature, in one of her strange freaks, had endowed with two hands on one arm, was lately relieved of one of those appendages by the skillful hand of Dr. J. H. Jennings, and from the superfluous hand enough flesh was dissected to manufacture a neat thumb for the hand which was allowed to remain, and which lacked that necessary limb. The operation was performed while the patient was under the influence of chloroform, and the hand thus made to order is doing well.—New Bedford Mercury.

RIOT IN CINCINNATI.—A riot occurred on Monday night, in the twentieth ward of that city, between a party of Protestant and German Catholics. The difficulty originated in an attempt to organize a Sabbath School in the vicinity which was forcibly resisted by the Catholics, who attacked the house rented for the purpose, and threatened death to any person who should attempt to organize a Sabbath School. During the disturbance, three persons were wounded by pistol shots.

Prof. Safford, the state geologist of Tennessee, has discovered near Rogersville in that state, an extensive mine of what is said to be unquestionably brass.

Messrs Cyrus Richards of Lowell, and Henry Smith of Methuen were killed in California on the 15th of July by the explosion of a steam engine.

Samuel Davidson King, formerly of Washington, and late Surveyor General of California, is reported a defaulter to the amount of \$20,000 to \$30,000.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says:—"It is stated, upon the authority of a Foreign Legation, that our Minister, Soule, has been dismissed by the Spanish government for fomenting the insurrection and intriguing for a Republic."

Jesse E. Scurry and servant, of Newbury, South Carolina, were shot dead a few days since, by Dr. Gunter and his brother. An old feud existed between the parties. A reward of \$2000 is offered for the arrest of the Gunters.

The cholera has greatly abated in Pittsburg since Saturday last, and the panic has entirely subsided. On Sunday the deaths from this disease reached 33, on Monday 27, and Tuesday only 9.

Purser Sinclair, Chief of the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, has been supplied by Purser Horatio Bridge.

The friends of Wm. H. Robinson are pressing for the Havana Consulate, in place of Mr. Acton, of Miss., declined.

CALIFORNIA.

The general aspect of affairs in California is very much the same as has been reported for several months past: markets overstocked and depressed, business dull, but mining and harvesting most encouraging. The darkest features of California society and affairs still maintain a painful prominence: robbery, incendiarism, murder and lynchings continue to occur with increasing rather than diminishing frequency. We doubt if ever before such a catalogue of crimes was transmitted to the Atlantic States by a single steamer. The California papers speak of this increase of crime in the State as a cause of alarm. It takes a good deal of experience and observation to satisfy men that the love of money is the root of all evil; nevertheless it is true; and the history of California, in which the all-absorbing attraction has been gold, affords a most memorable confirmation of this truth.

The newspapers contain many miscellaneous items worth noticing, among which are the following:—A new kind of grain has been discovered growing wild in the Sierra Nevada mountains, which partakes of the nature of both wheat and rye. The ear and straw are said to have the appearance of wheat, except that the straw, instead of being hollow, is filled with a woody pith. The grain closely resembles rye, but is larger and very heavy and stony.

The Chinese continue to arrive at San Francisco in great numbers—2400 have arrived in the course of a fortnight. So crowded are the emigrant ships from China, that nearly every one that arrives is labelled for carrying more passengers than the law allows. The Californians were rejoicing, however, at the recent departure of a few Chinese—120 having sailed in the Stag Hound, on the 30th ult., for China. A singular atmospheric phenomenon occurred at Douglas Flat, recently. A shaft having been sunk to the depth of 100 ft. for the purpose of draining the flat, a tremendous rush of air and water followed into the shaft, and combustion immediately took place, burning off the hair and beard of one of the workmen, who barely escaped with his life.

A conspiracy to break prison, had been discovered among the convicts in the State Prison at Corte Madera. A Dr. Hodges was the chief conspirator. He was one of the "trustees"—trusted ones—who are allowed to go over the prison unchained, and thus enjoyed facilities for accomplishing his purpose. The plan was, to make a rush upon the guard, just as the cell doors were about to be locked, and thus make their escape.

CHINA.

A letter from Shanghai, dated June 13, published in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, says:

"This port of China is in the greatest disorder, suffering all the horrors of war. There is no telling when the present condition of things will end. The rebels still occupy the city, and are besieged by the Imperialists. Nearly every day fights occur outside of the walls. During these engagements it is difficult to prevent the contending parties from encroaching upon the grounds of the foreign residents. All the ships of war in the harbor, as well as ourselves, have sent detachments of men to preserve the neutrality of the place; notwithstanding this, they frequently cross the lines, and expose themselves to the shot of our men. Just before our arrival, a brisk little skirmish took place between the Plymouth crew and the Imperialists. About a sixty of the former, supported by one hundred from the English vessels, succeeded in beating off 2,000 Chinamen, suffering but trifling loss in killed and wounded."

TOTAL LOSS OF THE STEAMER CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 26.

The new screw steamship City of Philadelphia, from Liverpool for Philadelphia, and Cape Race, Newfoundland, was stranded on Cape Race, Newfoundland, 7th inst., and will be a total loss. She had 540 passengers, but no lives were lost. 414 of her passengers have arrived here, the remainder stopping at Saint John's, N. F., where they were awaiting the means of conveyance to this port or New York. She was a very splendid vessel, on her first voyage.

The cargo was being taken out in a damaged state. The vessel was insured in England, and is supposed to have been worth \$200,000.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State of the United States, has replied by Telegraph to the Canadian Government, that the Reciprocity Treaty cannot take effect till the necessary legislation shall have taken place in England and in all the Colonies interested.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1854.

THE OFFICIAL VISITORS.—Our city has been honored for a few days past, with visitors from Philadelphia and New York the same being delegates of the city councils of those cities. The object of their visit was mainly to witness the operations of our "Telegraphic Fire Alarm" System—the most perfect and efficient in the world. The official gentlemen received a cordial welcome and were at once permitted the "run" of the city hospitalities which they did not find it "bad to take." The Alarm office was visited several times and the whole *modus operandi* of the system fully explained. The sentiments of the gentlemen, strongly favored the system, and it

would not be at all strange if it was recommended with an unction, on the delegations returning to their respective cities. Our Philadelphia friends were treated to a champagne supper or two, besides being introduced to all the lion people and places in town and out. They left town on Monday full of delight and gratitude, to say nothing of bugandy, champagne and other sparkling affairs. There are worse places than Boston to visit, when made in an official capacity.

ANNEXATION.—The citizens of Boston voted on Monday on the act granted by Legislature for annexing the city of Charlestown to its borders. The result was a ballot of some 2000 majority in favor of the project. Charlestown is yet to declare at the ballot box. The vote of Boston however is indicative of that of our neighbors, if we do not very much mistake the signs of matters and men over the bridge. Boston possesses Faneuil Hall the "Cradle of Liberty" and it is fit that Bunker Hill Monument, should be a member of its patriotic family. The one saw and was in the midst of the stirring scenes of the revolution, and the other now looms towards the sky to perpetuate the deeds of those glorious days and deeds. We look upon Charlestown as already a part and a parcel of "us." Both cities will undoubtedly be gainers. Boston will enlarge its mercantile facilities and Charlestown will get a more efficient municipal system, together with that "great affair," the quarantine water. Although the annexation measure is violently opposed in some quarters, we believe that but a short time will lapse before it will be universally popular.

REV. DR. ACHILLI.—The Rev. Dr. Achilli, a distinguished Italian divine, is at present in our city at the Tremont House. Dr. A. is known in this country to the public at large by his celebrated controversy and law-suit in England with Rev. Dr. Newman another "big gun" in the clergy, the names of these two gentlemen at one time—five years ago, filled the eye of both hemispheres. Dr. Achilli came to this country two years since, and resides at Monticello N. Y. He is a gentleman of talent, a powerful writer, and a most eloquent speaker. We understand that he has been engaged to write occasionally for the *Daily Bee* of this city. Dr. A. was twice thrust into prison in Italy, for preaching doctrine too strongly smacking of Protestantism and only saved his life by leaving this native land. He will lecture in Boston during the latter part of October.

VISIT TO LAKE COCHITUATE.—Annually our "city fathers" visit Lake Cochituate at Saxtonville and Framingham. These occasions are remarkable for long walks, dry jokes, admiration points and fat dinners. The "visit" came off last Thursday, when about 100 persons took rail and proceeded to the lake, which was inspected in all manner of ways and from various stand-points. After trotting about some five hours, the company proceeded to Newton Upper Falls, where a luxurious dinner was in waiting. This was enjoyed with an unctious. A few speeches and much champagne followed. The party returned to the city at night fully convinced that Lake Cochituate is a great "institution," and city dinners in the country, most happy inventions.

MORE SENSATION AMONG THE TODDY SICKS.

The Toddy Sicks in our city shake a bit or so. Over fifty liquor sellers have been indicted by the Grand Jury of the Municipal court. Among the number is the illustrious Peter Brigham of Concert Hall, the leading liquorer, by the glass, seller in the city. Peter is unconcerned and in the event of a verdict against him, will go up to the Superior court by appeal. That will probably be the last of it. To bury a case seven feet down in oblivion this sending it up to the Superior court is the quickest and best way. Somehow or other this dignified and slow coach tribunal never, or seldom is reached, and particularly in liquor cases.

ALL SORTS AND SIZES.—The new Temperance paper, "Evening Telegraph," made its appearance on Wednesday. It is a handsome sheet, and gives evidence of ability and tact, two essentials for the success of a paper. Some dozen buildings have been ordered to be pulled down by the city authorities, on account of being in an unsafe condition.

The handsomest stone edifice in New England, has recently been finished. It is Hovey & Co's Summer St. city.

A splendid Eating House is in course of erection in School St., by Parker the celebrated Court square Caterer.

Coal and Flour, two important commodities, seem to decline a little in price, a wide margin for a greater reduction say we.

South Reading Department.

Edited by a Combination of Gentlemen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Who knoweth the extent of his own influence? And who can comprehend the importance of a single act of benevolence? Some people imagine they have little or no influence, and that they are in no wise responsible for the good or evil which exists in the community around them. They are always ready to receive favors from others, but they have nothing to bestow. Drone bees, that eat the honey others gather, and offer nothing in return.

"But," says the slothful person, "I have no influence." Dig up your talent then and go to work, and as your talent grows your influence shall increase also. Fix in your mind some useful purpose, resolve that it shall be accomplished, and labor for it till the triumph be achieved. The world shall be blessed and your own spirit shall receive a proportionate blessing.

But we will not enlarge. It is our purpose simply to relate a fact, for the instruction and benefit of those who choose to profit by it.

In the city of Buffalo, N. Y., there was a very poor widow, not many years ago, who had several children entirely dependent upon her exertions for support. When she was unable by her own labor comfortably to provide for them, as was frequently the case, she asked alms of her friends, that she might be able to keep her little ones together, and train them up, as she desired to do, in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

This poor woman, in her occasional walks through the streets of the city, had noticed several vagrant children, apparently without friends or homes, and she resolved that they should be provided for. She called on several distinguished persons to assist her in procuring a home for these children, where they might be properly cared for, believing, as she said, that they might be restored to virtue, and become worthy members of society. But she was considered either mad or foolish, and sent empty away. She visited her pastor and pleaded earnestly with him to aid her in obtaining means for the protection and reformation of these destitute children. He also thought she must be crazy, and remonstrated with her upon the impropriety of her conduct in endeavoring to found an institution for the benefit of others, while her own children were so scantily provided for. Still she was not disheartened. Her faith and hope sustained her, and she persevered in her benevolent design. She called again upon her pastor, and told him that she had visited the jail, and seen there a very young boy, who was confined upon the charge of arson. She said he was the finest looking boy that she had ever seen, and that she must have him under her control. She requested her minister to go to the prison with her, and assist her in obtaining possession of the child. The clergyman at first refused to go, supposing the errand would be fruitless, but the woman pleaded earnestly, and "because of her importunity" he ordered a carriage and they went together to the jail.

He saw and conversed with the boy, and he too, became exceedingly interested in the juvenile delinquent. He went with the important woman to the magistrate, who, in consideration of the tender age of the boy, consented to release him, and give him up to the care of the charitable, though poor, widow. The child was set at liberty, and having entered the carriage with his benefactors, he fell upon his knees at the feet of the woman, and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud. The clergyman inquired of him why he wept. "I can't help it, Sir," was the reply, "this lady is the first person that was ever kind to me since my father and my mother died, and then I was a very little boy. I can't help it Sir!"

The clergyman was now satisfied that something must be done to assist the widow, and having involved himself somewhat in the affair, he resolved at once to do what he could to aid her in raising funds, and in procuring a suitable house for her accommodation. Her family soon increased by the addition of several destitute children from the streets and lanes of the city; the rich and the noble became interested in the enterprise; a splendid building was erected for the convenience of the children and hundreds of suffering orphans have been redeemed from vice and misery, through the instrumentality of the poor "mad or foolish" woman! And now, wherever her history is known, she is universally esteemed and honored as the founder of the "Orphan Asylum of Buffalo."

And the little boy that was found in prison? He fully justified the hopes that were centered in him. He grew up to be an industrious, virtuous, intelligent and highly respectable man. He became steward of the Asylum; thousands of dollars have passed through his hands, and in everything he has been found faithful. He has held several important offices in the city government of Buffalo, and is everywhere regarded as an upright and trustworthy citizen.

We now conclude as we began. Who knoweth the extent of his own influence? And who can comprehend the importance of a single act of benevolence? P. H. S. Greenwood, S. Reading, Sept. 11, 1854.

LYCEUM.—The regular meetings of the So. Reading Lyceum are to commence rather earlier this season than usual. The opening lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, Oct. 5, by Prof. K. D. Hitchcock, of Maine. Then will follow the course by Rev. H. H. Seale, Rev. A. A. Miner, and Rev. Edward Beecher of Boston, Prof. J. G. Hoyt of Exeter, N. H., Hon. D. V. Thompson of Montpelier, Vt., Wendall Phillips Esq., of Boston, and J. C. Sharp Esq., of Dorchester. Other lectures may be expected besides occasional debates. Mr. Sharp will deliver three lectures upon the mechanical properties of the air. The officers elected for the present season are Messieurs N. P. Colburn, President, A. G. Sweetser, 1st Vice President, B. F. Bancroft, 2d Vice President, George O. Carpenter, Treasurer, J. S. Eaton, Corresponding Secretary, and Geo. H. Sweetser, Recording Secretary. M.

Stoneham Department.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

CORRECTION CORRECTED.

A writer, signed D, in the last week's Journal, gave several corrections of an article of the previous week, relative to the Shedd case in Town Meeting. We have never seen a more gross and open perversion and misstatement of facts than the author has there pressed into a few lines. He says the suit was commenced by the authority of the Board of Overseers. This is untrue. It was commenced by Lyman Dike, he being one of that Board, without the knowledge or consent of the others. It was stated in Town Meeting that that Board had no authority for commencing a suit at all, more than Field-drivers or Pound-keepers. Also "that one of the Selectmen assented to it." Untrue again. One of the Selectmen, a Deputy Sheriff, served the writ without knowing or caring about its legality. Mr. Shedd assigned his wages to Mr. Maston for his board, the whole amount being due therefor. Again he says that "at the Town Meeting it was conceded that the Overseers acted in good faith," &c. "Much praise is due this efficient Board of town officers" (for endeavoring to collect money from a pauper just out of the poor house,) "for their energy in attempting to secure the town against losses of this character." We attended the Town Meeting, and we are glad to say it for the honor of the town, that the Board of Overseers had nothing to do with it, only one, and that Mr. Dike, who, without consultation or conference, directed his lawyer to sue poor Shedd and summon himself and firm as trustees, which was done. The Town voted the suit be dismissed and Mr. Dike dismissed it. Again, "Shedd has real estate in Maine of value," &c. Shedd has no property in Maine or any where else, and it was a very novel way to commence a suit for one half of a debt before a magistrate here, and then go in to another state and collect the other half. A shrewd trick, a noble thought, certainly. A brilliant conversation indeed, emanating, no doubt from the brain of some Coke, or "second Daniel Webster."

In justice, Mr. Editor, to the Town, that it should not be made responsible for such an act of oppression against one whom in his affliction the Town has so parentally taken care of, I have written the foregoing and ask its insertion in the Stoneham Department.

JUSTICE.

RESPONSE FROM THE ANTI-TODDY AGENT.

A recent number of the Middlesex Journal containing a brief article in the Stoneham Department, (headed "Where's Trask?") on the lamentable use of the poisonous weed, among the young people of this community, found its way to Fitchburg, the home of our reformatory brother, in return for which the following communication reached us a few days since from him, with the request that it be inserted in the Journal.

"I RECEIVED FROM UNDER TOWN'S DOOR.—1851, April.—By a most fraternal request from a Methodist brother, I addressed his congregation upon the mischief inflicted upon body and soul, health and piety by the *evil weed*. I dwelt upon its use as unreasonable self-indulgence, inconsistent with the cardinal virtue of Christian self-denial, not only incompatible with the John Wesley idea of perfection, but totally at war with any claims to enlightened piety this side the dark ages. The truth took effect. On descending from the pulpit, a mother in Israel, on the dry side of sixty, came up, audibly sighing, and handed me her snuff box. 'Here, Sir, here is my idol, here is my sin besetting, I shall never use it again!'

"Now I have often, as the horse in the tread mill, moved in the beaten track, preached 'perseverance,' 'election,' 'sovereignty,' and other doctrines high as heaven and deep as the pit, and hoary headed deacons, sound in the faith, have sat complacently, chewed the cud and churched like, have inwardly digested the word, but I should find it hard to believe that my preaching was more acceptable to the eye of omniscience, than the anti-Tobacco discourse, or the deacons' roling the quid under their tongues, than this trembling saint yielding up her snuff box."

THE OLD GRAVE YARD.—Since the article was written in the Journal of the 9th inst., stating that the Committee required more funds to complete the improvements going on around the old grave yard, the town, at a meeting holden on Thursday the 14th inst., voted without limit the necessary money. This is right and what should be; too much reverence can scarcely be paid to the places where rest the venerated bones of our ancestors. Even heathen nations from the remotest ages, have always cherished a most conscientious regard for the resting-places of the departed. It is no where but in a community become debased, where the love of gain and sordid selfishness is the grand motive, that veneration ceases as it approaches those most holy spots, where He gathered the all that was human of those who preceded us. It is only the most sinister motive that ever dares profanation of the grave. No better index of the character of any place can be found, than to see in what condition are the sepulchres and cemeteries that belong to them. If slovenly order and reckless carelessness is to be found there, the same loose regard for living rights is sure to be met with in the general character of that community.

AN IMPROVED NAME.—A Winchester correspondent proposes that "Wedge Pond" be styled "Clearwater," a proposition which we hope will be carried out by our neighbors of that town. And now we propose that "Cobble Hill" in Stoneham be hereafter styled "Prospect Hill." If rightly informed, its present name became connected with it in the minds of the people, in this wise: Some years ago, a deranged man, when in a fit of insanity, told his friends if they wanted any cobbling done to "call at Cobble Hill, No. 2." But we must prefer the name "Prospect" as less homely and more appropriate. From some parts of this beautiful hill the prospect of Stoneham village, and South Reading, and other surrounding places, is extremely fine. Of the other hills in town we design to speak hereafter.

Dr. William Ingalls,
I ATE Physician and Surgeon to the U. States Marine
 Hospital at Chelsea, offers his professional services to
 the inhabitants of Winchester and vicinity. His
 residence is that lately owned and occupied by Col. S.
 B. White.
 Winchester, September 16, 1853. **tf**

COAL! COAL!
THE Subscribers have recently received a full supply
 of very superior Red and White ash coal, imported
 expressly for family use, and are ready to furnish families
 in Winchester and vicinity, at the lowest market prices.
 We have also 200 tons of White ash broken coal, for steam
 engines and large furnaces.
 Winchester, Sept. 1. 1853 **BAYLEY & CO**
tf

LANE BOOTS.
I HAVE you heard of them? Well I do not hesitate
 to say they are the best boots now in the market.
 Made from the best stock, by the best custom workmen.

Winchester, April 29, 1854.

READING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Thomas Richardson,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
AT THE POSTOFFICE,
READING, MASS.

Also, Dealer in all the most popular medicines of the day, among which may be found, the celebrated,
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Balsam Wild Cherry, Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup, Reed's Pulmonary, Hollis' Balm of America, Bush's Sarsaparilla, Woodbury's do., Mason's do., Kennedy's Great Medical Discovery, Howland's Cancer and Canker Syrup, Woodward's Tincture of Sassafras, Richardson, Skinner, Ayer, Langley, and Wheeler's Bitters; Ayer, Wood's, Rowell's, Woodman's

—A L S O—
Agent for Insurance in the following companies:—Mutual Safety, South Reading, Mass.; Havell Mutual, at Havell, Mass.; and Hamilton, at Salem, Mass.
Also, will take charge of any business in the way of Insurances, such as surrendering policies, transmitting assessments, &c., &c.
Reading, April 1. 1854.

Also, a good stock of FURNITURE, FRAMES, ETC., at low prices.

Also, a large quantity of **HOUSEHOLD GOODS,** such as those about to come into housekeeping, is particularly invited.

Also, a stock of **MILLINERY GOODS,** under the direction of an experienced Milliner, where Ladies can find the latest styles of goods, and have their work done in the most fashionable style.

He would remind his customers that he has a first-rate Tailor, and whose it is made known. Prepared by him to order in the best MANNER, and WARRANTED TO FIT.

Rising, April 13—**tf**

TO all who are suffering with ills which they know not the cause, we say go and get a bottle of Dr. Denison's Blood Syrup, which is astonishing everybody with its cures. It is a medicine of great value, and its description it is composed of the gems of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, as acknowledged by the Faculty of Medicine, and the Royal Society. Prepared by T. H. Taylor, Brattleboro, Vt. Wholesale depot in

Cooking, Parlor and Office
STOVES

Comprising many new and valuable Patterns. Assorted in part consisting of **Roger Williams Cook Stove, Banner Stove, Coal Bay Stove, Wood Burner** and a variety of other Cooking Stoves of different patterns. **Parlor Stoves** in great variety, and some of elegant designs for wood or coal. Also, Tin, Japaned, Brittain and Glass Wares, Tea Trays, Registers, Ash and Boiler Doors, Oven Mouths, Cast Iron Sinks, Coal Hods, Seives, Brushes, Sad Irons, &c., &c.

Goods sold at their establishment are of the first quality, and the prices low. All Painted Stoves warranted and delivered free of charge.

**DAVIS BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
READING, MASS.**

April 1, 1854.

**JOHN P. SHERMAN,
DRAPER AND TAILOR**

READING, MASS., JULY 20, 1854.

IT has taken the store formerly occupied by Stephen Foster, Esq., where he keeps constantly on hand and for sale, a good assortment of Cloth, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Hats, Caps, and a great variety of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Grateful for past favours, he hopes still to merit a generous patronage.

Reading, July 1, 1854.

My
Dear Sir,

MR. MILLER would respectfully inform the inhab-
itants of South Reading and vicinity, that he has
engaged Mr. Charles Hart, on the corner of Main
and Mechanic streets, where he is prepared to attend to
the Repairing of

Boots and Shoes,

In good shape and at short notice.

South Reading, May 6, 1854—*cc.*

STONEHAM ADVERTISEMENTS.

 **Cheap Cash Store.**
DARIUS N. STEVENS,
Main St., opp. Congregational Church, Stoneham.

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Stone-
ham and vicinity, that he has recently received from
his Store, where may be found a large assortment of
West India fine and staple Dry Goods and Groceries.
Purchasers may rely upon getting good articles at fair
prices. Goods delivered to any part of the town free of
expense. Keeps constantly on hand and for sale

Salt, Salt Fish of all kinds, a large assortment
of Groceries, &c.; Herd Grass, Red top, Clover,
Mustard, Flax, Canary and Hemp Seed;
Sporting and blasting Powder, Fuse, Shot, P.
Caps, Shot Pouches, &c.; Hardware, all kinds,
Nails, wholesale and retail, Window Glass and
Pitts, Shoe Kitts and Findings.

Also, most of the patent medicines of the day. St. An-
gelo, Richardson, Langley, Goodhue, Jewett and
Huntton's Bitters; Kennedy's Med. Dis. W. Pr. Ch.
Remedy; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; Dr. Williams' Pink
Cough Syrup, Devlin's Pitch Lungs, Dr. Williams' Pink
Indian Pulmonary Balsam, Balm of America
Avery's Salve, Dr. Ordway's Medicines, &c. Russian and
agent R. R. Heller, and various Escen-
ment, Mrs. Lin-

Send every article kept in this office of business, which
will be sold at the lowest market price. Please call and
examine the stock. Terms Cash.
Stoneham, May 27, 1864. —G—

T. S. RICHARDSON,
APOTHECARY,
Main St., Stoneham.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Toilet and
Fancy goods.

ALSO, Agent for Kennedy's Medical Discovery,
Richardson, Skinner, Oxygenated, Ball, Jackson, Gil-
bert, Williams' Atwood, Langley and Jewett's Bitters

Cordial and Blood Purifier, **Smith's Rheumatic Cordial**
 and **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure**, **Woods' Sassafras, Bitters,**
Baker, Ayer, Richardson, Roger, and Wills' Sassafras,
Ayer's Cherry Peppermint, Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam,
Rogers' Symp Liverwort Tar and Chinchalaga; Bry-
an's Pulmonic Wafers; Pitch Lozenges, Russia Salve,
Radway's R. R., and nearly all the Patent Medicines of
 the day.

27 Preparations carefully compounded day or night
 Stouhach, April 11, 1854—(f)

JUST Received a large lot of **Keech's Medical Dis-**
 cussory, pri 20 cents per bottle. Russia Salve, per
 box 20 " "
 D. N. STEVENS
 Stouhach, May 27 "

